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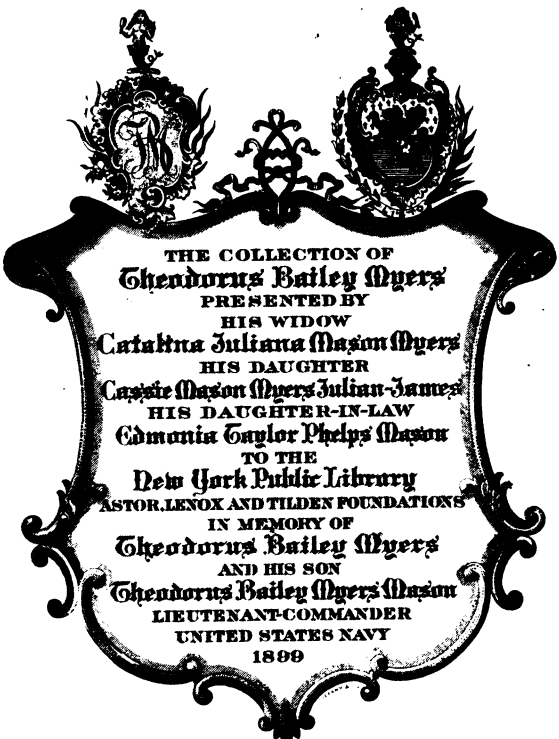
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MEMOIRS

OF

THE PRETENDERS

AND

THEIR ADHERENTS.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND," "GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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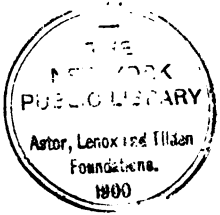

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MEMOIRS

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PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

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Charles continues his retreat northward—Duke of Cumberland resumes the command of the army of the North—His arrival at Stirling—Charles's escape from Lord Loudon's snare to take his person—Retaliates by attacking Lord Loudon at Inverness—Chivalrous adventure of Lord G. Murray—Incidents showing the attachment of the Scottish ladies to the cause of the Chevalier—Commences his march for Culloden.

On the night on which the battle of Falkirk was fought, Charles, who had been exposed for five hours to the inclemency of the weather and the pelting of the storm, was conducted by torchlight to the house of a Jacobite lady of the name of Graham, the widow of a physician. Though the house in question was considered the best in the town of Falkirk, Charles was compelled to hold his small court

and eat his meals in the same apartment in which he slept, his bed being concealed from view by folding doors. The house, which still remains, is opposite the steeple, and is now used as the Post-office. Charles passed only one night at Falkirk, and on the 18th returned to Bannockburn, leaving Lord George Murray behind with a portion of his army.

From the success which had attended his arms at Falkirk, Charles derived but little advantage besides glory. Instead of pursuing and annihilating Hawley's army before they could make good their retreat to Edinburgh, he insisted that it would be a disgrace to his arms were he to raise the siege of Stirling; and accordingly the operations were renewed with increased vigour. But the fortunes of Charles were now evidently on the decline. The chiefs had become disgusted at being no longer summoned to consult with him in regard to the movements of the army; while the common men, as was customary with them after a victory, deserted daily in great numbers, with the view of depositing their plunder in safety with their wives and families.

Charles was still engaged in carrying on the siege of Stirling, when, to his great grief and surprise, he received a paper signed by Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, and all the leading chieftains, urging upon him the absolute necessity of effecting an immediate retreat to the North. So great, they said, had been the desertion in their ranks, that not only must they expect to be defeated in the event of an engagement, but at the present moment they were not even in a fit condition to carry on the siege of Stirling. Their only hopes, they added, of insuring ultimate success, lay in an immediate march to Inverness, where they would be enabled to anni-

hilate the forces under Lord Loudon, and, by capturing the different Highland fortresses, make themselves the undisputed masters of the North. They concluded by assuring the Prince, that they would continue cheerfully in this case to serve beneath his banner, and, with an army of eight or ten thousand men, which they doubted not they would be able to raise, would follow his fortunes wherever he pleased.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this abrupt communication from the Highland chieftains amounted rather to a command than a remonstrance. Such was the light in which it was viewed by the young Prince, whose manner betrayed the most violent emotion while perusing the terms of the unpalatable proposition. Dashing his hand with such violence against the wall as to cause him to stagger back,—"Good God!" he exclaimed, "have I lived to see this?" Some attempt was made by him, through the medium of Sir Thomas Sheridan, to induce the refractory chiefs to alter their resolution; but finding it ineffectual, he sullenly and reluctantly assented to the terms of his domineering followers.*

Notwithstanding that General Hawley had the good fortune to retain the favour of his sovereign, it was deemed expedient to send a general to Scotland in whom the soldiers had greater confidence, and accordingly the Duke of Cumberland was selected for the purpose. Not only was he at this period a great favourite with the army, but it was also hoped that the circumstance of his being a prince of the blood might produce a beneficial effect on the minds of the Scottish people. He was nearly of the

* John Hay's account of the retreat from Falkirk. Home's Appendix, p. 355.

same age as Charles—namely, twenty-five,—the Chevalier being the older by only four months.

Quitting London on the 26th of January, the Duke arrived at Edinburgh on the 30th, having performed the journey in what was then considered the very short space of four days. He took up his quarters at Holyrood, where he slept in the same bed that had been occupied by his unfortunate cousin during the period he remained at Edinburgh. After resting himself for two hours, he rose and proceeded to the despatch of business with Generals Hawley and Huske. Later in the day, he held a levee in the same gallery in which Charles had previously held his gay court, and had given his balls to the ladies of Edinburgh. The principal citizens had the honour of kissing his hand, and his levee was also attended by several Whig ladies of distinction. The Duke kissed the latter all round, expressing, at the same time, his satisfaction at their loyalty and zeal.

On the 31st, the Duke took his leave of Holyrood, having remained in Edinburgh only thirty hours. At night he slept at Linlithgow, and the next day walked to Falkirk on foot at the head of the Scots Royal. On his arrival at the latter town, he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had occupied," being sure, he said, that it would be the most comfortable and best-provisioned in the place. Here he passed the night, in the same bed in which Charles had slept on the evening of the battle of Falkirk. The following morning he marched to Stirling, with the intention of giving the insurgents battle; but, on his arrival there, he learned that they had evacuated the place on the preceding day.

Quitting Stirling on the 1st of February, the Highland army marched to Dumblane, at which place they en-

camped for the night, Charles himself sleeping at Drummond Castle, the seat of the Duke of Perth. The following night they arrived at Crieff, near which place Charles took up his quarters at Fairnton, the residence of Lord John Drummond.

The march of the insurgent army was conducted with so much haste and confusion, as to resemble a flight rather than a retreat. Their young leader seemed almost broken-hearted, and, to all appearance, took but little interest in the movements or discipline of his army. At Crieff, a separation was decided upon; one division of the insurgent forces, headed by Charles, and consisting chiefly of the Highland clans, marching towards Inverness by the Highland road, and the other, commanded by Lord George Murray, taking the coast-road by Montrose and Aberdeen. During their progress, the two divisions severally carried off their garrisons from the towns through which they passed.

On approaching Inverness, Charles found it in the possession of Lord Loudon, who had to a certain degree fortified it by throwing round it a ditch and palisade. Here he had cooped himself up, with a small army of two thousand men, consisting chiefly of the Grants, Monros, Rosses, Macdonalds of Skye, and the Macleods. Taking with him a small guard of three hundred Highlanders, Charles took up his quarters in the Castle of Moy, situated about sixteen miles from Edinburgh. This place was the principal residence of the Laird of Macintosh, who, though supposed to be secretly attached to the cause of the Stuarts, was now holding a commission in Lord Loudon's army. His lady, however, a daughter of Farquharson of Invercauld, remained at Moy, too happy to perform the rites of hospitality for her illustrious guest. "Of all the fine

ladies," says General Stewart, "few were more accomplished, more beautiful, or more enthusiastic." Devoted, like the majority of her countrywomen, to the cause of the exiled family, she had distinguished herself by raising the fighting-men of her husband's ancient clan to the number of three hundred; and though the command of them in the field was entrusted by her to Mac Gillivray of Drumnaglass, yet she herself had ridden more than once at their head, clad in a tartan riding-habit richly laced, with a Highland bonnet on her head, and pistols at her saddle-bow.* Her husband at a later period being taken prisoner by the insurgents, Charles delivered him to his wife, saying, "he could not be in better security, or more honourably treated."

Charles was quietly enjoying the hospitalities of Moy, waiting till the arrival of his forces should enable him to attack Lord Loudon in his entrenchments, when he very nearly fell into a snare which had been laid for him by that nobleman, who, by gaining possession of the Chevalier's person, hoped to put an end at once to the war. With this object, on the night of the 16th of February, he ordered out fifteen hundred of his followers, with instructions to march as stealthily as possible to Moy, and to seize the Prince's person at all hazards. Fortunately for Charles, he received timely intimation of the plot which was laid for him. "Whilst some English officers," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "were drinking in the house of Mrs. Bailly, an innkeeper in Inverness, and passing the time till the hour of their departure, her daughter, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation,

* Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 270.

and, from certain expressions dropped by them, she discovered their designs. As soon as this generous girl was certain as to their intentions, she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the vigilence of the sentinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings—which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off—in order to inform the Prince of the danger that menaced him. She reached Moy, quite out of breath, before Lord Loudon; and the Prince with difficulty escaped in his robe-de-chambre, night-cap, and slippers, to the neighbouring mountains, where he passed the night in concealment. This dear girl, to whom the Prince owed his life, was in great danger of losing her own, from her excessive fatigue on this occasion; but the care and attentions she experienced restored her to life. The Prince, having no suspicion of such a daring attempt, had very few people with him in the Castle of Moy."*

According to other accounts, the Lady of Moy received the first intimation of Lord Loudon's intentions by two letters from Inverness; the one from Fraser of Gortuleg, and the other from her own mother. In whatever manner, however, the plot may have transpired, the circumstances under which it is said to have been subsequently defeated were not a little curious. Lady Macintosh, it seems, had employed five or six persons, headed by the blacksmith of the clan, to act as patrols on the road between Moy and Inverness. In the course of the night, their ears caught the distant sound of Lord Loudon's advancing force, on which the blacksmith, with great promptitude, placed his men in ambush at different points by the side

* Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 145.

of the road, giving them orders not to fire till they should hear the report of his own musket, and then, not to fire altogether, but one after another. As soon as the enemy came within musket-shot, the blacksmith fired his piece at the advancing column, by which the piper of the Laird of Macleod, considered the best in the Highlands, was killed. The remainder then fired off their muskets as they had been directed, at the same time shouting out the well-known war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other clans—thus impressing their adversaries with the idea that a snare had been laid for them, and that the whole of the Highland army was advancing upon them. Fully convinced that such was the fact, and confused by the darkness of the night, they fled in the utmost precipitation, throwing down and trampling upon their terrified companions in the rear, and never desisting from their rapid flight till they found themselves in safety at Inverness. So great was their terror and confusion, tha at brave officer, the Master of Ross, who afterwards passed through a long life as a soldier, and was exposed to many perils, was heard to declare in his old age, that never had he been in so piteous a condition as at the *Rout of Moy*.

The following day Charles determined to retaliate on Lord Loudon, by attacking him in his quarters. Inverness, however, was in no condition to stand a siege; nor had Lord Loudon a sufficient force under his command to enable him to cope with the Highlanders; and accordingly, when the insurgents appeared before the town, they found that the Earl had evacuated it, and had transported his troops into Rosshire. Two days afterwards the citadel, or fort also surrendered, and about the same time Lord George Murray arrived, at the head of his division, having suffered many privations during a long march

through a country covered with snow. During the stay of Charles at Inverness, he resided in the house of Lady Drummuir, the mother of Lady Macintosh, being, it is said, the only house in the town which boasted of an apartment in which there was no bed.* After the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland, much to the annoyance of Lady Drummuir, occupied the same apartment and the same bed in which Charles had previously slept. "I have had two King's bairns living with me in my time," said the lady, "and, to tell you the truth, I wish I may never hae another."

The military operations which were carried on during the eight weeks which intervened between the arrival of Charles at Inverness and the fatal battle of Culloden, present but few incidents of any great importance, and may be detailed in a short space. On the 20th of February Fort George fell into the hands of the insurgents, and on the 5th of March, Fort Augustus was also taken and destroyed. In the attack on Fort William, the insurgents were less successful, for the place was so ably and vigorously defended by Captain Scott, and was so well supplied by sea with provisions, and other military supplies, that, in the beginning of April, they found themselves compelled to abandon the enterprise. About the same time, an inroad was made by the Earl of Cromarty into Rosshire, whither he followed Lord Loudon, compelling him to disband his forces, and forcing him to take refuge in the Isle of Skye.

But another adventurous, and even chivalrous expedition, which was conducted by Lord George Murray, about the middle of March, into his own country, Athol,

* Chambers, p. 77.

deserves a more lengthened notice. Several military posts, consisting chiefly of the houses of private gentlemen—such as Kinnachin, Blairfettie, Lude, Faskallie, and others—had been established in that country by the Duke of Cumberland. They were, generally speaking, buildings of some antiquity, and of a castellated form, and having been partially fortified by order of the Duke, were severally garrisoned by small detachments from the regular army. Deeming it of considerable importance to make himself master of these scattered fortresses—about thirty in number—Lord George Murray placed himself at the head of seven hundred Highlanders, and commenced his march in the twilight from Dalwhinnie. As he was entering into the heart of an enemy's country, where a force much larger than his own might, on the slightest alarm, be easily concentred against him, he decided on making an attack on each of the small forts at one and the same time. He divided his force, therefore, into different parties, and assigned to each a particular point of attack—directing them, after having accomplished the duty confided to them, to repair to him at the Bridge of Bruar, if possible before the break of day.

In the mean time, some intimation of the Highlanders being abroad had reached the ears of Sir Andrew Agnew, who had been appointed governor of the Castle of Blair, with a large garrison under his command. Anxious to ascertain the intentions and numerical force of the enemy, he sallied forth from Blair Castle late in the night, with five hundred armed men, and proceeded in the direction of the Bridge of Bruar, only two miles distant from his own post. Lord George Murray was already at the place of rendezvous, anxiously awaiting the return of his followers, when he received the news of Sir Andrew

Agnew's approach, The force which he had under him amounted only to twenty-five men. Resistance, therefore, was out of the question, and it was strongly urged that the little party should make good their retreat to the neighbouring mountains. To this advice Lord George Murray turned a deaf ear, and his reply was worthy of the man. "No," he said, "if we leave the place of rendezvous, our parties, as they return in detail from discharging the duty intrusted to them, will be liable to be surprised by the enemy. This must not be. I will rather try what can be done to impose upon Sir Andrew Agnew's caution by a fictitious display of strength."

His plan was rapidly devised and executed. He drew up his small company, within a certain distance from each other, in a continuous line, along a stone dyke, so as to give them as much as possible the appearance of an extended and formidable front. Fortunately he had with him all the pipers of the force, and these he ordered to strike up, and the colours to be elevated, as soon as the royalists should appear in view. The stratagem fully answered his expectations. On the approach of Sir Andrew Agnew and his followers, the pipers sounded their thrilling pibroch, while the Highlanders, who had all the appearance of officers at the head of men preparing to charge, brandished their broadswords as they had previously been directed. Sir Andrew was completely deceived. Believing that he was on the point of being attacked by a force far superior to his own, and apprehensive that another party of Highlanders might have been despatched in the mean time to make themselves masters of Blair Castle, he deemed it more safe and prudent to march his garrison back to that place. Lord George Murray remained at the Bridge of Bruar till he was

joined by his several detachments, all of which had completely succeeded in performing the duties confided to them.

Lord George Murray now determined to lay siege to Blair Castle, a strong old fortress belonging to his brother, the Duke of Athol, and which had long been the residence of his ancestors. He was, indeed, but indifferently provided with artillery and with the requisites for effectually carrying on a siege; but he still hoped to reduce the place by famine before succour could arrive from the Duke of Cumberland. With this view he established a close blockade, directing his men to keep a sharp lookout, and to fire on any person who might show himself either on the battlements or at any of the windows.

The governor of Blair Castle was a person of considerable importance and notoriety in his day. "Sir Andrew Agnew," says Sir Walter Scott, "famous in Scottish tradition, was a soldier of the old military school, severe in discipline, stiff and formal in manners, brave to the last degree, but somewhat a humourist, upon whom his young officers were occasionally tempted to play tricks not entirely consistent with the respect due to their commandant. At the seige of Blair, some of the young wags had obtained an old uniform coat of the excellent Sir Andrew, which, having stuffed with straw, they placed in a small window of a turret, with a spy-glass in the hand, as if in the act of reconnoitering the besiegers. This apparition did not escape the hawk's eyes of the Highlanders, who continued to pour their fire upon the turret window without producing any adequate effect. The best deerstalkers of Athol and Badenoch persevered, nevertheless, and wasted, as will easily be believed, their ammunition in vain on this impassible commander. At length Sir An-

drew himself became curious to know what could possibly induce so constant a fire upon that particular point of the castle. He made some inquiry, and discovered the trick which had been played. His own head being as insensible to a jest of any kind as his peruke had proved to the balls of the Highlanders, he placed the contumacious wags under arrest, and threatened to proceed against them still more seriously; and would certainly have done so, but, by good fortune for them, the blockade was raised after the garrison had suffered the extremity of famine."*

Another rather amusing anecdote is related in connexion with Sir Andrew Agnew and the siege of Blair Castle. Ensign, afterwards General Melville, observes in his "Genuine Narrative" of the Blockade,—"Lord George here played off a jocular experiment upon the well-known choleric temper of Sir Andrew Agnew. He sent down a summons, written on a very shabby piece of paper, requiring the Baronet forthwith to surrender the castle, garrison, stores, &c. No Highlander could be prevailed upon to carry that summons; but the errand was undertaken by a handsome Highland girl, the maid of M'Glashan's inn at Blair, the rendezvous of Sir Andrew's officers. She conceived herself on so good a footing with some of the young officers that she need not be afraid of being shot, taking care, however, as she approached the castle to wave the paper containing the summons over her head, in token of her embassy. She delivered her message with much earnestness, and strongly advised a compliance, as the Highlanders were a thousand strong, and would batter the castle about their ears. The young officers relished the joke, desired Molly to return and tell

* Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 278.

those gentlemen they would soon be driven away, when the garrison would become visiters at M'Glashan's as before; but she insisted that the summons should be delivered to the governor, and a timid Lieutenant, with a constitution impaired by drinking, was prevailed upon to carry it. No sooner, however, did the peerless knight hear something of it read, than he furiously drove the Lieutenant from his presence to return the paper, vociferating after him a volley of epithets against Lord George Murray, and threatening to shoot through the head any other messenger he should send; which Molly overhearing, was glad to retreat in safety with her summons to her employer, who, with Lord Nairn, Cluny, and some other chiefs, were waiting in the churchyard of Blair to receive her, and appeared highly diverted with her report."* The blockade of Blair Castle lasted till the 31st of March. By this time the garrison were reduced to extremities from want of food, and they seem to have been on the point of surrendering, when the timely approach of the Earl of Crawford with a large body of Hessian troops compelled Lord George Murray to raise the siege, and make good his retreat to Inverness.

In the mean time, the Duke of Cumberland had pursued the insurgents as far as Perth, where he arrived on the 6th of February. The rapidity, however, with which the movements of the Highland army were conducted, had already enabled them to obtain three days' march in advance of him; and when the Duke reached Perth,—owing

* "Genuine Narrative of the Blockade of Blair Castle, by a Subaltern Officer employed in the Defence."—*Scot's Magazine*, 1808, p. 332.

to the inclemency of the weather, and the roads which led to Invernesshire being almost impassable,—he determined on quartering his troops there till the weather should prove more propitious.

Quitting Perth, he followed the same route which had been pursued by Lord George Murray, passing through Angus and Aberdeenshire, in which counties he found the inhabitants opposed to the claims of the House of Hanover, almost to a man. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann on the 21st of March,—"The Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch: he says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy's country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders." At Forfar, he very nearly captured a party who were publicly beating up for recruits for the service of the Chevalier; and on the morning on which he quitted Glammis Castle, the seat of the Earl of Strathmore, not only was it discovered that the girths of all his horses had been cut during the night in order to retard his march, but on his taking his leave, the family ordered the bed in which he had slept to be taken down, in order that their ancient residence might retain as few mementos as possible, of its having been the resting-place of so offensive a guest. In passing through the town of Brechin, where his progress was rendered difficult by the immense crowd, the face of a young and beautiful girl, who was standing on a "stair-head," caught the eye of the young Duke. He paid a particular tribute to her beauty by raising his hat to her; but instead of his gallantry meeting with the return which might naturally have been expected by a young Prince at the head of a gallant army, the fair girl not only received the compliment with signs of the most

thorough contempt, but is even said to have returned it "with a gesture which does not admit of description."*

The Duke of Cumberland remained at Aberdeen from the 25th of February till the 8th of April, on which latter day he recommenced his march towards Inverness with the last division of his army. On the 10th he reached Banff, where he seized and hung two spies, who were found employed in notching the numbers of his army upon sticks. On the 11th he reached Cullen, and on the 12th found himself on the banks of the Spey. It has frequently excited astonishment that the passage of the royal troops over this deep and rapid mountain stream was not disputed by the Highlanders. Had Charles adopted this step, there can be little doubt that either the Duke of Cumberland must have been compelled to turn back, or, had he succeeded in forcing the passage of the river, it could only have been effected with considerable loss. This unfortunate error can be accounted for only on the supposition, that the Duke's advance at so early a period of the year was unexpected by his opponents.

On the afternoon of the 12th, the Spey was forded by the royal army in three divisions, their bands playing the tune,—

"Will you play me fair play,
Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie?"

which seems to have been intended as an insult to the Highlanders. "His Royal Highness," says Henderson, "was the first to enter the water at the head of the horse, who forded it, while the Highlanders and grenadiers passed little higher: the foot waded over as fast as they arrived,

* Chambers, p. 76.

and though the water came up to their middles, they went on with great cheerfulness, and got over with no other loss but that of one dragoon and four women, who were carried down by the stream. Thus was one of the strongest passes in Scotland given up; a pass where two hundred men might easily have kept back an army of twenty thousand; a sure prelude of the destruction of the rebels."*

On the 13th of April, the Duke of Cumberland marched through Elgin to the Muir of Alves, and on the following day advanced to Nairn, only sixteen miles from the Highland camp. The 15th, being the Duke's birthday, was set apart as a day of relaxation and festivity for the whole army.

It was difficult for two armies to be more unequally matched, than those which were so soon about to be opposed to each other on the memorable field of Culloden. The force under the Duke of Cumberland amounted to about nine thousand men; that of Charles to only five thousand. Moreover, not only did there exist this great disparity of numbers, but it must be remembered also that the army under the Duke was comprised of highly disciplined troops, and, moreover, was regularly supplied by a fleet, which moved along the coast, with provisions and every other requisite for effectually carrying on the war. On the other hand, dissensions had crept into the ranks of Charles; he himself was on indifferent terms with Lord George Murray; his army—owing to the difficulty of keeping the Highlanders together—was widely scattered over the surrounding country; the want of food was hourly occasioning fresh desertions; his troops were disorganized from want of pay; and, indeed, so reduced was the

* Henderson, p. 112.

Prince's treasury, that for some time he had been compelled to pay his followers in meal, which had given rise to great discontent.

Charles, however, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of his affairs, continued to display the same elation of spirits and confidence in his own resources, which had characterized him in the hour of his greatest prosperity. During a visit which he paid to Elgin in the middle of March, he had been attacked by a fever, and for two days his life was in some danger; but, as Captain Warren writes to the old Chevalier, "a timely bleeding hindered the cold turning into a fluxion *de poitrine*, and caused a joy in every heart not to be expressed." However, on his return to Inverness, all traces of indisposition had disappeared, and notwithstanding the near approach of the Duke of Cumberland's army, he usually employed his forenoons in hunting, and his evenings in giving balls, concerts, and parties of pleasure. It may be mentioned that the ladies of Invernesshire betrayed the same enthusiasm in the cause of the young Prince, which had already been displayed by their fair countrywomen in almost every part of Scotland which he had hitherto visited. President Forbes writes to Sir Andrew Mitchell, —"What was more grievous to men of gallantry,—and, if you believe me, more mischievous to the public,—all the fine ladies, if you except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner."—"One of the ladies noticed by the President," says General Stewart, "finding she could not prevail upon her husband to join the rebels, though his men were ready, and perceiving one morning that he intended to set off for Culloden with the offers of his service as a loyal subject,

contrived, while making tea for breakfast, to pour, as if by accident, a quantity of scalding hot water on his knees and legs, and thus effectually put an end to all active movements on his part for that season, while she despatched his men to join the rebels, under a commander more obedient to her wishes."

On the 14th of April, Charles received the intelligence of the approach of the royal army to Nairn. He immediately ordered the drums to be beat and the bagpipes to be played through the town of Inverness, for the purpose of collecting his followers; and shortly afterwards, the young Prince appeared himself in the streets, marshalling his men, walking backwards and forwards through their lines, and exhorting them to display the same ardour and undaunted courage which had distinguished them at Preston and Falkirk. He was received and listened to with the most enthusiastic acclamations, and voices were heard exclaiming in the crowd, "We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!" The Prince then mounted his horse, and, with the colours flying and the bagpipes playing, he marched his troops to Culloden Moor, about four miles from Inverness, and passed the night with his chief officers at Culloden House, the residence of one of the staunchest and ablest partisans of the Government, President Forbes. The night was passed by the remainder of the army under arms on the ground,—"the heath," says a subaltern officer who was present, "serving us both for bedding and fuel, the cold being very severe." Early on the following morning, Charles drew up his forces in order of battle, under the impression that the Duke of Cumberland was on his march to attack him. In the course of the day, however, Lord Elcho, who had been despatched to Nairn to watch the movements of the royal

army, returned to the camp with the tidings that, being the Duke's birthday, the soldiers were spending it in joviality and mirth, and that there was no appearance of their advancing on that day.

At this eventful period, such was the miserable state of the Prince's commissariat, that during the whole of the 15th, a small loaf, and that of the worst description, was all the food which was doled out to the unfortunate Highlanders. "Strange as the averment may appear," says a modern writer, "I have beheld and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion—being the remains of a loaf, or *bannock*, which had been carefully preserved for eighty-one years by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impossible to imagine a composition of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could have impressed the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery, as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appeared to be merely the husks of oats, and a coarse unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill."

Satisfied that the Duke of Cumberland had no intention to resume his march till the following day, Charles called a council of war—the first which he had summoned since he commenced his retreat from Derby—for the purpose of deliberating on the steps which it was most advisable for him to take. Lord George Murray, who was the last to speak except the Prince, argued strongly in favour of a night-march, insisting that, inasmuch as the scarcity of their provisions rendered it imperative on them to hazard an engagement, their prospects of success were likely to be increased in a tenfold degree by attacking the Duke of

Cumberland's camp in the dark, and taking his soldiers by surprise, than were they to await the onset of regular troops by daylight in the open field. Charles had been heard to declare, two days before, that he was willing to attack the enemy, had he but a thousand men; and so entirely, as he himself informs us, did Lord George's* sentiments coincide with his own, that he rose up and affectionately embraced him. Some objections, indeed, were made to Lord George Murray's proposition, but the debate terminated by a night attack being definitively agreed upon.

CHAPTER II.

Charles's determination to attack the English army—Night march—His displeasure at Lord George Murray for ordering a retreat—Arrival at Culloden Moor—Disposition of the contending armies in sight of each other—Battle of Culloden—Total defeat of the Pretender's troops—His flight—Barbarities of the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers.

Having again embraced Lord George Murray, and assigned as the watchword "King James the Eighth," Charles placed himself at the head of his men, and gave the order to march. By the Prince's directions, the heath was set on fire, in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that his troops were occupying the same position. The men were strictly enjoined to march in profound silence, and on no account to speak above their breath.

* MS. Account of the Transaction, Lord Mahon, vol. iii. p. 449, note.

They were also ordered not to make use of their fire-arms in their attack on the enemy's camp, but with their broad-swords and Lochaber axes to cut the ropes and poles of the tents, and to stab with their utmost force wherever they perceived any swelling or bulge in the fallen canvass.

As the distance from Culloden Moor to the enemy's camp at Nairn was only nine miles, it was computed that they might easily reach their destination shortly after midnight. Unfortunately, however, there were many circumstances which tended to retard and embarrass the Highlanders in their march: not only were they greatly impeded by the darkness of the night, but numbers straggled from the ranks in search of food, and when expostulated with by their commanders, they declared that they might shoot them if they pleased, for they would rather die at once than starve any longer. By the time they reached the wood of Kilravock, still greater numbers, overcome by faintness and hunger, declared their utter inability to advance further, and throwing themselves down among the trees, were soon overcome by the sleep of which they stood so greatly in need.

The hour which had been named for the attack was two o'clock in the morning; but when that hour arrived, it was found that the advanced column, under Lord George Murray, was still four miles distant from the English army. At this moment, the distant roll of drums was heard from the enemy's camp. It was evident, therefore, that they could escape observation only a short time longer, and that the object, for which the night-march had been decided upon, had signally failed. The ranks of the Highlanders, moreover, had become frightfully thinned, and of the remainder, so many were exhausted and dispirited from the want of food, that it

would have amounted almost to an act of madness to have advanced. Under these circumstances, Lord George Murray, notwithstanding the vehement remonstrances of Hepburn of Keith and others, took upon himself the responsibility of ordering a retreat. He would willingly, perhaps, have consulted with the Prince on the occasion; but Charles being a considerable distance in the rear, in command of the second column, he had not the opportunity of communicating with him.

When the Prince was informed of the orders which had been given by Lord George Murray, he at first expressed the utmost indignation, though he afterwards exclaimed in a calmer tone, "'Tis no matter; we shall meet them still, and behave like brave fellows."* For having taken the step which he did, a most unfounded charge of treachery was afterwards brought against Lord George Murray. His character, however, has long since been completely cleared, and by no one was he more fully exonerated than by Charles himself. Had he yielded, indeed, to the entreaties of Hepburn of Keith, and adhered to the original project of attacking the enemy's camp, there can be little doubt that defeat and disaster would have been the results. "The Duke," says Home, "had certain information of the night march; and spies, who spoke the Gaelic language, and wore the Highland dress, mixed with the rebels as they marched; but none of these spies knew any thing of the intended attack, and it is believed the Duke supposed that the rebels intended only to approach his camp, take their ground in the night, and attack him in the morning, for the soldiers were ordered to lie down to rest with their arms by them." Whatever

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 290.

may have been the amount of the information which was conveyed to the Duke by his spies, it is certain that, with an army treble in number to that of his opponents, and renovated, moreover, by sleep and their morning repast, he would have defeated the unfortunate Highlanders with even still greater ease than he subsequently did at Culloden.

About five o'clock in the morning, the Highlanders again found themselves on Culloden Moor, where they had the satisfaction of seeing themselves joined by Macdonald of Keppoch and the Frasers, an accession of strength which occasioned universal joy in the army. Charles repaired to his old quarters at Culloden House, where with much difficulty some bread and whiskey were procured for him. Fatigued by his night's march, he had lain himself down to rest, when between seven and eight o'clock—less than three hours after his return to Culloden—he was roused from his slumbers, and informed that the enemy's cavalry was not more than two miles distant, and the main body of their army not above four miles.

The Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, and Lord John Drummond, immediately mounted his horse and rode to the field. A cannon was fired to assemble the sleeping or scattered Highlanders; the drums were ordered to beat, and the pipes to play the gatherings of their respective clans. Unfortunately, both officers and men were found to be scattered in all directions. "Through their great want of sleep, meat, and drink," says Macdonald, "many had slipped off to take some refreshment in Inverness, Culloden, and the neighbourhood, and others to three or four miles distance, where they had friends and acquaintances; and the said refreshment so lulled them asleep, that, designing to take one

hour's rest or two, they were afterwards surprised and killed in their beds. By this means we wanted in the action at least one-third of our best men, and of those who did engage many had hurried back from Inverness, and, upon the alarm of the enemy's approach, both gentlemen and others, as I did myself, having taken only one drink of ale to supply all my need."*

Notwithstanding the vast superiority on the part of the Duke of Cumberland's army, and the disadvantages under which the Highlanders laboured from the want of sleep and food, they exhibited no signs of despondency; but, on the contrary, as the lines of their opponents neared them, they raised repeated huzzas, which were responded to no less exultingly by the royalists. The Prince, on his part, appeared in excellent spirits, and spoke confidently of gaining the victory. Previous to the battle, he rode along the lines of his army, exhorting the Highlanders, by his words and gestures, to exceed even the valour which they had displayed at Falkirk and Preston. He was answered by the most enthusiastic cheers, and by the most eloquent professions of devotion and love.

The insurgent army was composed of two lines. The first consisted of the Athol brigade, the Camerons, the Stuarts, and some other clans, and was headed by Lord George Murray; the second line was formed principally of the Low Country and foreign regiments and the Irish pickets, and was commanded by General Stapleton. On the right of the first line, and somewhat behind it, was stationed the first troop of horse-guards, and, on the left of the second line, a troop of Fitzjames's horse. The reserve consisted of Lord Kilmarnock's regiment of foot-guards,

* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 509.

and the remains of Lord Pitsligo's and Lord Strathallen's horse. Charles placed himself on a small eminence behind the right of the second line, with Lord Balmerino's troop of horse-guards and a troop of Fitzjames's horse.

On perceiving the disposition of the insurgent troops, the Duke of Cumberland formed his own army into three lines; each wing being supported by cavalry, and two pieces of cannon being placed between every two regiments which composed the first line. In all former engagements with the royal forces, the Highlanders had obtained a great advantage from the skilful manner in which they had contrived to receive the points of their enemy's bayonets on their targets, and then, forcing the bayonet on one side, thrusting their dirks or broadswords into the exposed and defenceless bodies of their adversaries. In order to obviate the effect of this successful manœuvre, the Duke had carefully instructed his soldiers, instead of directing their thrust at the man immediately opposite to them, to aim at the one who fronted their right hand comrade, by which means the Highlander would be wounded under the sword-arm before he could ward off the thrust.

Having completed the disposition of his army, which was done with great skill, the Duke addressed his followers in a short speech. He implored them to be cool and collected; to remember the great stake for which they were about to fight, and to dismiss the remembrance of all former disasters from their minds. He was unwilling, he said, to believe that there could be any man in the British army who had a disinclination to fight; but should there be any, he added, who, from being averse to the cause or from having relations in the rebel army, would prefer to retire, he begged them in God's name to do so,

as he would far sooner face the Highlanders with a thousand determined men to support him, than be backed by an army of ten thousand if a tithe of them should be lukewarm. This appeal was responded to by the most enthusiastic shouts, and by loud cries of "Flanders! Flanders!" It being now one o'clock, it was submitted to the Duke that the soldiers should be allowed to dine before they went into action. But to this he decidedly objected. "The men," he said, "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

The battle commenced by the artillery of the two armies opening their fire at each other; that of the Highlanders was ill-pointed and ill-served, their balls passing over the heads of their adversaries, and doing but little execution; while the royal cannon, being served with great precision, made dreadful havoc in the ranks of the insurgents. Two pieces of artillery were pointed, and several discharges were made, at the spot where Charles was stationed with his small body of cavalry. Several of his troopers were shot, and he himself had a narrow escape, his face being bespattered with the dirt thrown up by one of the balls, and a servant who was holding a led horse being killed by his side.

The cannonading had continued for some time, when the Highlanders, rendered furious by the galling fire which was thinning them, and thirsting to revenge their fallen comrades, could no longer be restrained from dashing against the enemy. The Macintoshes, who had never before been in action, were the first to rush forward, when Lord George Murray, perceiving that the rest of the clans who formed the right line could be kept back

no longer, gave the order for the attack. Immediately raising one loud shout, and brandishing their broadswords, the Highlanders,—heedless alike of the smoke and hail which poured full in their faces, and of the galling grape-shot which swept through their ranks,—rushed furiously against the firm ranks and fixed bayonets of their opponents.* So impetuous was this first onset, that they broke through Monro's and Burrel's regiments, and made themselves masters of two pieces of cannon. Having broken through the first line, they were dashing madly forward, when they encountered the second, which the Duke,—foreseeing the probability of what actually occurred,—had purposely strengthened and stationed so as to support the first line, in the event of its being broken by the onset of the clans. Drawn up three deep,—the front rank kneeling, the second bending forward, and the third standing upright,—they reserved their fire till the Highlanders had come within a yard of the point of their

* "It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*,—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to insure them against falling off in the ensuing *mêlée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage which glowed on every face and gleamed on every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of terrible passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder." *Chambers*, p. 85.

bayonets, when they poured in so well-directed and destructive a fire as to throw them into utter confusion. Mingling together in the greatest disorder, and with little distinction of regiments or clans, these brave men had no choice but to retreat. Some few, indeed, continued to dash furiously against the enemy, but not one of them returned to tell the tale of his valour. So dreadful was the slaughter at this particular part of the field, that after the action the bodies of the unfortunate Highlanders are said to have been found in *layers of three and four deep.*

Thus an entire rout took place of the whole right and of the centre of the insurgent army. They had performed all that could be expected from the most romantic valour, and, opposed as they were to overpowering numbers, it was no disgrace to them that they fled. Many of their chieftains were either killed or trampled down. Among the latter was the gallant Lochiel, who fell from the effects of his wounds, but, fortunately, his two henchmen succeeded in carrying him from the field.

Had the Macdonalds, who were stationed on the left, charged simultaneously with the other clans, it is far from improbable that victory would have been decided in favour of Charles. They were disgusted, however, at having been removed from the post of honour, and in vain did their chieftain endeavour to lead them to the charge. "We of the clan Macdonald," says one of their officers, "thought it ominous that we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn." Stubborn in their displeasure, they resisted every entreaty which was made to induce them to advance. In vain did the Duke of Perth shout the well-known "Claymore!"

and in vain did he tell them that it lay in their power to make the left wing a right, in which case he would hereafter be proud to adopt the surname of Macdonald. In vain did the gallant Keppoch urge them to follow him,—"My God!" exclaimed the chieftain in the agony of the moment, "have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" Uttering these words, with a drawn sword in one hand, and a pistol in the other, he rushed forward at the head of a few of his own kinsmen. He had proceeded, however, only a few paces, when a musket-shot brought him to the ground, and he had only time to entreat his favourite nephew to consult his own safety, before the breath deserted his body. But not even did this romantic act of self-devotion produce any effect on the enraged clansmen. Unflinchingly enduring the galling fire of the English infantry, they are described, in the height of their exasperated feelings, as hewing up the heath with their swords, and calmly gazing on the last agonies of their dying chieftain. It was not till they beheld the other clans give way that they fell back and joined them; but, at this moment, Hawley's regiment of dragoons and the Argyleshire Highlanders pulled down a park wall that covered their right flank, and the cavalry, falling in among them, threw them into the utmost confusion. Thus was completed the entire discomfiture of the Highland clans, and had it not been that the French and Irish pickets covered them by a close and spirited fire, their retreat must have been converted into a most disastrous rout.

Exhibiting every symptom of the bitterest agony, and with tears rolling down his face, Charles beheld, from the eminence on which he stood, the flight of his followers, and the annihilation of his fondest hopes. There still re-

mained the Lowland troops, and the French and Irish pickets; and at the moment when the Highlanders were retreating before the overpowering force of the English infantry, Lord Elcho is said to have ridden up to the ill-fated Prince, and to have implored him by all that was sacred to place himself at the head of the reserve, and to make a last effort to change the fortune of the day. His entreaties proving of no avail, Lord Elcho,—who had risked fortune, life, and every thing that the heart holds most dear, in the cause of the Stuarts,—is stated to have turned from him with a bitter curse, declaring that he would never see his face again: it is added, moreover, that he kept his word, and when they were both exiles in a foreign country, that he invariably quitted Paris whenever Charles entered that city.* Such is the story which has often been related, but which, in fact, appears to be little worthy of credit. On the contrary, several of the Prince's officers declared, in the most solemn manner, that they had seen their unfortunate master forced from the field by Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others of his Irish

* "Some suspicion," says Lord Mahon, "should attach to the whole of this story, because the latter part is certainly unfounded. The official account now lies before me of Charles's first public audience at the court of France after his return, and amongst the foremost of his train on that occasion appears Lord Elcho. I must further observe that Lord Elcho was a man of most violent temper, and no very constant fidelity. Within two months from the date of this battle, he made overtures for pardon to the British Court, 'but,' says Horace Walpole, 'as he has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality, and insults, and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is;' and so he did!"—*History of England*, vol. iii. p. 458.

officers; and we have more particularly the evidence of the cornet who carried the standard of the second troop of horse-guards, who left a dying attestation that he himself saw the Prince earnestly urging his officers to make a fresh charge at the head of the reserve, and that he would have done so had not O'Sullivan seized the bridle of his horse, and, assisted by Sheridan, forced him from the field. "When Charles," says Home, "saw the Highlanders repulsed and flying, which he had never seen before, he advanced, it is said, to go down and rally them; but the earnest entreaties of his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others, who assured him that it was impossible, prevailed upon him to leave the field."*

Being closely pressed by the royal forces, the remainder of Charles's little army which still remained unbroken had no choice but to seek safety in flight. A part of the second line, indeed, quitted the field with tolerable regularity, their pipes playing and colours flying; and the French auxiliaries marched in good order to Inverness; the rest, however, fled in the utmost confusion, and many of the Highlanders never paused for a moment till they found themselves in their own homes in the distant Highlands. The royalists computed their loss at the battle of Culloden at three hundred and ten men; that of the insurgents is stated to have been a thousand.

After quitting the fatal field, the Highland army divided themselves into two bodies, one of which took the road to Inverness, while the latter made the best of their way to the Highlands. The former—in consequence of their route lying along an open moor, where they were easily overtaken by the enemy's light-horse—suffered dread-

* History of the Rebellion, p. 239.

fully in the pursuit. The five miles, indeed, which lay between the field of battle and Inverness, presented one frightful scene of dead bodies, carnage, and blood. Many who, from motives of curiosity, had approached to witness the battle, fell victims to the indiscriminate vengeance of the victors. The latter, by their disgraces and discomfitures, had been provoked to the most savage thirst for revenge. The writer of a contemporary letter observes, "By this time our horse and dragoons had closed in upon them from both wings, and then followed a general carnage. The moor was covered with blood; and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, *looked like so many butchers!*" It is remarkable, that the troops who seemed to take the greatest pleasure in butchering the flying and defenceless Highlanders, were the craven dragoons who had behaved in so dastardly a manner at Colt Bridge, Preston, and Falkirk. Their conduct at Culloden presented a curious exemplification of the old Latin proverb, that when a coward finds himself a conqueror he is always the most cruel.

The scenes which were acted on the field of battle were even more frightful than those which were perpetrated on the main road. "Not contented," says Smollett, "with the blood which was so profusely shed in the heat of action, they traversed the field after the battle, and massacred those miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring: nay, some officers acted a part in this cruel scene of assassination—the triumph of low illiberal minds, uninspired by sentiment, untinctured by humanity."*

* History of England, vol. iii. p. 229. In still more powerful language, Smollett, in his "Tears of Scotland,"

"The road from Culloden to Inverness," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was every where strewed with dead bodies. The Duke of Cumberland had the cruelty to allow our wounded to remain amongst the dead on the field of battle, stripped of their clothes, from Wednesday, the day of our unfortunate engagement, till three o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, when he sent detachments to kill all those who were still in life; and a great many, who had resisted the effects of the continual rains, were then despatched."

The almost unparalleled barbarities which were permitted by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden (barbarities which he speaks of with brutal jocularity, in one of his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, as "a little bloodletting")—ought rather to have stamped him as a monster of iniquity, than to have assisted to

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has described the frightful horrors which disgraced the victory of Culloden—

"Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murdering steel!
The pious mother, doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And stretched beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.
While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat."

procure him those honours and rewards which were showered upon him for his easy victory over an army so inferior in numbers to his own, and who, moreover, were labouring under every possible disadvantage. The ferocity and vindictiveness which he displayed towards his unfortunate opponents, who,—mistaken though we may admit them to have been, had committed no crime but that of bravely defending their principles, and chivalrously supporting the cause of a Prince whom they conscientiously believed to be their rightful master,—will ever deservedly continue to be a blot on his name. It is impossible, indeed, to reflect on the promiscuous slaughter of the flying and unresisting Highlanders after the battle of Culloden, on the numerous murders which were subsequently committed in cold blood, and on the numbers which were sacrificed on the gallows, without execrating the authors of these detestable barbarities.

There were unquestionably persons in the ranks of the insurgent army—men of influence and family—who adopted the cause of their unfortunate master as much from motives of self-interest as from any principles of duty, and who, as the instigators of others, and as the more active and prominent disturbers of peace and good order, might with propriety have been made severe examples of by the Government. But there could be neither justice nor policy in hanging up, in almost countless numbers, the brave and devoted clansmen, who were not competent, either by education or any other means, to form a proper estimate of what might be the consequences of their embarking in a rash but gallant cause, or of the true merits of the quarrel in which they were unhappily engaged. They knew little more than what they had heard from their fathers—that the Stuarts were their he-

reditary and rightful sovereigns; while both duty and inclination told them to follow the orders of their chieftains, whose principles almost invariably regulated their own. The strange and almost ridiculous stories which at this period were generally current, of the wild habits and ferocious character of the Highland clansmen, had unquestionably the effect of turning aside much of that generous commiseration which would otherwise have been excited by the illegal massacres of the Duke of Cumberland and his executioner-in-chief, General Hawley. When the world, however, came to reflect more dispassionately on the frightful effusion of blood of which these persons were the principal authors, they naturally viewed the conduct, as well as the military abilities of the Duke in their proper light, and grew to execrate that man under the name of "the Butcher," whom, only a few months before, they had nearly exalted into an idol.

It has already been mentioned, that for as long as two days after the battle of Culloden, many of the wounded were inhumanly allowed to remain mingled with the dead, and enduring, as they must have done, all the horrors of bodily pain, of intolerable thirst, and the agonies of hope deferred. The greater number of the wounded, indeed, were despatched by parties of the victors who traversed the field after the battle, stabbing some with their bayonets, and cutting down others with their swords; and through this frightful scene, the Duke of Cumberland not only calmly passed with his staff, but even took his share in the painful tragedy. As he rode along among the dying and the dead, he perceived a young man—Charles Fraser, the younger of Inverallachy, who held a commission as Lieutenant-colonel in Fraser of Lovat's regiment—who was lying wounded on the ground, but who raised himself up

on his elbow, as the Duke and his followers passed. The Duke inquired of him to whom he belonged. "To the Prince!" was the undaunted reply. The Duke instantly turned to Major Wolfe, who was near him, and desired him to shoot "that insolent scoundrel." "My commission," said Wolfe, "is at the disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner." After one or two other ineffectual attempts to induce some officers who were near him to pistol the unfortunate Highlander, the Duke, perceiving a common soldier, inquired of him if his piece was loaded? The man replying in the affirmative, he commanded him to perform the required duty, which was instantly done. How widely different was the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland and the English after the battle of Culloden, to the humanity and consideration which Charles and his gallant Highlanders displayed towards their wounded enemies, when they found themselves victors at Falkirk!

As some palliation for the frightful scenes which were enacted after the battle, it was alleged that the order for massacring the wounded originated in the humane purpose of putting them out of pain! It was insisted also, as a further justification of the indiscriminate slaughter which took place on the road to Inverness, that a regimental order was found on the person of one of the insurgents, signed by Lord George Murray, in which the Highlanders were enjoined, in the event of their gaining the victory, to give no quarter to the King's troops. No such order, however, was ever seen or heard of by any of the insurgents, nor is there the slightest reason to believe that it, in fact, ever existed.

It might have been advanced by the Duke of Cumberland and his admirers, with some appearance of reason, that

the excesses which disgraced the victory of Culloden were the result of a stern but necessary policy; a policy which was called for, in order to strike terror into the surviving followers of Charles, who, though defeated, were still formidable, and were capable of being re-assembled and arrayed against the King's troops. It might also have been argued, with the same show of reason, that the carnage which took place was partly the result of the exasperated feelings and brute-like propensities of the common soldiers, who, inflamed by the victory which they had obtained over a foe who had lately been their conquerors, were not unlikely to wreak their vengeance in too summary and merciless a manner.

But none of these arguments hold good, as regards the terrible catalogue of ravages, slaughters, and executions, which were subsequently perpetrated in cold blood. The victors carried havoc and bloodshed, and all the frightful extremities of war, into the castle of the chieftain and the cabin of the peasant; they spread ruin and desolation among a free, a gallant, and warm-hearted people, whose only crime was their loyalty to their legitimate Prince; women and children, whose husbands and brothers had been murdered, and whose homes had been burned to the ground, were seen shivering in the clefts of the rocks, dying of cold and hunger; and it is a fact, that at Fort Augustus women were stripped of their clothes, and made to run races naked on horseback for the amusement of the brutal garrison. "When the men were slain," says Sir Walter Scott, "the houses burnt, and the herds and flocks driven off, the women and children perished from famine in many instances, or followed the track of the plunderers, begging for the blood and offal of their own cattle, slain for the soldiers' use, as the miserable means of supporting a wretched life."

One of the first acts of severity committed by the Duke of Cumberland, was to hang thirty-six deserters from the royal army who had joined the standard of the adventurer. Nineteen wounded officers belonging to the Highland army, were dragged from a wood in which they had sought refuge, and carried into the court-yard of Culloden House, where the greater number were shot, and the rest, who showed any symptoms of life, had their brains knocked out by the soldiery. In one instance, a hut, which contained a number of wounded Highlanders, was set fire to by the soldiers, when not only was every individual who attempted to escape immediately bayoneted, but when the building was burnt to the ground, as many as thirty corpses were found blackened by the flames.

The fate of such of the survivors of the battle of Culloden, who were dragged to prison, was scarcely less terrible. Great numbers were confined in the church and tolbooth of Inverness, where, deprived of clothes, and allowed only so small a quantity of meal daily as was scarcely sufficient to support life, they passed a miserable existence, till they were carried on board ship, in order to be sent to London and placed at the disposal of the Government. Their condition at sea was even worse than on land. They were thrust half naked into the holds of the different vessels, where they slept on the stones which formed the ballast; their sole allowance of drink being a bottle of cold water, and their amount of daily food being no more than about ten ounces of an inferior kind of oatmeal to each man. Even at this distance of time the heart almost sickens with the details of the horrors and privations to which these faithful and gallant people were subjected. Of a large number of human beings who were shipped to Barbadoes, many died on shipboard; and of

eighty-one who reached their pestilential destination, three years afterwards only eighteen were left to point out the graves of their companions, and to bewail their own fate. Human nature revolts at such sickening details. On board of one vessel, in which one hundred and fifty-seven of these brave but unfortunate men had been embarked, so great was the mortality occasioned by the cruel deprivations which they had to endure, that after the lapse of eight months,—during the whole of which time they were kept huddled together on board ship,—only forty-nine individuals survived to tell the tale of the miseries to which they had been exposed.*

In regard to the terrible policy adopted by the Duke of Cumberland, and carried out by his brutal agents, the following account, extracted from the dying declaration of one of the unfortunate victims on the scaffold, may be taken as a specimen.† "I was put," says the unhappy sufferer, "into one of the Scotch kirks, together with a great number of wounded prisoners, who were stripped naked, and then left to die of their wounds without the least assistance; and though we had a surgeon of our own, a prisoner in the same place, yet he was not permitted to dress their wounds, but his instruments were taken from him on purpose to prevent it; and in consequence of this many expired in the utmost agonies.

* See Donald Macleod's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 406, &c.

† The principal agents in carrying out the Duke's brutal policy, were his "executioner-in-chief," General Hawley, Lieutenant-colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart. It is natural, perhaps, as an Englishman, to feel some satisfaction in recording that two out of the number were Scotchmen.

Several of the wounded were put on board the 'Jean' of Leith, and there died in lingering tortures. Our general allowance, while we were prisoners there, was half a pound of meal a-day, which was sometimes increased to a pound, but never exceeded it; and I myself was an eye-witness, that great numbers were starved to death. Their barbarity extended so far as not to suffer the men who were put on board the 'Jean,' to lie down even on planks, but they were obliged to sit on large stones, by which means their legs swelled as big almost as their bodies. These are some few of the cruelties exercised, which being almost incredible in a Christian country, I am obliged to add an asseveration to the truth of them; and I do assure you, upon the word of a dying man, as I hope for mercy at the day of judgment, I assert nothing but what I know to be true."*

These merciless inhumanities, it must be remembered, were independent of the numerous legal executions which were permitted by the Government, and to which we shall not at present refer. The details, indeed, of the almost demoniac retribution exacted by the Duke of Cumberland and his myrmidons, would appear almost too dreadful to be credited, were they not fully substantiated on the most undoubted authority. Their truth, indeed, is built, not on the partial exaggerations of the defeated Jacobites, but by persons of high integrity, station, and honour, and, in many instances, by the partisans of the Government, and by the victors themselves.

* "Paper read by Mr. James Bradshaw, and delivered by him to the Sheriff of Surrey, just before his execution, on Friday, November 28, 1746."

CHAPTER III.

Precautions to prevent the escape of the Chevalier—Reward for his apprehension—His retreat through Scotland as a fugitive—Writes from Glenbiasdale, taking leave of his followers—Charles's embarkation—His extremities at sea—Lands and takes shelter in a "Grass-keeper's hut" in Benbecula—Visited in his retreat by Clanranald.

We now commence the eventful history of the adventures and escapes of Charles Edward after his defeat at Culloden. The feelings of the unfortunate young Prince when he beheld the slaughter of his gallant followers and the downfall of his own ambitious hopes, may be more easily imagined than described. His situation was perhaps even more critical than that of his great-uncle, Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester. Already the enemy's cavalry were on his track; the royal troops were being despatched to every part of the Highlands where it was probable that the unhappy fugitive might seek to conceal himself; numbers of vessels of war were cruising along the coast for the purpose of intercepting any foreign ship which might be sent to carry him off; and, moreover, the large sum of 30,000*l.* was offered for his capture, a reward which—held out as it was to a poor, and, as it was believed, an avaricious people—it was thought would inevitably lead to his speedy discovery and certain arrest.

In order to insure the Prince's safe retreat from the field of battle, the French troops, supported by a small band of Highlanders, made a last and desperate stand

against the onset of the royal forces, which enabled Charles to place a considerable distance between himself and his pursuers. Followed by a large body of horsemen, and with a faithful Highlander, one Edward Burke,* for his guide, Charles rode rapidly forward till he reached the river Nairn, about four miles from Inverness. Having crossed the stream, the fugitives spent a few minutes in deliberation, when it was decided that the Prince should make the best of his way to the western coast,—where it was hoped that he would find a French vessel to carry him to France,—and that the majority of the party should separate, and each endeavour to insure his own safety as he best might.

Accordingly, accompanied by only ten individuals,† Charles made the best of his way to Gortuleg, where he had an interview with the too-celebrated Lord Lovat, the only occasion apparently on which they ever met. "A lady," says Sir Walter Scott, "who, then a girl, was residing in Lord Lovat's family, described to us the unexpected appearance of Prince Charles and his flying attendants at Castle Dounie. The wild and desolate vale, on which she was gazing with indolent composure, was at

* Burke, who accompanied the Prince as a guide during a great part of his wanderings, and who resisted the temptation of thirty thousand pounds, drudged out the remainder of his days a sedan-carrier in Edinburgh. He was at this period a servant to Mr. Alexander Macleod, of Muiravonside.

† These persons were, Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Sir David Murray, Alexander Macleod, the two latter being the Prince's aides-de-camp, John Hay, who was acting as secretary in the absence of Murray of Broughton, Allan Macdonald a priest, Edward Burke the guide, and two servants.

once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the castle, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to Highland tradition, are visible to men only from one twinkle of the eyelid to another, she strove to refrain from the vibration which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. To Lord Lovat it brought a certainty more dreadful than the presence of fairies, or even demons."* The reasons which induced Charles to visit the crafty old peer have not been explained, neither do we know the topics that were discussed at their strange interview. The Prince, indeed, remained at Gortuleg only a short time, and having partaken of some food, of which he stood greatly in need, and drunk a few glasses of wine, he rode forward in the direction of Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnell of Glengarry, situated on one of those beautiful lochs which now form the links of the Caledonian Canal.

About two o'clock in the morning the little party galloped by the ruins of Fort Augustus, and about two hours afterwards found themselves in safety at Invergarry. Unfortunately the chieftain was absent, and there was neither food nor furniture in the house; but as Charles had now ridden nearly forty miles since he quitted the field of battle, and as the previous night had been occupied in the unfortunate march to Nairn, it may readily be imagined that he would have welcomed sleep under any circumstances. Stretching himself on the floor, he slept till the middle of the next day, when he partook of a small repast which had been prepared for him by Edward Burke. His only drink was the water

* Prose Works, vol. xx. p. 83.

from the loch, but the faithful guide had contrived to catch two salmon, which, as he himself informs us, he "made ready in the best manner he could, and the meat was reckoned very savoury and acceptable."*

At Invergarry, the whole of the party took leave of their unfortunate master, with the exception of O'Sullivan, O'Néal, and Edward Burke; the Prince putting on the coat of the latter for the purpose of disguising himself. About three o'clock he again rode forward in the direction of Loch Arkaig. It may be here mentioned, that when the English troops subsequently visited Invergarry, it was made to pay a severe penalty for having afforded a resting-place to the Prince. The plate was carried off and melted; the house and grounds were laid waste; and the military even carried their vengeance so far as to blow up with gunpowder two beautiful chestnut trees, which were the ornament of the place.

The little party reached Loch Arkaig at nine o'clock in the evening, when Charles took up his quarters in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. So completely was he worn out with the fatigues which he had lately undergone, that he fell asleep while Edward Burke was unbuttoning his splatterdashes, from which, as the latter informs us, "there fell out seven guineas." The next morning, the 18th, he proceeded to Mewboll, in Clanranald's country, where he passed the night. Here the whole party were compelled to abandon their horses and to proceed on foot, there being no longer any roads in the route they were about to pursue. On the evening of the 19th, Charles found himself at Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, where he was compelled to sleep in a

* Edward Burke's Journal, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 364.

wretched hovel used for shearing sheep. The next day he laboured on foot over a range of high and rugged hills, and in the evening arrived at the small village of Glenbiasdale in Arisaig, near the spot where he had first set his foot on Scottish ground.

From Glenbiasdale Charles wrote to his followers at Ruthven,—where they had assembled to about the number of a thousand men,—expressing the deepest gratitude for all the gallantry and the devotion which they had displayed in his cause. Circumstances, he said, compelled him at present to retire to France; but he trusted ere long to return from that country, bringing with him succours which would be certain to insure success. In the mean time he recommended that each of them should look to their own safety, and it was his earnest prayer, he said, that the Almighty should bless and direct them.

There were many among the Highland chieftains who clung to the fond belief, that the game which they had been playing was not yet lost, and that the enterprise might still be crowned with success. To these persons the Prince's letter came as the deathblow to their hopes. "Our separation at Ruthven," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "was truly affecting: we bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be his fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered; whilst they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress."

In consequence of information which Charles received

at Glenbiasdale of the number of English cruisers which were lying in wait for him along the coast, he determined, by the advice of his followers, to remove to the Western Isles, where it was hoped that he would meet with greater facility in obtaining a passage on board a foreign ship. The individual who had the high compliment paid him of being selected to be the guide of the unfortunate Prince during his approaching expedition, was one Donald Macleod, a faithful and gallant old Highlander from the Isle of Skye, who was intimately acquainted with the difficult navigation of the neighbouring seas, and who had recently been entrusted with the important mission of bringing off a large sum of money from the Island of Barra, which had been left there by a French vessel. Macleod was at this period at Kinlochmoidart, where a messenger was despatched to him, directing him to repair immediately to the Prince at Borrodaile. He immediately set out on his journey; and the first person he encountered on approaching Glenbiasdale, was the Prince himself, who was walking alone in the wood. He advanced towards the old man, and inquired of him if he was Donald Macleod of Guattergill, in the Isle of Skye? "I am the same man, your Highness," was the plain-spoken reply; "I am at your service; what is your pleasure with me?" "Then," said the Prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress; I throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted." "When Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "was giving me this part of the narrative, he grat sore; the tears came running down his cheeks, and he said, 'What diel could help greeting, when speaking on sic a sad subject?'"

The first request which Charles preferred to Donald

was to carry letters from him to Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod, who had formerly been the loudest in their professions of devotion to his cause, but who, as has been already mentioned, had treacherously made their peace with the Government. This mission, however, Donald positively refused to undertake. "Does not your Excellency know," he said, "that these men have played the rogue to you? and will you trust them again?" He mentioned also the fact, which—as Charles still clung fondly to the belief that they were secretly his well-wishers—must have been extremely painful to him, that both these renegade chieftains were searching for him with their followers in all directions, and this within a distance of not more than ten miles from Glenbiasdale. The Prince then remarked, "I hear, Donald, you are a good pilot, and know all this coast well. I hope, therefore, you will carry me safely through the islands, where I may look for more safety than I can do here." The old Highlander immediately assented, adding, that there was no personal risk which he would not undergo to insure the safety of his Prince.

Accordingly, an eight-oared boat having been procured, Charles, in the dusk of the evening of the 24th of April embarked at Lochnanuagh, near the place where he had first landed in the Highlands. Besides the Prince, there were twelve persons embarked in the boat—O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Allan Macdonald, Donald Macleod, and eight watermen, of whom Edward Burke, the Prince's guide from Culloden, acted as one. Donald Macleod took the helm, with the Prince seated between his knees. One of the watermen, it may be mentioned, was the son of Macleod, a youth of only fifteen years of age. So infected was he with the enthusiasm of the times, that he had run

away from a grammar-shool at Inverness, and having contrived to provide himself with a broadsword, dirk, and pistol, he arrived on the field of Culloden in time to share the dangers of the battle. He subsequently found means to trace the road that Charles had taken; and after tracking him from place to place, at length joined him at Glenbiasdale. "And," said Donald to Bishop Forbes, "this was the way that I met wi' my poor boy."

Previous to their embarkation, the experienced eye of Donald Macleod had assured him that a storm was gathering, and he earnestly entreated the Prince to defer his departure till the following day. Charles, however, anxious to escape the dangers which threatened him on the main land, insisted on putting to sea. They had proceeded only a short distance, when a storm arose, which Macleod himself—though a seafaring man, and accustomed to the squally tempests which rage among the Western Islands—assures us in his Narrative was "greater than any he had ever been trysted with before." In addition to the lightning and thunder, and the tempestuous sea, the rain came down in torrents, and they had no pump with which to lighten their small vessel; the night also was extremely dark, and they were without a compass to guide them on their way. Charles now began to perceive his danger, and expressed a wish to return to the shore; but Donald explained to him that the attempt would be a vain one, adding, that it was "as good for them to be drowned in clean water, as to be dashed in pieces upon a rock and be drowned too." Though little accustomed to the raging element on which he was now borne, Charles exhibited neither fear nor perturbation, but, on the contrary, expressed more than once his confidence in the mercy and goodness of Providence, and at

other times endeavoured to enliven the sinking spirits of the crew by singing to them a Highland song.

Towards morning the storm abated; and when the day dawned, they found themselves on the coast of Long Island, having undergone eight hours of discomfort and danger. They landed, with some difficulty, at Roonish, in the desolate island of Benbecula, where they found an uninhabited hut, in which the Prince took up his quarters. Having dragged the boat on dry land, they lighted a fire, at which they dried their drenched garments, and boiled a portion of a cow which they had caught and killed. As the storm subsequently recommenced with increased violence, Charles was compelled to take up his quarters in this wretched place for two days and nights, his only couch being an old sail spread on the bare ground, and his only food some oatmeal and the boiled flesh of the slaughtered cow. Yet we are told by one of his companions in misfortune, that "he was very well pleased, and slept soundly."

Though nursed on the lap of luxury, and unaccustomed to practise self-denial, or to be thwarted in his most trifling desires, thus did a young Prince (who it might have been expected would have been enervated by the soft air and effeminate pleasures of an Italian climate) endure, with almost unexampled spirit and gallantry, privations and dangers to which even the most wretched outcasts are rarely exposed. We must remember, in addition to his many miseries, that the whole naval and military force of a powerful nation was employed to intercept the hunted wanderer;—that he was in the power of every individual who surrounded him, each of whom he might naturally have regarded with suspicion;—that the vast sum of thirty thousand pounds was fixed as the

price of his capture, or of his blood;—and that the majority of those who were entrusted with his secret were among the poor and the needy. Indeed, even had the unfortunate Prince been of a disposition to take the most favourable view of human motives and human actions, could he reasonably have expected that there existed on the face of the earth a people so loyal and disinterested as not to number among them a single Judas, who could be tempted by so magnificent a bribe? And yet such were the gallant and devoted people, on whom the Duke of Cumberland and the detestable agents of his cruelty practised horrors which were only equalled by the authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or by the priesthood of Madrid!

Gallantly, indeed, did Charles endure all the privations and dangers to which he was exposed. "I asked Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "if the Prince was in health all the time that he was with him? Donald said, that the Prince would never own he was in bad health, though he and all that were with him had reason to think that, during the whole time, the Prince was more or less suffering under some disorder; but that he bore up most surprisingly, and never wanted spirits. Donald added, that the Prince, for all the fatigue he underwent, never slept above three or four hours at most at a time, and that when he awaked in the morning he was always sure to call for a *chopin* of water, which he never failed to drink off at a draught. He said he had a little bottle in his pocket, out of which he used to take so many drops every morning and throughout the day, saying, if any thing should ail him, he hoped he should cure himself, for that he was something of a doctor. 'And faith,' said Donald, 'he was indeed a bit of a doctor, for Ned Burke, happen-

ing once to be unco ill of the colic, the Prince said, let him alane, I hope to eure him of that; and accordingly he did so, for he gae him sae mony draps out o' the little bottle, and Ned soon was as well as ever he had been.'"

On the evening of the 29th Charles quitted Benbecula with his attendants, with the intention of setting sail for Stornoway, the principal port in the Island of Lewis, where he hoped to find a French vessel to convey him to France. They were overtaken, however, by another storm, and were compelled to put into the small island of Scalpa, or Glass, where they landed before daybreak on the morning of the 30th. As this island belonged to the Laird of Macleod, who was now actively engaged in furthering the views of the Government, they assumed the characters of shipwrecked merchantmen, the Prince and O'Sullivan taking the names of Sinclair, the latter playing the part of the father, and the former of the son. They met, however, with great civility and kindness from Donald Campbell, who rented the island from the Laird of Macleod, and who lent his own boat to Donald Macleod, to enable him to proceed to Stornoway, to procure a larger and safer vessel for the Prince.

Charles had been four days a guest of the hospitable Campbell, when he received a message from Macleod, that he had procured a vessel of the description required. The Prince immediately put to sea in a small boat, but the wind blowing right against them, they were compelled to land in Loch Sheffort, and to proceed to Stornoway on foot. Their way led over a dreary moor; the night was extremely dark, and the rain poured down in torrents. The distance from Loch Sheffort to Stornoway was not above twenty miles, but, in consequence of the ignorance or mismanagement of their guide, their journey was lengthened to about thirty-eight miles.

As soon as Charles had arrived within sight of Stornoway, he sent forward the guide to Donald Macleod, who immediately repaired to him with some brandy and bread and cheese, and subsequently conducted him to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, where he passed the night. On the return of Donald to Stornoway, he found the whole place in commotion, and not less than two or three hundred men under arms. His servant, it appears, had got drunk, and had blabbed for whom the vessel was hired—adding, that the Prince was in the neighbourhood, at the head of five hundred men. This intelligence was rapidly spread by a chain of alarms communicated by a clergyman in South Uist to his father in the Harris, and thence to another clergyman in the Lewis. In vain did Donald endeavour to expostulate with them on the absurdity of their fears. They had no intention, they said, to injure the Prince, nor to molest him in any way: all they asked was that he should quit the place without delay. Nevertheless, they refused to allow Donald to make use of the vessel which he had already hired, and even declined accepting a large sum of money which he offered to any one who would pilot them to their destination. Charles, it is said, discovered but little uneasiness, when informed by Donald of the threatening aspect of his affairs. "We were then," says Edward Burke in his Narrative, "only four in number besides the Prince, and we had four hired men for rowing the barge. Upon the alarm, I advised they should take to the mountains; but the Prince said, 'How long is it, Ned, since you turned cowardly? I shall be sure of the best of them before I am taken, which I hope will never be alive.'"

At this time, the Prince, O'Sullivan, and O'Neal had only six shirts among them, and, according to Donald

Macleod, "frequently, when they stripped to dry those that were upon them, they found those that they were to put on as wet as the ones they had thrown off." Their crew, which had originally consisted of four persons, was now reduced to half that number, in consequence of two of them having fled frightened to the mountains, on perceiving the commotion which the Prince's presence had excited. With this inefficient crew, and in a small boat but little suited to cope with the sudden squalls and tempests so peculiar to the Western Isles, Charles put to sea on the 6th of May, doubtful in what direction to steer his course. His companions in adversity were now reduced to O'Sullivan and O'Neal—Allan Macdonald having taken his leave of him at Stornoway, in order to make the best of his way to South Uist. The provisions which they carried with them consisted of some oatmeal, brandy, and sugar, besides some portions of a cow which they had slaughtered during the time they were the guests of Mrs. Mackenzie, and for which that lady had at first refused payment. Charles, however, would not be denied, and positively insisted on her accepting the price of the animal; "for so long," says Donald Macleod, "as there was any money among us, I was positive that the deil a man or woman should have it to say that the Prince ate their meat for nought."

The fugitives had advanced only a short distance from the land, when they came in sight of four vessels of war, which induced them to put into the small desert island of Eiurn, or Iffurt, near the Harris, about twelve miles from Stornoway, and a little to the north of Scalpa. It happened to be the temporary resort of some fishermen, who, mistaking the Prince and his companions for a press-gang despatched from one of the vessels in the

offing, fled with the utmost precipitation to the interior of the island, leaving their fish drying upon the shore in large quantities. "Upon this desert island," says Donald Macleod, "we found plenty of good dry fish, of which we were resolved to make the best fare we could without any butter, not knowing of the junt that Ned had in his wallet.* As we had plenty of brandy and sugar along with us, and found very good springs upon the island, we wanted much to have a little warm punch, to cheer our hearts in this cold remote place. We luckily found an earthen pitcher, which the fishers had left upon the island, and this served our purpose very well for heating the punch; but the second night the pitcher, by some accident or other, was broke to pieces, so that we could have no more warm punch."—"When Donald," says Bishop Forbes, "was asked, if ever the Prince used to give any particular toast, when they were taking a cup of cold water, whiskey, or the like, he said that the Prince very often drank to the Black Eye, 'by which,' said Donald, 'he meant the second daughter of France; and I never heard him name any particular health but that alone. When he spoke of that lady, which he did frequently, he appeared to be more than ordinarily well pleased.'" Of the King of France, Charles, during his wanderings, always spoke in terms of gratitude and affection, expressing his conviction that that monarch had the cause of the exiled family warmly at heart, and was anxious to do all in his power to assist them. "But, gentlemen," he in-

* "When they were parting with Lady Kildare (Mrs. Mackenzie), she called Ned aside, and gave him a junt of butter betwixt two fardles of bread, which Ned put into a wallet they had for carrying some little baggage."—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 391.

variably added, "I can assure you that a king and his council are two very different things."

Edward Burke usually acted as cook and baker; but whenever the Prince lent a hand to prepare the homely repast, we are told that he was reckoned "the best cook of them all." Perhaps something of the flattery of a Court existed even among the desert and inhospitable isles of the Hebrides, in the superiority which was thus awarded to the Prince. Something, indeed, like etiquette was still kept up amongst those whom misfortune had reduced to a common level; and though without knives and forks, or the commonest culinary utensil, and with no other shelter than a ruined hut, with a sail-cloth for the roof, the Prince, nevertheless, and the gentlemen of his party, invariably partook of their meals apart from their humbler companions. Charles, we are told by one of his companions in adversity, "used to smoke a great deal of tobacco," and would sometimes sing them a song "to keep up their hearts."

On the 10th of May, after a residence of four days upon this desolate spot, they again set sail, carrying with them two dozen of the dried fish which they found upon the rocky beach. Previous to quitting the island, Charles had placed some money upon one of the fish which they left behind, as the price of what they had consumed and taken away. He was told, however, that either it would be taken possession of by persons who might accidentally land, and who had no claim to it, or, what was of still more importance, that it might lead to the discovery of their real rank. Charles, accordingly, was induced to forego his honest intentions, though apparently not without much violence to his conscientious scruples.

Passing along the shores of the Long Island, Charles

insisted on going a short distance out of their way for the purpose of landing once more in Scalpa, in order to thank Donald Campbell for the civilities he had shown them, and also to remunerate him for the use of his boat. The rumour, however, had already gone abroad, that the Prince had been his guest, and the hospitable Highlander had himself become a fugitive. They again therefore put to sea, but the wind had now gone down, and they were compelled to row during the whole night. When the dawn broke they were without food or fresh water, and during the whole day their only sustenance consisted of some meal mixed with sea-water and some brandy. Unpalatable as must have been this fare to the unfortunate Prince, we have the evidence of two of the persons who were with him in the boat, that he called it "no bad food," and even "eat of it very heartily."—"Never," says Donald Macleod, "did any meat or drink come wrong to him; for he could take a share of every thing, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always cheerful and contented in every condition." The Prince himself observed, that should he ever ascend a throne, he should never forget those "who dined with him that day."

But the want of food was not the worst which they had to encounter. As they continued on their melancholy voyage, they found themselves suddenly chased by an English vessel of war, which very nearly succeeded in capturing them; indeed it was only by the greatest efforts of the crew that they contrived to escape, Charles all the time animating them to fresh exertions. "If we escape this danger," he said, "you shall have a handsome reward; if not, I will be sunk rather than taken." Fortunately the wind went down, and the ship becoming becalmed, they were enabled to conceal themselves in one

of the small inlets formed by the rocks on the dreary coast of the Isle of Harris. After a short time, they again stole out, and were moving stealthily along the shore, when they were perceived and chased by another vessel. On this occasion, however, they had less difficulty in effecting their escape: the calmness of the weather was in their favour, and after undergoing twenty-four hours of thirst, fatigue, and anxiety, Charles found himself safely landed at Loch-wiskaway, in Benbecula. He expressed himself highly gratified at his numerous escapes: adding, that he was now satisfied that he should never die by water or by the sword.

Carrying with them some crabs which they caught among the rocks,—in capturing which the Prince had shown great eagerness,—they proceeded inland in hopes of finding the provisions of which they stood so much in need, as well as shelter for the night. After a dreary walk of two miles, they came to a wretched uninhabited hovel,—"a poor grass-keeper's bothy, or hut," as Edward Burke described it to Bishop Forbes, "which had so low a door, that we digged below it, and put heather below the Prince's knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut." Miserable, however, as it must have been to be confined in this wretched spot, it still offered the advantages of security to the persecuted wanderer, and he determined on remaining there for some time. Anxious to ascertain the fate of his friends, and to obtain a supply of money, of which he stood greatly in need, he despatched Donald Macleod to the mainland, with directions to find out Lochiel and Secretary Murray, who were concealed among the Western Highlands, proscribed fugitives like the Prince himself. With the sagacity of a Highlander, Macleod traced them to their hiding-places

at the head of Loch Arkaig; but they had no money to send to their Prince, and after an absence of eighteen days, Donald returned with some brandy only, which perhaps was sufficiently acceptable, and with two letters from Lochiel and the Secretary, acquainting him with the complete ruin of his affairs.

During the absence of Macleod, Charles was cheered by a visit from Clanranald, to whom he had sent a message acquainting him with his hiding-place and his wants. Clanranald, accompanied by his lady, immediately repaired to him in his wretched retreat. "He found the youth," says Chambers, "who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hog-stye, and perhaps more filthy; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather; and his shirt to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dish-clout."* To the great satisfaction of Charles, Clanranald brought with him some Spanish wines and other provisions, as well as some shoes and stockings, and the acceptable present of half a dozen shirts.

* History of the Rebellion of 1745–6, p. 96.

CHAPTER IV.

Charles removes to the Island of South Uist—His various narrow escapes while resident there—Accepts the proffered services of Flora Macdonald—Plan for his escape in disguise to the Isle of Skye.

After a residence of two or three days in Benbecula, Charles, by the advice of Clanranald, removed to a secluded spot in the centre of the neighbouring island of South Uist, where he was less likely to be hunted out by his pursuers, and which, moreover, from its vicinity both to the mountains and the sea, offered a double chance of escape in the event of his retreat being discovered. Scouts were stationed in all directions to give the earliest notice of the approach of an enemy; a boat was always in readiness for him to put to sea, and guides in the event of his being compelled to fly to the mountains.*

The month which was passed by Charles in South Uist, was perhaps the least painful or wearisome of any period of his wanderings. Though his present habitation was only a better kind of hut, and though his bed consisted only of two cow-hides stretched upon four sticks, he was nevertheless well supplied with comforts and even luxuries: Clanranald, and his brother Boisdale, paid him frequent visits; and from Lady Margaret Macdonald, the wife of his former adherent and present persecutor, Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, he received constant supplies of the newspapers of the day. South Uist was formerly cele-

* Lockhart Papers, p. 542.

brated for its abundance of game, and Charles frequently amused himself with shooting: we are assured, indeed, that "he was very dexterous at shooting fowl on the wing."* Sometimes he would vary his amusements by entering a small boat, and fishing with hand-lines along the coast.

During his stay in South Uist, an incident occurred, which, though trifling in itself, very nearly led to serious results; and, moreover, as the circumstances connected with it display Charles's character for humanity and good-nature in a very pleasing light, it may perhaps be as well to record it. He had one day shot a deer, and in the evening was assisting his *chef de cuisine*, Edward Burke, in preparing some collops from it, when a half-starved boy suddenly pushed in between them, and made an attempt to snatch some of the meat out of the dish. Edward Burke immediately struck him with the back of his hand, and probably would have repeated the blow, had he not been stopped by the Prince. "Why, man," he said, "do not you remember the Scripture, which commands us to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? you ought rather to give him meat than a stripe." He then ordered some food and some old clothes to be given to the boy, remarking,—"I cannot see a Christian perishing for want of food and raiment, if I have the power to support him."† His humanity met with a very indifferent return. Having discovered the rank of his benefactor, the boy sought out a large body of the Campbells, Macleods, and Macdonalds, who were in search of the Prince, and acquainted them with his hiding-place. Fortunately, how-

* Lockhart Papers, p. 543.

† Jacobite Memoirs, p. 395.

ever, they only ridiculed his story, which they regarded as an impudent falsehood.

At length the period arrived when Charles was again compelled to change the scene of his wanderings,—a step which was rendered absolutely necessary in consequence of a large body of militia having landed in search of him on the neighbouring island of Eriska. This important information was communicated to the Prince by his kind friend, Lady Margaret Macdonald, who employed a gallant Highland gentleman, Hugh Macdonald, of Balshair in North Uist, to convey to him the tidings. Balshair has himself left us a very interesting account of his mission to Charles and his small court of Glencoradale :—

"Being a misty day," he says, "I came near them before they discovered me, which surprised them. O'Sullivan introduced me to the hut. The Prince saluted me very kindly, and told me he was heartily glad to see the face of an honest man in such a remote corner. His dress was then a tartan short coat, and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald; his night-cap all patched with soot-drops, his shirt, hands, and face, patched with the same; a short kilt, tartan hose, and Highland brogs; his upper coat being English cloth. He called for a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment; which being over, he called for meat. There was about a half-stone of butter laid on a timber plate, and near a leg of beef laid on a chest before us, all patched with soot-drops, nothwithstanding its being washed *toties quoties*. As soon as we had done, who should enter the hut but Boisdale, who seemed to be a very welcome guest to the Prince, as they had been together above once before.

"Boisdale then told him there was a party come to

Barra in pursuit of him. He asked what they were? Boisdale said they were Macdonalds and Macleods. He then said that he was not the least concerned, as they were Highlanders, and more especially such. I spoke to Boisdale about leaving Glencoradale, as our stay there would be of dangerous consequence, and of no advantage to him. The Prince told us, as it was but seldom he met with friends he could enjoy himself with, he would not on any account part with us that night. Boisdale says to me, we could not, in good manners, part with him that night. I replied, if he would risk staying himself, that I would for my part. The prince advised Edward Burke to fill the bowl; but before we would begin with our bowl, Boisdale insisted on his being shaved first, and then putting on a clean shirt, which he was importuned to do; and Burke shaved him. Then we began with our bowl, frank and free. As we were turning merry, we were turning more free. At last I started the question if his Highness would take it amiss if I should tell him the greatest objections against him in Great Britain. He said not. I told him that popery and arbitrary government were the two chiefest. He said it was only bad constructions his enemies put on it. 'Do you know, Mr. Macdonald,' he says, 'what religion are all the princes of Europe of?' I told him I imagined they were of the same established religion of the nation they lived in. He told me they had little or no religion at all. Boisdale then told him that his predecessor, Clanranald, had fought seven set battles for his; yet, after the Restoration, he was not owned by King Charles at court. The Prince said, 'Boisdale, don't be rubbing up old sores, for if I came home, the case would be otherwise with me.' I then said to him, that notwithstanding the freedom we enjoyed there

with him, we could have no access to him if he was settled at London; and he told us then, if he had never so much ado, he would be one night merry with his Highland friends. We continued this drinking for *three days and three nights*. He had still the better of us, and even of Boisdale himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowlsman, I dare say, as any in Scotland."*

Previous to his taking his departure from Glencoradale, Charles despatched a letter to Lady Margaret Macdonald, thanking her for all the kindness he had received at her hands, and at the same time expressing a wish that she would throw his letter into the fire when she had read it. According to the narrative of Captain Roy Macdonald, who was the Prince's messenger on the occasion, she arose up when he placed the letter in her hands, and after kissing it, exclaimed,—"No, I will not burn it: I will preserve it for the sake of him who wrote it to me; and although King George's forces should come to the house, I hope I shall find a way to secure it." Then, stepping into a closet, she put it carefully by; but, some time afterwards, when the King's troops actually paid her a visit,—fearful lest a discovery of the letter might give a clue to the Prince's movements,—she reluctantly committed it to the flames; an act which, as no search was made for papers, she is said to have afterwards deeply regretted. From Lady Margaret Charles received, by means of Captain Roy Macdonald, some wearing apparel and a purse of twenty guineas. It was important to the Prince in his wanderings that he should have as much of his money in silver as possible, lest any display of gold might lead to a suspicion of his real rank. With all her endeavours,

* Lyon in Mourning, MS. quoted in Chambers's History of the Rebellion, p. 97.

however, Lady Margaret could obtain change only for a guinea and a half,—so little money found its way in those days into these retired regions. It may be mentioned that her husband, Sir Alexander, was at this period absent in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus, employed in searching for the Prince. Donald Macleod informs us, that he one day asked the Prince, should he ever "come to his own again," what he would do with Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of Macleod. "What would you have me do with them?" was Charles's generous reply; "are they not our own people still?—*Besides*," he added, "*if the King were restored, we should be as sure of them for friendsass any other men whatsoever.*"*

On the 14th of June, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and Donald Macleod, Charles took his leave of Glencoradale and South Uist, but whither to proceed appears to have been the doubtful question. His pursuers had by this time traced him to the Western Isles, and, surrounded and beset on all sides by the royal cruisers and the numerous militia-boats, the fugitive knew not where to seek shelter even for a single night. The first four nights were passed by him in the little island of Wia, situated between South Uist and Benbecula, where he was kindly received by one Ranald Macdonald, who chanced to be there grazing his flocks. The two next nights were spent at a desolate spot called Rossinish, and the following one at Aikersideallich, near Uishnish, where Charles slept in a fissure in the rocks, with his bonnet drawn over his eyes. In the morning the fugitives again put to sea, with the intention of returning to their old quarters at Glencoradale, but, on approaching South Uist,

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 399.

they found themselves close to some vessels of war. They immediately landed in a small loch; Charles and three of his companions flying to the mountains, while the rest busily employed themselves in concealing the boat.

It was the principal object of Charles, in returning to South Uist, to seek out his old and valued friend Boisdale, whose faithful loyalty and intimate knowledge of every place of concealment in the Long Island rendered his assistance and advice of the greatest importance. It was, therefore, with the deepest regret and disappointment, that Charles learned that the gallant chieftain had fallen into the hands of the enemy. "The account of Boisdale's being a prisoner," says Donald Macleod, "distressed the Prince and his small retinue exceedingly much, as he was the person principally concerned in the preservation of the Prince, and all along had been most careful to consult his safety in his dangers upon and about the Isles." Lady Boisdale, in lamenting the loss of her husband, did not forget the dangers or discomforts of her Prince. She sent him four bottles of brandy, and during the three days he remained on the island supplied him with every comfort she could procure.

On the second day after his landing, Charles learned to his dismay that there was a body of five hundred regular troops and militia within a mile and a half of him It now became necessary that he should part from his faithful companions in misfortune; O'Neal alone, as will subsequently be seen, remaining with him for a short time longer. The separation, as was natural with those who had shared together so many hardships and dangers, appears to have been deeply affecting. Edward Burke earnestly entreated to be allowed to accompany the Prince till he should see him in safety, and Bishop Forbes informs

us, that when Donald Macleod spoke to him of the parting, "he greeted sore, and said it was a woful parting indeed." Charles ordered the rowers to be paid a shilling for each day that they had attended him, and also presented Donald Macleod with a draught on his late secretary, Mr. Hay, for sixty pistoles, which, however, the faithful Highlander appears to have never received. How highly does it raise our estimate of human nature, when we reflect that any one of these simple and uneducated men, by walking a mile and a half to the English quarters, might have made himself master of the vast reward which was offered for the Prince's capture! And yet of all the numerous individuals to whom he confided his secret,—and by far the majority were among the humble and indigent,—not one appears to have contemplated his betrayal.

Previous to taking leave of his companions, Charles had arranged that they should take different routes, and reassemble at a particular place. It was not destined, however, that they should meet again. O'Sullivan, some time afterwards, effected his escape on board a French cutter which made its appearance off South Uist; O'Neal was less fortunate, for, after wandering about for some time in Skye and other islands, he was arrested in Benbecula and sent a prisoner to London. Donald Macleod, to whom was confided the task of sinking the boat, was taken on the 5th of July, and, though in his sixty-eighth year, was also sent to London as a prisoner. The remaining companion of Charles, Edward Burke, after wandering about North Uist for seven weeks with no other food than the shell-fish which he picked up on the beach, at last found refuge in a small cave, where he was fed by a shoemaker's wife in the night. Finding himself fortunately included

in the general act of grace, he subsequently returned to Edinburgh, and some of his Jacobite admirers having contributed to purchase him a sedan-chair, he continued to follow his original avocation for the rest of his life.

At the recommendation probably of Clanranald, Charles had recently attached to his person one Niel Macdonald, or, as he was more usually styled, Niel Mackechan, who will be found playing a conspicuous part in the Prince's subsequent wanderings. This person appears to have been a kind of tutor in Clanranald's family, and is remarkable as having been the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.

Accompanied by O'Neal and Niel Mackechan, Charles, on taking his melancholy farewell of his other companions in adversity, ascended the summit of the highest hill in the vicinity, where he not only found a safe hiding-place, but, like his great-uncle, Charles the Second, when concealed by the foliage of the oak, he also obtained a clear view in the plain below of the movements of those who were sent in pursuit of him. Here he remained till night set in, when he commenced a toilsome and dreary march in the direction of Benbecula; Charles and O'Neal carrying their own scanty allowance of linen, while Niel Mackechan followed with the Prince's fusee and pistols, besides his own gun and sword.

It was at this critical period in the history of the fugitive Prince, that he was so fortunate as to obtain as a companion and guide an interesting and beautiful girl, the celebrated Flora Macdonald, whose name has become so intimately associated with the Prince's romantic wanderings and escapes. This spirited and noble-minded young lady was the daughter of the late Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, and since his death had usually

resided with her step-father, Hugh Macdonald of Arnadale, in the Isle of Skye. She was intimately acquainted with, and indeed related to, the Clanranald family, and was at present on a visit to her brother in South Uist, within three or four miles of Clanranald's seat of Ormaclade.

The circumstances under which Flora Macdonald was introduced to Charles, and which induced a young and beautiful girl to become the companion of his wanderings and the sharer of his dangers and almost unexampled hardships, have never been clearly explained. It has been affirmed—and the story is far from being an improbable one—that her own step-father, Hugh Macdonald, though in command of a company of the royal militia, was still in secret so well disposed towards the cause of the Stuarts, as to induce him, probably at the instigation of Lady Margaret Macdonald, to allow his step-daughter to aid in the Prince's escape, and even to write surreptitiously to Charles by a trustworthy messenger, making him the acceptable offer. Such is the account given in a very curious narrative written by one of Charles's companions in adversity, which has only recently been published, and which there is every reason to believe to be the production of his faithful follower, Niel Mackechan.* Whatever

* This interesting narrative, which appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* for November, 1840 (No. 239), appears to the author to bear internal evidence of its having been written by Niel Mackechan after his return to France, in which country he had been educated at the Scot's College of Paris. It supplies a very important desideratum in the story of the Prince's wanderings, his proceedings from the time when he quitted his companions in South Uist to his being joined by Flora Macdonald in Benbecula.

the circumstances may have been, it is certain that O'Neal (who had been previously acquainted with Miss Macdonald, and who is said to have conceived a tender but hopeless attachment for her) was despatched on a mission to her by Charles, with the object of inducing her either to accompany him in his flight, or at least to concert measures for his escape. As it appears also that they met by appointment, there can be no doubt that she came prepared, either by her father or Lady Margaret, to listen to O'Neal's persuasions.

The latter has himself left us an account of what took place at the interview, which is the more curious, as we have the authority of Bishop Forbes, that it is in accordance with what he subsequently learnt from Flora Macdonald's own mouth. "At midnight," says O'Neal, "we came to a hut, where by good fortune we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew. I quitted the Prince at some distance from the hut, and went with a design to inform myself if the independent companies were to pass that way next day. The young lady answered me, No; and said they were not to pass till the day after. Then I told her I had brought a friend to see her; and she, with some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her, it was: and instantly brought him in. We then consulted on the imminent danger the Prince was in, and could think of no more proper and safe expedient, than to propose to Miss Flora to convey him to the Isle of Skye, where her mother lived. This seemed the more feasible, as the young lady's step-father, being captain of an independent company, would accord her a pass for herself and a servant, to go and visit her mother. The Prince assented, and immediately proposed it to the young lady; to which she answered with the

greatest respect and loyalty, but declined it, saying,—Sir Alexander Macdonald was too much her friend for her to be the instrument of his ruin. I endeavoured to obviate this, by assuring her Sir Alexander was not in the country, and that she could, with the greatest facility, convey the Prince to her mother's, as she lived close by the water-side. I then demonstrated to her the honour and immortality that would redound to her by such a glorious action; and she at length acquiesced, after the Prince had told her the sense he would always retain of so conspicuous a service. She promised to acquaint us next day when things were ripe for execution, and we parted for the mountains of Coradale."

On approaching Benbecula, Niel Mackechan, having seen the Prince and O'Neal concealed safely among the rocks, proceeded to meet Flora Macdonald, in order to arrange with her the details of the Prince's flight. To his dismay, however, when he reached the narrow ford which separates Benbecula and South Uist, he found himself in the midst of a large number of the Skye militia, who were maintaining a strict guard over the ford, being drawn up in a line at the distance of about a gunshot of one another. It was now evident that the pursuers of the unfortunate Prince had traced him to South Uist, and were resorting to every possible expedient to prevent his escape. The orders of the militia were on no account to allow any one to pass, without first carrying him before their commanding officer. Accordingly, Niel was brought to the guard-house, where, to his astonishment, he found Flora Macdonald and her maid, who, being unfortunately unprovided with passports, had also been detained in custody.

The indefatigable and noble-minded girl had already

arranged with Lady Clanranald, through the medium of a trustworthy messenger, the means by which the Prince's escape was to be effected. A small boat had been secured to carry him from Benbecula, and it was further settled, that he should be disguised in female attire, and, under the name of Betty Burke, act the part of maid to Miss Macdonald. The latter, accordingly, was on her way to Lady Claranald's house, in order to get ready the necessary articles for completing the Prince's disguise, when she was taken prisoner by the militia. Her first inquiry was as to the name of the officer in command of the detachment, when, to her great satisfaction, she learned that it was her own stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, who, she was told, was absent at present, and would not return till the following morning. Though compelled to pass the night in the guard-house, she determined to await his return, and was rewarded by obtaining from him passports for herself, Niel Mackechan, and Betty Burke. He also furnished her with a letter to her mother, recommending her to take the latter into her service, in the event of her proving as dexterous a spinster as their daughter described her.*

Having received Miss Macdonald's directions to convey

* The letter was as follows:—"I have sent your daughter from this country, lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Niel Mackechan along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them. I am your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD."

the Prince without delay to Rosshiness, where, she added, she would speedily join them with the clothes and provisions which were necessary for their expedition, Niel made the best of his way back to Charles, whom he found still concealed in his wretched hiding-place among the rocks. As the vigilance of the militia would have rendered it an act of madness to attempt to pass the fords, their only hope of escape lay in reaching Benbecula by sea. To obtain a boat appeared almost an impossibility, when fortunately they perceived a small fishing yawl, and easily prevailed upon the crew to land them upon the nearest rocks. They had before them a long and painful walk to Rosshiness over a desolate moor; the rain by this time was descending in torrents; a cold and piercing wind blew directly in their teeth; and, to add to their discomforts, they had no means of obtaining a mouthful of food. About the middle of the day, Charles, who had tasted nothing since the preceding evening, was so exhausted by hunger and fatigue as scarcely to be able to walk. Fortunately, however, when his miseries were at their height, they came to a small habitation, and having represented themselves as unfortunate Irish gentlemen who had effected their escape from Culloden, they were welcomed by the kind-hearted inhabitants with the best fare which the wretched hovel could afford. After resting themselves a short time, they again set out in the direction of Rosshiness, and about five o'clock found themselves within three miles of that village. As it would have been hazardous for them to approach nearer to it by daylight, Charles, who is described as shivering all the time from the cold and wet, lay himself down to rest among the high heather, which was all the shelter he had from the storm. When night set in, they again proceeded on their

way; the wind and rain still beating violently in their faces, and the night being so dark, that they could not see three yards before them. Another source of discomfort, in the Prince's fatigued state, was the depth and slipperiness of the mire. He fell or slipped at almost every step he took, and frequently lost one or other of his shoes, which his companions had great difficulty in recovering.

On approaching the hovel which had been fixed upon as the meeting-place between Charles and Flora Macdonald, Niel left the Prince and O'Neal at some distance off, while he himself went forward to ascertain if the coast were clear. To his dismay, however, he learned that twenty of the Skye militia had landed two days before, and that they were actually in a tent within a quarter of a mile from the hut. On hearing these unpleasant tidings, Charles appeared to be almost broken-hearted. He obtained shelter, indeed, from the storm for two or three hours; but as the militia visited the hut every morning for the purpose of procuring milk, the unfortunate Prince was obliged to be hurried off before daybreak to the rocks by the sea-shore, where he remained concealed in a small cave during the rest of the morning. "It is almost inexpressible," says the narrative attributed to Mackechan, "what torment the Prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain which poured down upon him so thick as if all the windows of heaven had broke open, and, to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of mitches upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion. Niel, who stood all this time beside him,

could be of no more service to him than to let run to the ground the rain which stagnated in the lurks of the plaid wherein he lay wrapped. In this miserable condition he continued for about three hours, till their faithful scout came for the last time and told them they might return to the house, for that the militia was gone. Niel helped him to his feet, and they marched away to the house, where the good dairy-maid took care to make a rousing fire for their coming." The "faithful scout" and the "good dairy-maid" were the same person. Resisting the splendid temptation of a bribe of thirty thousand pounds, which she might so easily have obtained by communicating the Prince's secret to the militia, she visited him as frequently as she could in the course of the morning, for the purpose of bringing him food, and giving him intelligence of the movements of his enemies.

Thus, almost within hearing of the voices of his persecutors, did Charles pass two miserable days and nights; sometimes, indeed, enjoying warmth and shelter in the hospitable hut, but at another moment hurried off to some wretched hiding-place in the neighbourhood. His anxiety for the arrival of Flora Macdonald, who had been unavoidably detained by the difficulty which she found in procuring the necessary articles for effecting his disguise, was naturally great; indeed, suspense at length became so unbearable, that in order to ascertain the worst he determined on sending O'Neal to her, who, we are told, "was mighty well pleased to be entrusted with that embassy; not so much to further the Prince's affairs as to be in company with Miss Flora, for whom he professed a great deal of kindness at that time."

At length, on the third day after his arrival in the neighbourhood of Rosshiness, Charles, to his indescribable

joy, was informed that the faithful Flora, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, was approaching by sea. Forgetting his danger in his gallantry and delight, he immediately proceeded to the landing-place, and having handed the ladies from their boat, gave Lady Clanranald his arm to the small hut, while O'Neal performed the honours to Flora Macdonald. The latter afterwards informed Dr. Burton of York that the Prince himself assisted in cooking their dinner, which consisted of the heart, liver, and kidneys, either of a bullock or a sheep, and which were roasted on a wooden spit. They all, she said, dined very heartily, she herself sitting on the Prince's right hand, and Lady Clanranald on his left.* When one of the party expressed their deep concern at the Prince's altered fortunes, and his present miserable condition,—"It would be well for all kings," he said with a smile, "if they could pass through the same ordeal of hardships and privations which it has been my lot to undergo."

While they were still seated at table, a servant arrived out of breath, with the alarming tidings that General Campbell had landed in the neighbourhood with a large body of troops; and, shortly afterwards, the news came that a Captain Ferguson, with an advanced party, was within two miles of them, on his way to Lady Claranald's seat at Ormaclade. In consequence of this information, Lady Clanranald deemed it prudent to return to her own house, where she afterwards had to undergo a strict examination from Ferguson, who, however, could elicit nothing more satisfactory from her than that she had been absent on a visit to a sick child. She was subsequently taken into custody, together with her husband, and carried

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 414.

to London, where she remained a prisoner till released in the month of June, 1747.

On the departure of Lady Clanranald, Flora Macdonald desired Charles to dress himself in his new attire, which we are told consisted of "a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion with a hood." His disguise, it is added, was completed "not without some mirth and raillery passing amidst all their distress and perplexity, and a mixture of tears and smiles."*

Before setting out, Charles took leave of O'Neal, who earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain with him, but to this Miss Macdonald would on no account consent. With Niel Mackechan, therefore, for their guide, they proceeded along the coast to the spot where their boat was waiting for them, which they at length reached extremely wet and fatigued. As it would have been dangerous for them to sail before night set in, they lighted a fire among the rocks, which, however, they were shortly afterwards compelled to extinguish in consequence of the approach of some wherries towards the shore. Fortunately they were unperceived by any on board, and the wherries sailed to the southward without stopping,—passing, however, within a gun-shot of the spot where Charles and his companions lay concealed among the heather.

* Lockhart Papers, p. 545.

CHAPTER V.

Critical situation of the fugitives in an open boat—They reach the Isle of Skye—Various expedients for keeping up the Prince's disguise—Entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald—Arrest of Kingsburgh (Macdonald) for harbouring the Prince—Charles proceeds to Raasay—Parts with Flora Macdonald.

On the 28th of June, at eight o'clock in the evening, Charles, accompanied by Flora Macdonald and Niel Mackechan, embarked on board the small boat which his friends had procured for him. The weather at first was calm and favourable, but in the course of the night, after they had advanced some distance from the shore, a storm arose, and they were for some time in imminent danger. Perceiving that not only his fair companion, but that the boatmen also were uneasy at their situation, Charles did his best to raise their sinking spirits, by telling them cheerful stories, and singing them gay ballads, and among others sang them the lively old song called "The Restoration."

The storm died away before morning, and shortly before daybreak they found themselves close to the point of Waternish, on the western coast of the Isle of Skye. They were about to land at this usually deserted place, when they suddenly perceived that it was in possession of the militia, who had three boats drawn up on the shore; though fortunately they were without oars. The rowers in the Prince's little vessel immediately pulled away from the shore with their utmost force; the soldiers at the same

time raising their muskets, and shouting out to them to land, or they would fire. The situation of the fugitives was, at this period, an extremely critical one; for, not only had they to fear the fire of the militia, but there were also several of the royal cruisers within sight, and consequently escape appeared almost impracticable. Heedless, however, of the threats of the soldiers, and of the bullets, which presently afterwards whistled over their heads, Charles incited the boatmen to renewed exertions, telling them "not to fear the villains." Straining every nerve, they assured him unanimously that they had "no fear for themselves, but only for him," to which he replied with the greatest cheerfulness,—"Oh! no fear for me."* His next thought was for his fair companion, whom he earnestly entreated to lie down at the bottom of the boat to protect her from the bullets: she generously, however, insisted that his preservation was of greater importance than hers, and positively refused to obey him unless he followed her example, which with some difficulty he was induced to do.

The weather was now propitious, and as they proceeded on their voyage over the calm waters, Flora Macdonald, exhausted by the fatigues which she had undergone, fell asleep at the bottom of the boat. Charles, who, during their wanderings, appears to have taken the deepest interest in her, and to have consulted her slightest wish, remained seated beside her, and, while watching her slumbers, displayed the greatest anxiety lest she should be disturbed by any unnecessary noise on the part of the rude mariners.

After rowing about twelve miles farther, the little party

* Lockhart Papers, p. 546.

landed at Kilbride in the island of Skye, within a short distance from Mugstat, the seat of the Prince's enemy, Sir Alexander Macdonald, who, as has already been mentioned, was at present absent on duty at Fort Augustus. Leaving Charles on the beach, Flora Macdonald, accompanied by Niel Mackechan, proceeded to wait on Lady Margaret Macdonald, and to acquaint her that the Prince was in the neighbourhood. It happened that one of the guests of Lady Margaret was a Lieutenant Macleod, who commanded a small detachment of militia which was quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and who had at present three or four of his men with him in the house. With the presence of mind, however, which never appears to have failed her, Flora Macdonald answered with the utmost composure the numerous questions which he put to her, and subsequently they conversed together at dinner in the most amicable manner possible, without the suspicions of the militia officer being in the least degree aroused.

There was another guest of Lady Margaret Macdonald, —a devoted and noble-minded old man, Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh,—who acted as factor to the absent chieftain, and whom Flora Macdonald well knew to be a warm adherent of the exiled family. Finding some difficulty apparently in communicating with Lady Margaret, she seized an opportunity of confiding her secret to Kingsburgh, desiring that he would apprise their hostess as soon as possible of the Prince's critical situation. Accordingly, proceeding to another apartment, Kingsburgh sent for Lady Margaret, whose alarm was so great on learning the tidings, that, in the excitement and anguish of the moment, she gave a loud scream, exclaiming that she and her family were ruined for ever. It was not without con-

siderable difficulty that Kingsburgh succeeded in allaying her apprehensions: for his part, he said, he was an old man, and was quite willing to take the hunted Prince to his own house: he had but one life to lose, and it mattered little to him whether he died with a halter round his neck, or whether he awaited a natural death, which, in the common course of nature, could not be far distant.

Subsequently, by the advice of Kingsburgh, Lady Margaret sent a messenger for Donald Roy, who, having been wounded in the foot at the battle of Culloden, was at present residing in a surgeon's house about two miles off, in the hopes of being cured. This person has himself left us an interesting narrative of what subsequently occurred. On approaching Mugstat, he found Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh holding an earnest conversation together in the garden. "When he came near," he says in his narrative, "he dismounted, and Lady Margaret, upon seeing him, stepped aside from Kingsburgh to speak with him, spreading out her hands, and saying, 'O Donald Roy, we are ruined for ever!'" After much discussion the three councillors at length came to the unanimous conclusion, that the best means for insuring the Prince's safety was to convey him that night to Portree, by way of Kingsburgh, and thence by water to the opposite island of Raasay. Macleod of Raasay, to whom the island belonged, had served in the Jacobite army at the battle of Culloden; and from his enthusiastic character, the Prince's advisers were well assured that he would too gladly offer the royal wanderer an asylum in his own house, or, in the event of its being visited by the royal forces, in any of the numerous hiding-places which the island afforded.

Having come to this determination, Donald Roy proceeded to find out the young Laird of Raasay, in order

to prepare him to receive the Prince for his guest, while Niel Mackechan was at the same time despatched to Charles, for the purpose of conducting him to a more retired spot. From Niel, Charles learned the nature of the precautions which had been taken for his safety; with the additional information that he might shortly expect to be joined by Kingsburgh, who had been selected to be his guide to Portree.

Carrying with him a bottle of wine, a tumbler, and some biscuits, Kingsburgh proceeded to find out the Prince's hiding-place, which with some difficulty he discovered. During his search, perceiving some sheep flying from a particular spot, as if terrified by the presence of a human being, he proceeded towards it, and found himself suddenly confronted by Charles in his female attire. The unfortunate Prince, suspecting perhaps that he was betrayed, advanced towards him with a thick stick in his hand, and inquired of him in a stern manner whether he was Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh. Being answered in the affirmative, he appeared satisfied, and expressed a wish that they should immediately commence their journey. Kingsburgh, however, persuaded him to take some refreshment before he set out, and having spread their light repast on a piece of table rock, Charles, who seems to have enjoyed it extremely, entered into familiar conversation with his new companion, and drank gaily to his health. We have already mentioned more than one instance during the wanderings of Charles, in which he intimated by some cursory remark that he believed himself to be under the especial guidance and protection of Providence. On the present occasion, when Kingsburgh happened to observe that it was by mere accident that he had visited Mugstat that day, and that he could recall no

motive for his having done so,—"I will tell you the cause," said Charles,—"Providence sent you there to take care of me."

As soon as Miss Macdonald could rise from table without exciting suspicion, she took a formal leave of Lady Margaret, who affected to part with her with the greatest reluctance. "When you were last here," she said, "you promised that the next time you came you would pay me a long visit." A great many entreaties and remonstrances followed; but Miss Macdonald, to use her own words, "desired to be excused at that time, because she wanted to see her mother, and be at home in these troublesome times."* Lady Margaret at length gave her consent to her departure, adding that she should certainly lay an embargo on her the next time she visited Mugstat, and compel her to pay a longer visit.

The companions of Flora Macdonald during her journey to Kingsburgh were Niel Mackechan, Mrs. Macdonald of Kirkibost, and two servants, the whole party riding on horseback. They soon overtook the Prince and his companion, whom they passed in a brisk trot; Miss Macdonald urging them to increased speed, in hopes that the Prince might thus escape observation. His strange appearance, however, and masculine gait immediately attracted the notice of Miss Macdonald's maid. "I think," she said, "I never saw such an impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with: I dare say she is either an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's clothes; see what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats." Miss Macdonald did her best to avert her suspicions, saying that she knew her to

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 419.

be an Irishwoman, for she had seen her before. Charles, indeed, appears to have supported his assumed character with more awkwardness than might have been expected from his natural tact and graceful person. His strides were unnaturally long for a woman, and in fording a small brook which ran across the road, he held up his petticoats so improperly high as to induce Kingsburgh to remonstrate with him on the subject. He promised faithfully to be more careful in future, but in crossing the next brook he fell into the opposite extreme, by allowing his clothes to float upon the water. Kingsburgh now became greatly alarmed, and therefore quitting the regular road, he led the Prince over the hills to his own house, where they arrived, drenched to the skin, about eleven o'clock at night on the 29th of June. When they entered the house, they found that Miss Macdonald and her companions had also just made their appearance.

Leading Charles into the hall, Kingsburgh sent up a servant to his wife, desiring her to inform her mistress that he had arrived with some guests, and that they were greatly in want of refreshment. Mrs. Macdonald, however, (or, as she was usually styled, Lady Kingsburgh,) had already retired to rest, and being unwilling to be disturbed, she sent her apologies to her husband and his guests, with a request that the latter would make themselves welcome to whatever was in the house. Just at this moment, her daughter, a little girl of seven years old, ran into the room, and exclaimed in a voice of fright and surprise that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen, and had taken her into the hall too." Kingsburgh himself shortly afterwards made his appearance, and in a hurried and

mysterious manner desired his wife to rise without delay, and attend to the comforts of their guests.

Though little imagining that the Prince was her guest, yet, from Kingsburgh's sententious manner, Mrs. Macdonald seems to have suspected that her husband had brought home with him some person of rank and importance who had been deeply implicated in the late troubles. Accordingly, having risen from bed, she sent down her little girl to the hall for her keys; but the latter soon came running back to the apartment more alarmed than before. She could not go in for the keys, she said, for the "muckle woman" was walking up and down the hall, and she was afraid of her; and accordingly Mrs. Macdonald was compelled to go and fetch them herself.

When she entered the apartment, Charles was seated at the end of it. He immediately rose and saluted her, and she was not a little surprised and alarmed when she felt a man's rough beard brushing her cheek. Not a word was exchanged between them; but her suspicions were now confirmed, and hastening to her husband, she expressed her conviction that the pretended female was some unfortunate gentleman who had escaped from Culloden, and inquired whether he had brought any tidings of the Prince? "My dear," said Kingsburgh, taking both his wife's hands in his own, "it is the Prince himself."—"The Prince!" she exclaimed in the greatest terror; "then we are all ruined; we shall all be hanged now!"—"Never mind," he replied, "we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this, we shall die in a good cause, in performing an act of humanity and charity." He then desired her to get ready as soon as possible some eggs, butter, and cheese, and whatever else the house afforded. "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" she ex-

claimed, "what a supper is that for a Prince?"—"Wife," he replied, "you little know how he has fared of late; our supper will be a feast to him; besides, if we were to make it a formal meal, it would rouse the suspicions of the servants, and you must therefore make haste with what you can get, and come to supper yourself." To this latter proposal Lady Kingsburgh made a fresh objection: "*Me* come to supper!" she exclaimed, "I ken naething how to behave before Majesty."—"You must come," replied her husband; "for the Prince would not eat a bit without you, and he is so obliging and easy in conversation that you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him."

At supper Charles sat with Flora Macdonald on his right hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He appeared in excellent spirits, and made a plentiful supper; "eating," we are told, "four eggs, some collips, and bread and butter, and drinking two bottles of beer." He then called for a bumper of brandy, and drank joyously to "the health and prosperity of his landlord and landlady, and better times to them all." After supper he produced a small pipe, the only one which he ever made use of, which is described as having been "as black as ink, and worn or broken to the very stump." He had suffered much, he said, from toothache during his wanderings, and tobacco usually alleviated the pain.

After Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald had retired, Kingsburgh made some punch in a small China bowl, which was several times replenished in the course of the evening. At length, it being three o'clock in the morning, Kingsburgh reminded the Prince how important it was that he should rise early on the following day, and earnestly entreated him to retire to rest. Charles, how-

ever, notwithstanding his fatigues, and the length of time which had elapsed since he had enjoyed the luxury of a bed, was so delighted with the conversation of his warm-hearted host and with his excellent punch, that he insisted on having another bowl. Kingsburgh now became positive in his turn, and even rose to put away the bowl. Charles, however, still good-humouredly, though pertinaciously, demanded a fresh supply, and in attempting to snatch the bowl from Kingsburgh's hands, it was broken into two pieces. The dispute was by this means settled, and the Prince no longer insisted on sitting up.

To use Charles's own words, he "had almost forgotten what a bed was," and so grateful was the luxury, that though he seldom rested more than four or five hours, yet on this occasion he slept for ten; his considerate host, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Miss Macdonald, refusing to allow him to be disturbed till one o'clock on the following day. Although it had been decided that he should resume his male attire, yet, in order that the servants at Kingsburgh should be kept in ignorance of his next disguise, it was determined that he should quit the house in the same costume in which he had entered. As soon as he had dressed himself, Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald were summoned to his apartment to put on his cap and apron, and to dress his head. The former afterwards told her friends that he laughed heartily during the process, with the same glee as if he had been putting on women's clothes merely for a frolic. "O, Miss," he said to Flora Macdonald, "you have forgotten my apron; give me an apron, for it is a principal part of my dress." Before Miss Macdonald put on his cap, Lady Kingsburgh spoke to her in Gaelic, to ask the Prince for a lock of his hair. She declined doing so, but

on Charles inquiring what they were talking of, she mentioned Lady Kingsburgh's request. He immediately laid his head on the lap of his fair preserver, and told her to cut off as much as she pleased. She severed a lock, half of which she presented to Lady Kingsburgh, and the rest she kept herself.

From Kingsburgh Charles obtained the acceptable present of a pair of new shoes. Taking up the old pair which Charles had cast off, Kingsburgh tied them together, and hung them carefully on a peg, remarking that they might yet stand him in good stead. The Prince inquiring of him the meaning of his words,—"Why," he said, "when you are fairly settled to St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." These relics of the Prince's wanderings were preserved with religious care by Kingsburgh as long as he lived, and after his death were cut to pieces, and given from time to time by his family to their Jacobite friends. "It is in the recollection of one of his descendants," says Chambers, "that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms."*

Having thanked Lady Kingsburgh for all her kindness, and accepted from her a small "mull," or snuff-box, as a "keepsake," he proceeded, under the guidance of his host and Flora Macdonald, in the direction of Portree, where he hoped to find a boat in readiness to convey him to Raasay. As soon as he had quitted the house, Lady Kingsburgh ascended to his bedroom, and taking the

* This is a much more probable account than that given by Boswell, in his Tour to the Hebrides, that after Kingsburgh's death, "a zealous Jacobite gentleman gave twenty guineas for them."

sheets which he had used from the bed, declared that they should never again be used or washed during her life, and should serve as her winding-sheet when she was dead. She subsequently was induced to give one of them to Flora Macdonald, who carried it with her to America, and, agreeably with her dying wish, it was wrapped round her in the grave.

Having advanced to a safe distance from Kingsburgh, Charles entered a wood, where he changed his female attire for a Highland dress. He then took an affectionate leave of Kingsburgh, who, as well as himself, shed tears at parting. While they were bidding each other adieu, a few drops of blood fell from the Prince's nose, which alarmed Kingsburgh for a moment, but Charles assured him that such was always the case when he parted from those who were dear to him. Having parted from Kingsburgh, the wanderer, attended by Niel Mackechan, and with a boy for their guide, again set out on his journey, leaving Flora Macdonald to proceed to Portree by a different route. The clothes which he had taken off were hidden by Kingsburgh in a bush. He subsequently removed them to his own house, but from fear of their being discovered by the militia, he was induced to burn the whole except the gown. "The preservation of the gown," says Chambers, "was owing to his daughter, who insisted on keeping it as a relic of their Prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. A Jacobite manufacturer, of the name of Carmichael, at Leith, afterwards got a pattern made from it, and sold an immense quantity of cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland."

For the protection which Kingsburgh afforded the unfortunate Prince, he was made to suffer severely. A few

days after the departure of Charles from his house, he was arrested and sent to Fort Augustus, where he was thrown into a dungeon and loaded with irons. During one of the examinations which he underwent, he was reminded by Sir Everard Fawkener of the "noble opportunity" he had lost of making his own fortune and that of his family for ever. "Had I gold and silver," was the reply of the fine old man, "piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." Again, when an officer of rank inquired of him if he should know the Pretender's head if he saw it?—"I should know the head," he said, "very well, if it were on his shoulders."—"But what," said the officer, "if the head be not on the shoulders: do you think you should know it in that case?"—"In that case," replied Kingsburgh, "I will not pretend to know any thing about it." From Fort Augustus he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he was kept in close confinement till released by the act of grace on the 4th of July, 1747. His death took place on the 13th of February, 1772, in his eighty-fourth year.

It has already been mentioned, that Donald Roy had been despatched in search of young Macleod, of Raasay, in order to prepare him to receive a visit from Charles in that island. Without waiting to communicate with his father, who was lying concealed in Knoydart, in Glengarry's country, the young chieftain proposed that the Prince should immediately be brought to the island, where he might at least remain till they could communicate with Raasay himself, and ascertain his advice as to what was most expedient to be done. Their great difficulty consisted in procuring a boat, in which to convey

the Prince from Portree. It might have been fatal to confide in the common boatmen of that place, and, moreover, all the boats of the island had been carried off by the military with the exception of two, which belonged to Malcolm Macleod, a cousin of young Raasay, and which he had concealed they knew not where.

Such was their dilemma, when a younger brother of young Raasay,—who was in the house at the time, recovering from the wounds which he had received at Culloden,—called to mind a small boat which was kept on a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood. With the aid of some women, and by the greatest exertions, the boat in question was dragged over the intervening country, consisting chiefly of bogs and precipices, to the coast. There was some danger in putting to sea in so fragile a vessel, but the gallant brothers had their hearts in the enterprise, and accordingly determined on proceeding at once to Raasay, in hopes of finding out their cousin, Malcolm Macleod, and obtaining from him one of his larger and more serviceable boats.

Fortunately, almost the first person whom they encountered on their landing was Malcolm himself, who had fought under the Prince's banner at Culloden, and was devotedly attached to his cause. With the greatest alacrity, he got ready one of his boats, and at the same time procured the services of two sturdy boatmen, John M'Kenzie, and Donald M'Friar, who had also served in the Jacobite army. It was the advice of Malcolm Macleod,—who was an older and more cautious man than the two brothers,—that as his cousin, young Raasay, had hitherto taken no part in the insurrection, and was consequently at present under no fear of the Government, he should on no account accompany them on their expedi-

tion. "As to Murdoch and myself," he said, "we are already so deeply implicated, that it matters little to us if we are plunged still deeper in the mire." Young Raasay, however, positively refused to be left behind, adding with an oath, that he would go if it cost him his fortune and his life. Finding him obstinate in his resolution,—"In God's name, then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The boatmen, however, now became refractory, positively refusing to move an oar till they were informed where they were going. As argument would have been useless, they were sworn to secrecy; and they were no sooner assured that they were engaged to aid in the escape of their beloved Prince, than they displayed scarcely less delight and alacrity than their employers. After a short voyage of three miles, they landed within half a mile of Portree.

As it might have excited suspicion if the whole party had come on shore, Donald Roy proceeded alone to the only public house which the place boasted, leaving young Raasay and his brother, and Malcolm Macleod, in the boat. He had waited but a short time, when he was joined by Flora Macdonald, who informed him that Charles was approaching, and in about half an hour the Prince himself made his appearance. "He no sooner entered the house," says Donald Roy in his interesting narrative, "than he asked if a dram could be got there; the rain pouring down from his clothes, he having on a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philibeg. Before he sat down, he got his dram, and then the company desired him to shift, and put on a dry shirt. He refused to shift, as Miss Flora Macdonald was in the room; but the captain,* and Niel Mackechan told him it was not a

* Donald Roy.

time to stand upon ceremonies, and prevailed upon him to put on a dry shirt." When Donald Roy expressed his concern that the Prince should have had to encounter such disagreeable weather, Charles replied,—"I am more sorry that *our lady*," (for so he used to style his fair companion) "should have been exposed to such an evening!"*

Having partaken of a hearty dinner, consisting of "butter, bread, cheese, and roasted fish," Charles called for some tobacco, for which the landlord charged him fourpence-halfpenny. The Prince gave him sixpence in payment, not intending to take the change; but Donald Roy desired him to bring it, telling Charles that in his present situation he knew not how soon "the bawbees might be useful to him." As the room in which they sat was common to all comers, Donald Roy more than once urged the Prince to depart. As soon, therefore, as the three,—Charles, Donald Roy, and Niel Mackechan,—had finished a bottle of whiskey between them, Charles called for the bill, and having given the landlord a guinea, received the difference in silver. He then asked for change for another guinea, but the landlord had only eleven shillings left in the house, which the Prince seemed inclined to take in lieu of his guinea; but Donald Roy checked him, telling him that it might tend to excite suspicion of his real rank.

From the Macdonalds, notwithstanding the hostility of their recreant chieftain, Charles had experienced so much kindness and fidelity, that he expressed the greatest reluctance to part with Donald Roy, and made use of every argument and entreaty to induce him to accompany him to Raasay. As long, he said, as

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 448.

he had a Macdonald with him, he should feel himself safe. Donald Roy, however, resisted his importunities; insisting that he would be of more service to him by remaining in Skye, and added, that the wound in his foot rendered him incapable of travelling, except on horseback, which would attract more attention than would be convenient or safe.

The moment had now arrived when Charles was forced to separate from his fair and generous preserver, Flora Macdonald. Before parting from her, he reminded her that he owed her a crown which he had borrowed of her, but she told him it was only half-a-crown, which he returned her with thanks. He then bade her an affectionate farewell, and saluted her, saying—"For all that has happened, I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet." Within ten days from this time the noble-minded girl was taken into custody, and sent to London in order to be dealt with as the Government might deem proper: her adventures are of sufficient interest to claim a separate Memoir. At Portree, also, Charles took leave of his faithful companion, Niel Mackechan, who it was decided should accompany Flora Macdonald to her mother's house at Armadale. Mackechan subsequently effected his escape to France, where he rejoined the Prince.

Shortly after quitting the public house, Donald Roy, happening to look back, perceived the landlord standing at his door watching them; and in order therefore to deceive him, they were compelled to proceed to the shore by a circuitous route. It appears that this person had conceived some suspicion of the Prince's real rank, for when Donald Roy re-entered the house, he began to question him on the subject: the other, however, replied with apparent unconcern, that it was only an Irish Jacobite, a

Sir John Macdonald, who had been hiding among his friends in Skye, and who was now on his way to the Continent. This intelligence satisfied the inquisitive landlord, who, however, remarked that he had at first entertained a strong suspicion that it was the Prince, for "he had something about him that looked very noble."*

On the 1st of July, after a passage of ten miles, Charles landed at a spot called Glam, in the island of Raasay. He slept a little during the voyage, and at other times spoke of his misfortunes and of the kindness of those in whom he had confided during his wanderings. He looked upon those, he said, as his true friends, who had shown their friendship for him in adversity, and he trusted that none of them would have cause to repent the good service they had done him. He still hoped, he added, to end happily what he had begun, and he was resolved either to succeed or perish in the attempt.

Fortunately, at this particular period, there were neither militia nor regular troops in Raasay; but even this secluded island in the Atlantic had not escaped the fury of the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers, and when Charles landed, he learned that almost every cottage had been burned to the ground. After some discussion, it was determined that the whole party—consisting of young Raasay and his brother and cousin, Murdoch and Malcolm Macleod—should take up their abode together in a small hut, which had recently been built by some shepherds. While the rest of the party employed themselves in lighting a fire, and spreading a bed of heath for the Prince, young Raasay set out in search of food, and in

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 456.

about two hours returned with a young kid, which was immediately roasted, and, with the aid of some butter, cream, and an oaten loaf, afforded an excellent supper. Charles gratified the prejudices of his Highland companions by affecting to prefer oaten bread to wheaten: "whiskey and oat-bread," he said, "are my own country bread and drink."*

"After the little repast was over," says Murdoch Macleod's Narrative, "the Prince began to inquire narrowly about the damages done in the island. Upon his being told of all the houses burnt, and of the other great depredations in the island, to which the houses were but a trifle, he seemed much affected, but at the same time said that, instead of the huts burnt, he would yet build houses of stone. Afterwards, walking on a narrow green near the cottage, he said that this was a bitter hard life, but he would rather live ten years in that way than be taken by his enemies, and seemed a little surprised himself how he did bear such fatigues; 'for,' says he, 'since the battle of Culloden, I have endured more than would kill a hundred men: sure Providence does not design this for nothing: I am certainly yet reserved for some good!' Thus they passed the day, and after supper he went to rest with as great pleasure, and in outward appearance as little concerned, as if in the greatest prosperity." One of the party asking him in the course of the evening, what he thought his enemies would do with him, should he have the misfortune to fall into their hands, "I do not think," he said, "that they would dare to take away my life publicly; but I dread being privately destroyed, either by poison or assassination."

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* Boswell's Narrative, Tour to the Hebrides.

Notwithstanding his habitual cheerfulness, the persons who were with Charles at this period describe his health as a good deal impaired by hunger, fatigue, and watching. Boswell was told by Malcolm Macleod, that on the night on which the Prince landed in Raasay, though he slept a long time in consequence of the fatiguing day he had passed, his slumbers were broken ones, and he frequently started in his sleep, "speaking to himself in different languages,—French, Italian, and English." One of his expressions in English was,—"O God! poor Scotland."

Probably there was no period during the wanderings of the unfortunate Prince, in which he was safer from the pursuit of his enemies, than during his short stay in Raasay. There were no soldiers on the island; the few inhabitants were devoted to his cause; Donald Roy was conveniently stationed in Skye for the purpose of giving him the earliest notice of the approach of an enemy; and the two faithful boatmen, M'Kenzie and M'Friar, were placed as sentinels on different eminences, which rendered it impossible for any person to approach the Prince's hiding-place without being seen. One incident, however, occurred, which caused serious alarm to Charles and his companions, the circumstances connected with which were thus related to Boswell by Malcolm Macleod. "There was a man wandering about the island selling tobacco. Nobody knew him, and he was suspected of being a spy. M'Kenzie came running to the hut, and told us that this suspected person was approaching; upon which the four gentlemen, Raasay, Murdoch, Macleod, and Malcolm, held a council of war upon him, and were unanimously of opinion, that he should instantly be put to death. The Prince, at once assuming a grave and even serious countenance, said,—'God forbid that we should

take away a man's life, who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own.' The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. John M'Kenzie, who sat watching at the door of the hut, and overheard the debate, said in Erse,—'Well, well, he must be shot; you are the King, but we are the Parliament, and will do what we choose.' The Prince, seeing the gentlemen smile, asked what the man had said, and being told it in English he observed, that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation in which he was, laughed loud and heartily. Luckily, the unknown person did not perceive that there were people in the hut—at least, did not come to it, but walked on past it, unknowing of his risk." Had the intruder approached nearer to the hut, there can be little doubt that he would have been shot. Raasay is said to have had his pistol in his hand ready cocked for the purpose; and Malcolm Macleod told Boswell, that under the circumstances he would have shot his own brother. The individual who had this narrow escape, afterwards proved to be one of their own party who had made his escape from Culloden, and who was a proscribed wanderer like themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

Charles proceeds to the isle of Skye—His consideration for those accompanying him—Malcolm Macleod—Arrival of Charles in the Mackinnons' country—His narrow escape—Proceeds to Borradaile—The residence of Angus Macdonald.

On the 3d of July, after a residence of two days and a half in Raasay, Charles set sail for Skye, in the same

small boat which had conveved him from Portree, and with the same party which had accompanied him from that place. His companions would willingly have prevailed upon him to remain where he was, but he refused to listen to their arguments. It was highly inadvisable, he said, for him to continue long in the same place; and, moreover, he added that he was extremely anxious to reach the country of the Mackenzies, where he expected to find a French vessel on the look-out for him in the neighbourhood of Lochbroom.

The little party had been at sea only a short time, when the wind blew so violently, and the vessel shipped so much water, that his companions strongly recommended Charles to return to Raasay. He insisted, however, on proceeding:—"Providence," he said, "has carried me through so many dangers, that I do not doubt it will have the same care for me now." He appeared extremely cheerful during the whole voyage, and, we are told, "sang an Erse song with much vivacity." Observing the great exertions which were made to bale out the water in order to keep the boat from swamping,—"Gentlemen," he said, "I hope to thank you for this trouble yet at St. James's."

At eleven o'clock at night, after a dangerous voyage of fifteen miles, the fugitives effected a landing on the north coast of the isle of Skye, at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Troternish. According to the interesting narrative of one of the Prince's companions,—"In rowing along they found the coast very bad and dangerous; yet, when they came to the rock, the Prince was the third man that jumped out into the water, and cried out,—"Take care of the boat, and haul her up to dry ground;" which was immediately done, he himself assisting as much as any one of them. The Prince had up-

on him a large big-coat, which was become very heavy and cumbersome by the waves beating so much upon it, for it was wet through and through. Captain Macleod proposed taking the big-coat to carry it, for the rock was steep and of a very uneasy ascent; but the Prince would not part with the coat, wet as it was, alleging he was as able to carry it as the Captain was."* After a walk of about two miles they came to a wretched cow-house, which they approached with great caution, young Raasay going forward to inspect it. "What must become of your Royal Highness," said Murdoch Macleod, "if there be people in the house? for certainly you must perish if long exposed to such weather."—"I care nothing for it," was Charles's answer, "for I have been abroad in a hundred such nights." Young Raasay having reported that the coast was clear, they took up their abode in this miserable place, and having contrived to light a fire, they sat down and partook of some bread and cheese which they had brought with them.

The next day, Charles took leave of young Raasay and his brother Murdoch, whom he despatched on different missions over the island. On parting with the latter, he presented him with his silver spoon, knife, and fork, which he desired him to keep till they met again.† He then set

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* Malcolm Macleod's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 471.

† "The case," says Sir Walter Scott, "with the silver spoon, knife, and fork, given by the Chevalier to Dr. Macleod, came into the hands of Mary Lady Clerk, of Pennycuik, who entrusted me with the honourable commission of presenting them, in her ladyship's name, to his present Majesty, upon his visit to Scotland, in 1822." —*Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, note.*

off with Malcolm Macleod, but without acquainting him in what direction he intended to proceed. They had left the cow-house a short distance behind them, when Malcolm made bold to inquire of the adventurer where he proposed to go. "Why, Malcolm," he replied, "I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me as you please: I wish to go to Mackinnon's country, and if you can guide me there safe, I hope you will accompany me."* Macleod assured him that he could carry him there safely by sea, but in consequence of the numerous parties of militia and regular troops which were scouring the island, it would be extremely hazardous to proceed by land. Charles, however, insisted on going by land, adding that "in their situation there was no doing any thing without running risks."—"You, Malcolm," he said, "must now act the master, and I the man." He then divested himself of his waistcoat "of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons," which he made Macleod put on; he himself wearing in exchange his companion's vest, which was of much plainer materials. His disguise was soon completed. Taking off his periwig, which he put in his pocket, he tied a dirty white napkin under his chin, so as nearly to conceal his face. He then took the buckles from his shoes, and tore the ruffles from his shirt, and taking from Macleod the bundle which contained his linen, he desired his companion to walk in advance, while he himself followed at a respectful distance, in his assumed character of a servant. Notwithstanding his disguise, or rather his disfigurement, Macleod intimated that he still thought he might be recognised. "Why," said Charles, "I have got so odd

* Malcolm Macleod's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 474.

and remarkable a face, that I believe nothing I could do would disguise it." Bishop Forbes informs us, that he more than once heard Macleod speak of the utter uselessness of the Prince attempting to dissemble the indefinable *air* which distinguished him. "There is not a person," he said, "who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but, upon seeing the Prince in any disguise he could put on, would see something about him that was not ordinary—something of the stately and grand."*

The distance to Mackinnon's country was more than thirty miles, and the journey was rendered particularly harassing in consequence of the rugged character of the country which they were compelled to traverse, and also from the scantiness of their provisions, which consisted only of some mouldy bread and cheese, a bottle of brandy, and some water. Charles, however, showed no sign of fatigue; indeed, his companion, Malcolm Macleod, assured Boswell, that though himself an excellent walker, even for a Highlander, he found himself excelled by the Prince. He boasted also to his companion of the swiftness with which he could run; adding that if he should be pursued by the English soldiers, he had little doubt that he should outstrip them in the chase. "But what," observed Malcolm, "if you should be suddenly surprised?" —"Why, I should fight," he said, "to be sure."—"I think," remarked Malcolm, "that if there were no more than four of them, I could engage to manage two." "And I," rejoined Charles, "would engage to do for the other two."†

A pleasing instance of Charles's consideration for those about him was related by Malcolm Macleod to Bishop

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 480. † Ascanius, p. 165.

Forbes. The bottle of brandy, which they had brought with them, had been a source of great comfort to them during their painful journey; but unfortunately they had still some miles to go when it was reduced to a single glass. Remarking that Malcolm was more fatigued than himself, Charles desired him to drink the remainder. This, however, Malcolm positively refused to do, and in return attempted to force it on the Prince, till at last, we are told, the "kind contest" rose very high between them. At length Charles showed himself so determined on the subject,—adding, "the devil a drop of it he would drink himself,"—that Malcolm was compelled to obey him. Having drained the bottle, Charles proposed that they should break it. This, however, was opposed by Malcolm. "So far from breaking it," he said, "I will preserve it as a curious piece, and it may come to drink many a cask of whiskey to me yet." Accordingly he hid it among the heather, and when he was afterwards on his return to Skye from his captivity in London, he told Bishop Forbes that he still hoped to find it, unless it should have been unfortunately trodden to pieces by the cattle.

During their walk, Malcolm related to the Prince many of the frightful barbarities committed by the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. He appeared to be deeply affected by the narrative, to which, however, he would only give partial credit, adding that he would not believe any general could be so barbarous. "For himself," he said, "all the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person; but when he reflected on the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, it did indeed strike him to the heart, and sink very deep into him."*

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 476.

After travelling all night, Charles and his companion arrived in the morning at Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in Mackinnon's country. The first persons whom they encountered were two of the Mackinnon clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. These persons immediately recognised their beloved Prince in spite of his disguise; and so affected were they at the wretched appearance which he now presented,—so different from the gay and gallant prince whom they had more than once beheld at the head of a victorious and devoted army,—that they lifted up their hands in astonishment, and burst into tears. Malcolm was much concerned at this circumstance, but having first cautioned them, that any display of their grief might prove fatal to the Prince, he swore them to secrecy on his naked dirk, after the custom of the Highlanders, and then parted from them, well satisfied that Charles had nothing to fear at their hands. These men, indeed, may well have been affected by the wretched appearance of Charles, whose personal discomforts at this period no description could exaggerate. As an instance in point, we may mention the following anecdote, which was related by Malcolm Macleod to Bishop Forbes. "Happening," he said, "to see the Prince uneasy and fidgety, he took him to the back of a knowe, and opening his breast, saw him troubled with vermin, for want of clean linen, and by reason of the coarse odd way he behoved to live in, both as to sustenance and sleep: Malcolm said he believed he took fourscore off him. This," says the Bishop, "serves to show that he was reduced to the very lowest ebb of misery and distress; and is a certain indication of that greatness of soul, which could rise above all misfortunes, and bear up, with a cheerfulness not to be equalled in history, under all the scenes of wo that could happen."

Instead of conducting the Prince at once to the house of the chieftain, Malcolm, at the wish of Charles, brought him to the house of his own brother-in-law, John Mackinnon, who had served like himself as a captain in the insurgent army. The master of the house was not at home, but the travellers were kindly welcomed by Malcolm's sister; Charles being presented to her as one Lewie Caw, the son of a surgeon in Crieff, who had served in the Highland army, and who was now known to be skulking among his relations in Skye. Mrs. Mackinnon seems to have been much struck with the Prince's appearance, observing that she saw something "very uncommon about him." "Poor man," she said, "I pity him; at the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." She soon provided them with a plentiful Highland breakfast, during which Charles continued to play the part of a servant, by sitting at a respectful distance from Malcolm, with his bonnet off. After the meal was over, an old woman, as was then the fashion in the Highlands, entered the room with some hot water to wash Malcolm's feet. As soon as she had washed and dried them, Malcolm pointed to Charles, observing,—"You see that poor sick man there; I hope you will wash his feet too: it will be a great charity, for he has as much need as I have." To this, however, the old woman decidedly objected, adding, in the oriental mode of speech, so common in the Highlands,—"Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash *his* father's son's feet?" At last Malcolm, with some difficulty, induced her to perform the kindly office,—which she did, however, with so much unwillingness, and consequently with so much roughness, that Charles, who was probably foot-sore, was more than once compelled to request Malcolm to intercede for him during the ceremony.

The travellers now laid themselves down to rest, while their hostess kept watch on the top of a neighbouring hill. Macleod slept for some time longer than the Prince, and, on rising, was surprised to see the Prince dandling and singing to Mrs. Mackinnon's infant, with an old woman looking on. Expressing some surprise at the circumstance, Charles, who for a moment forgot his assumed character, observed,—"Who knows but this little fellow may be a captain in my service yet?" This speech appears to have given no slight offence to the old woman. Glancing with contempt at the pretended servant,—"You mean," she said, "that you may possibly be an old sergeant in his company."*

Immediately afterwards, Macleod was informed that his brother-in-law was approaching the house, and he hurried out to meet him. After their first greeting was over,—"John," he said, pointing to some ships which were hovering along the coast,—"what if the Prince should be on board of one of those vessels?"—"God forbid!" was the welcome reply. "Supposing," rejoined Macleod, "that he should be *here;* do you think, John, that he would be safe?"—"I would he were," answered Mackinnon, "for we should take care of him, and he would be safe enough." Malcolm then informed him, to his astonishment, that the Prince was actually in his house. In the transport of his joy, he would immediately have rushed into the Prince's presence; but Malcolm desired him to compose himself, adding,—"Now is your time to behave well, and do nothing that can discover him." Mackinnon faithfully promised to keep his emotions within due bounds; but no sooner was he admitted to the presence of Charles, and beheld the miserable

* Ascanius, p. 168.

condition to which his beloved Prince was reduced, than he burst into tears, and in this state was hurried by Malcolm from the apartment.

In the course of the day, the secret of Charles being in the neighbourhood was confided to the old chief of Mackinnon, who, together with his lady, hastened to pay their respects to the Prince, and in the evening partook of an entertainment with him of cold meat and wine, in a cave near the shore. It was decided that Charles should repair to the mainland, under the guidance of John Mackinnon. Notwithstanding his advanced age, the old chieftain insisted on accompanying them, and accordingly, about eight o'clock at night, the whole party proceeded to the sea-shore, where a boat was in waiting for them. Before sailing, Charles wrote a short letter, subscribed "James Thompson," informing his friends of his departure from Skye, which he requested might be conveyed as soon as possible to young Raasay, and his brother Murdoch. The epistle, which was written on the sea-shore, was as follows,

"SIR,

"I have parted, (thank God,) as intended. Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,"

"JAMES THOMPSON."

"Ellighuil, July 4th, 1746."

This letter Charles delivered to Malcolm Macleod, from whom he parted with the greatest reluctance, and indeed, would only consent to their separation at the earnest entreaty of Malcolm himself. "For myself," observed the devoted Highlander, "I have no care; but for you I am much afraid." He had been so long absent, he said, that the military would probably pursue him on suspicion, and

in that case, the Prince might also fall into their hands. Should he be taken prisoner on his return, which, he added, would probably be the case,—inasmuch as there would be no one to confront with him, or contradict the tale which he might tell,—he should be enabled to throw the Prince's enemies on a wrong scent, which of course was of the utmost importance.

Before parting, Charles presented Malcolm with a silver stock-buckle, and also placed ten guineas in his hands. Knowing how small a stock of money the Prince had reserved for his own use, the generous Highlander positively refused to accept the gold; but Charles so pertinaciously insisted on his taking it, that he was at last compelled to obey. "You will have great need of money," said the Prince, "and I shall obtain enough when I get to the mainland."—"Malcolm," he then said, "let us smoke a pipe together before we part." Accordingly, having obtained a light from the flint of Malcolm's musket, they sat down together; Charles smoking his usual stump of blackened pipe, of which notice has already been made. This curious relic afterwards fell into the hands of a Dr. Burton, of York, who is said to have preserved it with a religious care.

The subsequent history of the faithful Malcolm may be told in a few words. Having taken an affectionate farewell of the Prince, who twice warmly embraced him, he remained on the side of a hill, anxiously watching the small boat which contained Charles and his fortunes, till it became lost in the distance. He then proceeded in the direction of his own country, where he had returned only a short time, when, as he himself had anticipated, he was taken into custody. After being detained a prisoner for some time on board ship, he was conveyed to London,

where he was kept in custody till July 1747. At the same time Flora Macdonald also obtained her discharge, and being desired to name some person whom she would wish to accompany her on her return to Scotland, she paid Malcolm the compliment of selecting him to be her companion. "And so," he used to say with great glee,—"I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald." Boswell, who twenty-seven years afterwards was introduced to Malcolm, at Raasay, observes,—"He was now sixty-two years of age, hale and well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues; tartan hose which came up near to his knees; a purple camlet kilt; a black waistcoat; a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord; a yellowish, bushy wig; and a large blue bonnet, with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and *polite*, in the true sense of the word."

On the night of the 5th of July, Charles, as has been already mentioned, quitted Skye, accompanied by the old chief of Mackinnon, and by his kinsman, John Mackinnon. During the voyage, they met a boat filled with armed militia, but fortunately the weather was too rough to admit of their being boarded and examined, as they would otherwise have been; and, after exchanging a few words, the two vessels parted company. About four o'clock in the morning, after a tempestuous voyage of

thirty miles, the whole party landed near a place called Little Mallack, on the south side of Loch Nevis, in the wild and mountainous district where Charles had first set foot in the Highlands. He soon discovered that his situation was changed but little for the better by his removal to the mainland. The militia were quartered in the immediate neighbourhood in considerable numbers, and consequently he had no choice but to remain near the spot where he first landed, and where he was compelled to pass three wretched days in the open air.

It was on the fourth day that Charles had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of his pursuers. The old chief, accompanied by one of the boatmen, had wandered forth in search of a cave, which might at least shelter the unfortunate Prince from the inclemency of the weather, when Charles, with John Mackinnon and the three remaining boatmen, entered the boat and began coasting along the shores of Loch Nevis, probably with the same object in view. They had proceeded some distance, when, on turning a point, their oars suddenly struck against a boat which was fastened to a rock, and at the same time they perceived five men, whom they knew to be militia by the red crosses affixed to their bonnets, standing upon the shore. The probability of such an accident occurring seems to have been foreseen by the fugitives, for Charles at the moment was lying at the bottom of the boat, with his head between John Mackinnon's knees, and with the plaid of the latter spread over him so as entirely to conceal his person. The first question of the militia was, from whence they came? The answer was, "From Sleat." They were then ordered to come on shore, in order to be subjected to the usual examination, but, instead of obeying the summons, they

plied their oars vigorously, on which the militiamen jumped into their boat and gave them chase. Charles had made a sudden effort to extricate himself from his hiding-place and spring on shore, but was forcibly kept down by John Mackinnon. For a short time the chase was one of intense interest, both to the pursuers and the pursued. Mackinnon, prepared for the worst, desired his men to keep their muskets close by them, but not to fire them till they should hear the discharge of his own piece. "Be sure," he said, "to take a deliberate aim; only mark them well, and there is no fear." The Prince, overhearing these orders, desired that no blood should be shed without absolute necessity; to which Mackinnon acceded, but at the same time added briefly, that if necessity did require it, not a man should escape. Fortunately, after a short chase, they reached a part of the lake which was so thickly wooded to the water's edge as completely to conceal them from their enemies. They had no sooner reached the shore, than the Prince sprang out of the boat, and ran nimbly up a hill, from the summit of which he could perceive his pursuers returning sulkily from their fruitless pursuit. Having congratulated Charles on his escape, Mackinnon made an apology to him for having prevented his jumping on shore when they first encountered the militia, and respectfully asked him what object he had in making the attempt? "Why," said the Prince, "I would rather fight for my life than be taken prisoner. I hope, however," he added, "that God will never so far afflict the King, my father, or the Duke, my brother, as to permit me to fall alive into the hands of my enemies."*

* John Mackinnon's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, pp. 489, 490.

Having slept for about three hours, Charles descended the hill, and having re-embarked, crossed the lake to a small island near the family seat of Macdonald of Scothouse. From this place he despatched John Mackinnon to old Clanranald, who he learned was in the neighbourhood, soliciting his aid and advice in the present miserable condition to which he was reduced. The chieftain, however, who was himself a proscribed man, seems to have considered that he had already suffered sufficiently in the Prince's cause by the ruin which he had brought on his family, and positively refused to incur any further risk. On this Mackinnon quitted him, and returned in great indignation to the Prince, to whom he related the result of his unsuccessful mission. Charles, we are told, listened to him "without any emotion;" merely remarking with his usual cheerfulness,—"Well, Mackinnon, there is no help for it; we must do the best we can for ourselves."*

Satisfied that it would be useless to press Clanranald farther, Charles returned by water to Little Mallack, where he was rejoined by the old chief of Mackinnon, and thence proceeded to the house of Macdonald of Morar, situated on the lake of that name, where they arrived at an early hour in the morning, after a walk of about eleven miles. Morar received him with great kindness, as did also his lady, a sister of the celebrated Lochiel, who was so affected at witnessing the wretched condition to which her beloved Prince was reduced, that she burst into tears. It was now decided that Morar should set out in search of young Clanranald, who it was expected would be both able and willing to aid in the

* Related by John Mackinnon to Bishop Forbes, *apud* Chambers, p. 111.

Prince's escape. Accordingly he departed cheerfully on his mission, but on his return the following day, his manner had become so cold and altered, as to render it evident that he had consulted with others in the mean time, who had succeeded in dissuading him from mixing himself up further in the Prince's affairs. He had been unable, he said, to meet with young Clanranald, nor did he know of any person to whose care he could recommend his Royal Highness. Charles was much affected by his change of manner, and observed, deprecatingly,—"Why, Morar, this is very hard: you were very kind yesternight, and said you would find out a hiding-place proof against all the search of the enemy's forces, and now you say you can do nothing at all for me. You can travel to no place, but what I will travel to also: you can eat or drink nothing, but I will take a share of them with you and be well content. When fortune smiled on me and I had money to give, I found some people ready enough to serve me; but now, when fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity."

Mackinnon was extremely incensed at Morar's conduct, and openly accused him of having allowed himself to be worked upon by others. At length, it being evident that neither taunts nor entreaties were of the least avail, Charles (who knew not what step to take next,) gave vent to the bitterness of his feelings in the following passionate language: "Almighty God," he exclaimed, "look down upon my circumstances and pity me, for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need; while some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are

now among my best friends; for it is remarkable that those of Sir Alexander Macdonald's following, have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation." He then added plaintively, —"I hope, Mackinnon, you will not desert me too, and leave me in the lurch." The old chief, imagining that these words were addressed to him, was so affected as to shed tears. "I never," he said, "will leave your Royal Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me."—"Oh no," said Charles, "this is too much for one of your advanced years. I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me, and I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause; but one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, that I was addressing myself."—"Well, then," said John, "with the help of God I will go through the wide world with your Royal Highness."*

Accompanied by John Mackinnon, and with a son of Morar's for their guide, Charles proceeded towards Borrodaile, the residence of Angus Macdonald, where he had passed the night on his first landing in the Highlands. At Morar he took leave of the old chief of Mackinnon, who was captured the very next day in Morar's house. He now also bade farewell to the faithful John, who being satisfied that the Prince was in the best hands, remained only to drink some warm milk, and then proceeded to his own country in Skye. He had scarcely reached his home, when he was seized by the militia with

* John Mackinnon's Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, pp. 492 to 494.

two of his rowers, and carried before a Captain Ferguson, whose detestable barbarities have rendered his name still infamous in the Highlands. Finding it impossible to extract any information from Mackinnon or the rowers, either by promises or threats, Ferguson caused one of the latter to be stripped and tied to a tree, where he was lashed till the blood gushed from both his sides. He even threatened Mackinnon with similar treatment, but nothing could extort a confession from these faithful men.* Both John Mackinnon and the old chief were sent on board ship and carried prisoners to London, where they remained in custody till July 1747.†

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* Chambers, p. 112.

† John Mackinnon died on the 11th of May, 1762, at the age of forty-eight. The death of the old chieftain was thus noticed in the journals of the time. "May 7, 1756.—Died at his house of Kilmaine, in the Isle of Skye, John Mackinnon of that ilk, *i. e.* the old Laird of Mackinnon, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, leaving issue two sons and a daughter, Charles, Lachlan, and Margaret, all born after the seventy-first year of his age. He used to say, he hoped God would not take him off the earth but on the field of battle, when fighting for his king and country. He frequently retired to the cave in which the Prince, and he himself and his lady, dined just before the Prince's leaving Skye in his skulking, and there he would have entertained himself with laying down a plan for the Restoration, and with the execution thereof in theory, and then came home extremely well pleased."—*Chambers*, p. 112, note.

CHAPTER VII.

Charles's reception by Angus Macdonald—Joined by Macdonald of Glenaladale—by Cameron of Glenpean—Charles and his party pass between the watch-fires of their enemies—Halt at Corriscorridale—Loss of the Prince's purse the saving of his person—"The Seven Men of Glenmoriston"—Their hospitality to the Prince—Incident that forwards Charles's escape.

By Angus Macdonald Charles was received with the greatest kindness. He is said to have shown some hesitation on entering the small hut in which Macdonald was now residing, and, indeed, the feeling was a natural one; for not only had the home of the gallant Highlander been burnt to the ground on account of his adopting the Prince's cause, but he had also lost a beloved son at the battle of Culloden. When Charles entered the hut, the tears are said to have stood in his eyes as he encountered the bereaved mother. Advancing towards her, he asked her if she could endure the sight of one who had been the cause of so much misery to her and to her family? "Yes," was the noble reply,—"even though all my sons had fallen in your Royal Highness's service."*

Charles remained for three days in a small hut in a neighbouring wood; but this place being considered insecure, he was conducted on the fourth day, by Angus Macdonald and his son Ranald, to another hiding-place on the coast, about four miles to the eastward. This

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 497.

place consisted of another small hut, which had been ingeniously constructed between two rocks, the roof being covered with green turf so as to give the appearance of a natural sward. Here it was hoped that the wanderer might remain in safety for some time; but, after a few days, Angus Macdonald received a letter from his son-in-law, Angus Mackechan, informing him that it was more than whispered that the Prince was concealed at Borrodaile, and at the same time offering a more secure asylum which he had prepared in Morar.

In the mean time, Charles had been joined by a faithful adherent, Macdonald of Glenaladale. Accompanied by this person, by Angus Mackechan, and by John Macdonald, a younger son of his host, he set off in the direction of Glen Morar. Angus had gone before in search of intelligence, and when he rejoined them on their route the following day, he brought tidings with him which might well have struck them with dismay. Never, indeed, had the situation of the unfortunate Prince been more critical than at this moment. His enemies had traced him from Skye, and were now surrounding him on all sides. General Campbell had anchored near Loch Nevis, with several vessels of war, and a large body of troops; with the latter of which he had formed a complete cordon round the neighbouring district. Sentinels were placed within a short distance of each other, who allowed no person to pass without undergoing a previous examination; and at night large fires were lighted near the post of each sentry, so as to render it almost impossible for a person to pass unchallenged. In addition to these measures, large bodies of troops were despatched in all directions for the purpose of scouring the country, and with instructions to search every corner which might possibly afford a hiding-place to the unfortunate Prince.

Charles now took leave of Angus Macdonald and Angus Mackechan, and, accompanied only by Glenaladale and John Macdonald, proceeded stealthily through the rugged and mountainous district of Arisaig, till he reached the summit of a hill called Fruighvain. From this spot he despatched a messenger to Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who, it was hoped, would lend his aid to the royal wanderer in this his utmost need; and who, from his intimate acquaintance with the wild features of the surrounding district, was calculated to be an invaluable guide.

In the evening, however, while anxiously awaiting the arrival of Glenpean, the fugitives were suddenly startled by the alarming intelligence, that a large body of the Argyllshire militia were approaching the very hill on which they were then stationed. The little party immediately broke up their quarters, and descending the hill, proceeded cautiously in the direction of Loch Arkaig. About eleven o'clock at night, as they were passing through a deep ravine, they were surprised by seeing a man descending one of the hills above them, with the evident intention of addressing them. Desiring the Prince and John Macdonald to conceal themselves as much as possible, Glenaladale advanced to encounter the stranger, in order to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. To the great delight of Charles, it proved to be the person he most wished to see,—Cameron of Glenpean. He had been desired to bring as much provisions with him as he could carry, (for the fugitives had found the greatest difficulty in procuring even the smallest supply of food, and the Prince was half dead with hunger,) but all that he had been able to obtain was a small quantity of oatmeal and butter. This wretched fare, doled out in small quantities, comprised the only food tasted by the Prince during the four next days of his miserable wanderings.

Under the guidance of Cameron of Glenpean, Charles was conducted through a series of rugged ravines, and through almost inaccessible passes choked up with rocks and trees, till, on the morning of the 24th of July, he found himself on the summit of a hill in the braes of Loch Arkaig, called Mam-nan-Callum. He was still, it must be remembered, within the military cordon, and if hitherto he had been sanguine enough to expect to elude the vigilance of his enemies, the sight which now met his eye could scarcely have failed to convert hope into despair. From the eminence on which he now stood he could perceive the enemy's camp, which was scarcely a mile distant; he could see distinctly the whole of the organized plan which had been contrived to prevent his escape; and at night he could even hear the challenge of the sentries; while the glare of light, emanating from the numerous watch-fires which blazed along the line, showed him that he had little to expect from the night as from the day.

As soon as the darkness had set in, Charles and his three companions (for he had recently been joined by John Macdonald, a brother of Glenaladale) descended the hill of Mam-nan-Callum, and, about two o'clock in the morning of the 25th, came to Corinangaul, on the confines of Knoidart and Loch Arkaig. From hence they proceeded to a convenient hiding-place known to Glenpean, on the brow of a hill at the head of Lochnaig, within a mile of one of the military stations. Charles was lying concealed in this place when two of the party, who had sallied forth in search of food, returned with the intelligence that a party of soldiers was approaching from the opposite side of the hill. A short consultation was then held, and as it was clear that their only hope of avoiding discovery lay in concealing themselves as closely as pos-

sible, the whole party remained huddled together, while the soldiers conducted a strict search in every direction around them. It was not till eight o'clock in the evening that they felt themselves sufficiently secure to emerge from their uncomfortable hiding-place.

Hazardous, and indeed almost desperate, as any attempt appeared to pass the military cordon unobserved, it was nevertheless evident, that they ran scarcely less risk by remaining where they were: moreover, the impossibility which they found of procuring provisions, offered an argument scarcely less imperative to induce them at least to make the attempt. Having come to the determination therefore of advancing at all hazards, it was decided that they should depart on their perilous enterprise the same night. Their route lay over a high hill called Drumachosi, in ascending which, Charles, in consequence of his foot slipping, very nearly fell headlong down a steep precipice, and was only saved from being dashed to pieces by Glenpean promptly seizing hold of him by one of his arms, and Glenaladale by the other. On reaching the summit of the hill, the long line of sentries and watch-fires lay extended before them, presenting a sight which made the attempt appear even more desperate than it had seemed before. Still no proposal appears to have been made to turn back; and they advanced, creeping stealthily along the ground, till they had come within so short a distance of the sentinels, that they could overhear them conversing with one another.

Anxious that the Prince should run no unnecessary risk, Glenpean generously volunteered to make the attempt singly in the first instance. "If I get safe through," he said, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to

conduct." During the time that he was absent on his hazardous enterprise, the feelings of the rest of the party may be more easily imagined than described. At length, to their great delight, they could perceive Glenpean stealthily effecting his return; and as the practicability of accomplishing their purpose was now placed beyond a doubt, they lost no time in putting it into execution. The morning was now breaking, and the brightness of the watch-fires was in some degree dimmed by the increasing light of day. Accordingly, with Glenpean at their head, they crawled up a deep and narrow ravine which intersected two of the fires, and seizing a moment when the backs of the sentinels were turned towards them, advanced in deep silence, and on all-fours, till they found themselves, to their great joy, at a spot which completely concealed them from the observation of their enemies.

In order to place as great a distance as possible between themselves and their adversaries, they pushed forward to Corriscorridale, on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch Hourn, where they partook of a scanty meal, consisting of a small quantity of oatmeal and water, and part of a cheese, which Glenpean and Glenaladale's brother had fortunately been able to obtain on the preceding day. At Corriscorridale they passed the whole day unmolested; but their amazement may be readily imagined, when, in breaking up their quarters at eight o'clock in the evening, they found that they had been for many hours within cannon-shot of two of the enemy's posts, and that a large party of soldiers was even still nearer to them.

Advancing in the direction of the Mackenzie's country (which, from the inhabitants being well-disposed towards the Government, was unmolested by soldiers), Charles, at

three o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, arrived at Glenshiel, a wild and secluded valley in the estate of the Earl of Seaforth. It had been his object to obtain a guide to Pollew, where he hoped to find a French vessel to convey him to the Continent; but information reaching him in the course of the day, that the only French vessel which had been seen there, had long since taken its departure, it was deemed necessary to turn their steps in another direction. Fortunately, while making inquiries respecting a guide to Pollew, Glenaladale had encountered a Glengarry man, whose father had been killed by the soldiers on the preceding day, and who was himself flying from his own country, in order to avoid a similar fate. This person was conducted by Glenaladale to the Prince, and under his guidance it was decided to advance towards the south, with the hope of forming a junction with Lochiel and some other chiefs, who had hitherto succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the Government.

Accordingly, having taken leave of the faithful Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who could no longer be of service to him, Charles, as soon as night had set in, commenced his journey with Glenaladale, John Macdonald, and Glenaladale's brother, with the intention of proceeding to the braes of Glenmoriston. They had advanced a few miles, when Glenaladale suddenly exclaimed, in a tone of great distress, that he had lost the Prince's purse. The loss was indeed a serious one, for the purse contained their whole stock of money,—about forty guineas,—and without gold they could not expect to obtain even the commonest necessaries of life. Glenaladale proposed that he should retrace his steps in search of it, to which Charles at first objected with great earnestness, but having at last yielded to the entreaties of those about him, he placed

himself behind a piece of rising ground, where he might remain concealed till Glenaladale's return. The loss of the purse, which was naturally looked upon as a very annoying circumstance, subsequently proved the means, under Providence, by which Charles was saved from falling into the hands of his enemies. He had remained concealed only a short time, when he perceived a party of soldiers defiling along the very path by which he must necessarily have proceeded but for the loss he had sustained. Shortly afterwards he was rejoined by Glenaladale with the missing treasure, when both united in hearty thanks to God, that what they had regarded as their greatest misfortune was, in fact, the means of their preservation. As usual, Charles took advantage of the circumstance to express his conviction that he was under the special guidance and care of Providence. "I scarcely believe," he said, "that I could be taken, even though I wished it."

Having travelled all night, Charles, on the morning of the 28th, found himself on the side of a hill above Strathcluanie, where he remained with his companions in a convenient hiding-place till three o'clock in the afternoon. They then proceeded on their painful march, but had advanced little more than a mile, when they were startled by the sound of several shots, which they discovered to proceed from the brutal soldiery who were chasing the unfortunate country-people who had fled to the hill with their cattle. The miseries of this day could never have been forgotten by Charles. The rain descended in torrents and without cessation, and not a mouthful of food passed his lips during the whole day. At night he found himself on the summit of a lofty hill between the braes of Glenmoriston and Strathglass, where, without food or

fire, and wet to the skin, his only shelter was a small cave, the limits of which were so narrow, and the rocky floor so rugged, as almost to rob him even of the luxury of sleep.

We now arrive at the most remarkable period in the history of Charles's wanderings, his connexion with the seven robbers, or, as they were commonly styled, the *Seven Men of Glenmoriston*. The enthusiastic devotion of these wild mountaineers,—who, though existing by a life of rapine and plunder, disdained to benefit by the splendid bribe which they might have shared by betraying the Prince who confided in them,—forms a very curious episode in the romantic tale of the Chevalier's escape.

The *Seven Men of Glenmoriston* had all been actively engaged in the recent insurrection, and though commonly designated as robbers, must be looked upon less as common plunderers, than as following, partly from necessity, the predatory habits which formerly distinguished the Highland character. Their names were Patrick Grant, a farmer, commonly called Black Peter of Craskie; John Macdonnell, *alias* Campbell; Alexander Macdonnell; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Grigor Macgregor. To these an eighth, Hugh Macmillan, was afterwards added. Proscribed by the Government on account of their having been in arms in the cause of the Stuarts, they had seen their homes laid desolate, their kindred slain, and their fellow-clansmen sent as slaves to the Plantations. Infuriated by these circumstances, and rendered desperate by knowing that the same fate awaited themselves should they fall into the hands of the Government, they seem to have been actuated, in the marauding life which they led, less by the paltry desire of acquisition, than by an ardent longing

to retaliate on their deadly foes. Entering into an association to seize every opportunity of avenging themselves on the Duke of Cumberland and his soldiers, they were bound by a solemn oath to stand by each other in every emergency, and never to yield up their arms except with life itself. Their lurking-places were in secret caves, situated among the rugged fastnesses of the wild district in which they had been bred, from which they sallied forth to attack the detached military parties which were employed in the neighbourhood; pouring down on them when least expected, and rarely failing to carry off their cattle and other spoil. At the period when Charles proposed to trust his life in their hands, their acts of prowess and daring were the terror of the military, and formed the theme of every tongue. Some time since, four of the Glenmoriston men had attacked a party of seven soldiers, who were conveying wine and provisions from Fort Augustus to Glenelg, and had shot two of them dead. On another occasion they had shot an informer, whose head they cut off, and placed it on a tree near the high-road, where it long remained a warning to similar offenders; and more recently, they had performed the daring act of attacking a large body of soldiers, headed by three officers; on whom they kept up a running fire in a narrow ravine, till at length the military fled in confusion, leaving the cattle which they were escorting to their quarters in the hands of their opponents.

Such were the habits and character of the wild freebooters, among whom Charles was about to find himself a cherished guest. A negotiation had already been opened with them through the medium of the Glengarry man who had guided the fugitives from the valley of Glenshiel, of which the result had been that they con-

sented to give shelter to Glenaladale, and to one or two other gentlemen, who were represented to them as sufferers in the Jacobite cause, and who it was stated would accompany him. Accordingly Charles and his companions proceeded to a wild spot called Coiraghoth, in the braes of Glenmoriston, where they were met by three out of the seven freebooters, to whom Charles was formally introduced as young Clanranald. In spite, however, of his ragged attire, and the miserable condition to which he was reduced, the men instantly recognised their Prince, and after greeting him with every demonstration of respect and delight, conducted him in triumph to their cave.

Charles had now fasted no less than forty-eight hours, and his satisfaction therefore may be readily imagined, when he found himself a welcome guest in the robbers' stronghold, enjoying a hearty meal of mutton, butter, and cheese, with the additional luxury of some whisky. The four other men, who had been absent on a foraging party, returned the following day, and these also recognised the Prince. Under these circumstances, Glenaladale, at the request of Charles, administered an oath to the whole of them, in the awful terms of which, as was then customary in the Highlands, they invoked on themselves,—"That their backs might be to God, and their faces to the Devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity, if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger." This oath they kept with such religious exactness, that not one of them mentioned that the Prince had been their guest until a twelve-

month had elapsed after he had effected his escape to the Continent.

The three next weeks were passed by Charles in different caves and hiding-places known to the Glenmoriston men, with the single exception of an expedition which he made in the direction of the sea-coast, in the hope of finding a foreign vessel to convey him to France. Nothing could exceed the kindness, devotion, and attention, which Charles received from the wild children of the mountain and the mist, although their care and attachment for him were sometimes exhibited in rather a singular manner. Distressed at the coarseness and tattered condition of the Prince's dress, two of the party on one occasion waylaid some servants who were travelling to Fort Augustus with their master's baggage, and having killed one of them, seized a portmanteau which they carried in triumph to their cave, and presented its acceptable contents to Charles.* On another occasion, on the return of one of the Glenmoriston men from Fort Augustus, whither he had proceeded in disguise in search of intelligence, he presented the Prince with a "pennyworth of gingerbread," which, in the singleness of his heart, he believed would prove a dainty of the first order.

Charles was exactly the person to win the devotion of

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* The Prince's costume at this period is thus described by Home. "He had a bonnet on his head, a wretched yellow wig, and a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse, dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt (and he had not another) was of the colour of saffron."—*History of the Rebellion.*

these rude, but warm-hearted mountaineers. Their respect he obtained by his superiority in all manly exercises, and by his powers of enduring fatigue; and their love by identifying himself with their interests, and the winning ease with which he associated with them. He compelled them to wear their bonnets in his company, and at meals they all sat down together in a circle, their food upon their knees—Charles occasionally suggesting improvements in their simple cookery, and sometimes even assisting in the preparation of their homely repast. The influence which he obtained over them was, at least on one occasion, turned to a laudable purpose. "Glenaladale," said Patrick Grant, "was interpreter between the Prince and us; and it was agreed upon that we should say nothing but what the Prince should be made to understand, and that the Prince should say nothing but what we likewise should be made to understand. By this means the Prince discovered that we were much addicted to common swearing in our conversation, for which he caused Glenaladale to reprove us; and at last the Prince, by his repeated reproofs, prevailed on us so far that we gave that custom of swearing quite up."* Charles, we are told, used to withdraw himself every morning and evening, for the purpose of performing his devotions in private.

About this period, there occurred a remarkable instance of enthusiastic devotion in the Prince's cause, which had no slight effect in aiding his escape. One Roderick Mackenzie, the son of a goldsmith of Edinburgh, happened to

* Information given by Patrick Grant, *one of the Seven Men of Glenmoriston*, to Bishop Forbes.—*Chambers*, p. 117.

be lurking in the braes of Glenmoriston; he had served as an officer in the Prince's Life Guards, and was thought to bear a strong resemblance to Charles, both in features and in person. Unfortunately, his hiding-place was discovered by the military, and a party was despatched to seize his person. He defended himself as long as he could with great gallantry, but at length receiving a fatal thrust, he dropped his sword, exclaiming in his last agony —"Villains! you have killed your Prince." His design completely succeeded. The soldiers, believing that they had obtained the great prize for which they had so long panted, cut off his head, and carried it in triumph to Fort Augustus, from whence it was forwarded to London as that of the Prince. "The depositions of several persons," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "who affirmed that this was the head of Prince Charles, had the good effect of rendering the English less vigilant, and less active in their pursuits. Mr. Morrison, his valet-de-chambre, was then in the prison of Carlisle, condemned to death; and the Government despatched a messenger to suspend the execution of the sentence, and bring him to London, to declare upon oath whether this really was the head of Prince Charles; but Mr. Morrison having been attacked on the road with a violent fever, accompanied with delirium, remained in bed in the messenger's house, where he continued a prisoner for fifteen days after his arrival in London; and when he began to recover, the head was in such a putrid state, that it was judged unnecessary to examine him, as it was no longer possible to distinguish any of the features."

Being desirous of forming a junction with Lochiel and Cluny Mac Pherson, who were believed to be lurking in the wilds of Badenoch, Charles, on the 21st of August,

took an affectionate leave of the *Seven Men of Glenmoriston*, who accompanied him some distance on his way to a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig. It was only with the greatest difficulty that these faithful and affectionate men would permit their beloved Prince to leave them. "Stay with us," they said; "the mountains of gold which the Government have set upon your head may induce some gentleman to betray you, for he can go to a distant country, and live on the price of his dishonour; but to us there exists no such temptation. We can speak no language but our own; we can live no where but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death." Patrick Grant alone remained with the Prince a few days longer; and on taking his departure was presented by Charles with twenty-four guineas, to be divided between himself and his companions.*

* For an interesting account of the *Seven Men of Glenmoriston*, see a note to Mr. Chambers's valuable History of the Rebellion of 1745, p. 119.

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles joined by the fugitives Macdonald of Lochgarry and Cameron of Clunes—Secreted in the Wood of Auchnacarry—Meeting between Charles and Lochiel—Termination of his wanderings—Embarks on board L'Heureux for France—Arrival and reception by the King and Queen—Ordered to quit Paris—His refusal and arrest—Transported to Avignon, where he is set at liberty—Takes up his residence at Liége as Baron de Montgomerie—Visits London in 1750—Supposed to have been an eye-witness at the coronation of George III. Abjures the Catholic Religion and becomes a Protestant.

CHARLES had recently been joined by Macdonald of Lochgarry, and Cameron of Clunes, who were fugitives like himself, and with these gentlemen he took up his abode in a small hut which had been constructed for him in a wood between Auchnasual and the end of Loch Arkaig. From this place he sent a messenger to his beloved Lochiel, expressing a strong wish that, if circumstances permitted, he would join him as soon as possible in his retreat. In the mean time, however, having learned that the Prince had effected his escape from Skye to the mainland, Lochiel had despatched his two brothers, Dr. Archibald Cameron and the Rev. John Cameron, in different directions, in order to obtain intelligence respecting him. After wandering about for some time, the two brothers again fell in with each other at Auchnacarry, the ancient seat of their family, which had recently been laid in ruins by the soldiery. From hence, they proceeded along Loch Arkaig in a boat, and in the course of their voyage, had the good fortune to encounter some of Clunes's

retainers, and subsequently the chieftain himself, who forthwith conducted them to the presence of Charles.

At the moment when they were approaching the hut, Charles was fast asleep, and his consternation may easily be imagined when he was suddenly roused by Patrick Grant with the startling information that a body of men, apparently militia, were close upon him. He was advised to fly instantly to the mountains; but he rejected the proposition, adding, that it were far better to take the enemy by surprise, and after taking a steady aim at them from their ambuscade, to trust to Providence for the rest. Accordingly Charles and Patrick Grant, with a son of Clunes, who was in the hut at the time, rested their guns along the stones, and were on the point of firing, when, to their great joy, they suddenly recognised Clunes at the head of the advancing party. The delight of Charles was greatly increased, when the two brothers of Lochiel were presented to him, and he learned from them that the chief was in good health and rapidly recovering from his wounds. He expressed "uncommon joy," we are told, at the circumstance, and "thrice returned God thanks," for the safety of his friend. In the words of John Cameron, —"The Prince was at this time barefooted, had an old black kilt coat on, philtbeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt, and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, and a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and, in my opinion, fatter than when he was at Inverness. They had killed a cow the day before, and the servants were roasting some of it with spits. The Prince knew their names, spoke in a familiar way to them, and some Erse. He ate very heartily of the roasted beef and some bread we had from Fort Augustus, and no man could sleep sounder in the night than he."

On the following day, the 26th of August, Charles removed to a wood near Lochiel's ruined seat of Auchnacarry. He had remained in this wood about four days,—residing sometimes in one hut, and sometimes in another,—when one morning, about eight o'clock, John Cameron, who had been absent in search of intelligence, suddenly returned, and awoke the Prince with the information that a large body of soldiers were advancing in their immediate neighbourhood. As they had hitherto received no intelligence of any military detachment having marched from Fort Augustus, Charles as well as his companions seems to have been fully impressed with the conviction that treachery was at work, and that they were surrounded on all sides. The Prince, however, notwithstanding his imminent peril, betrayed neither perturbation nor alarm. "I awoke him," says John Cameron, "and desired him not to be surprised, for that a body of the enemy was in sight. He, with the utmost composure, got up, called for his gun, sent for Captain Macraw, and Sandy, Clunes's son, who, with a servant, were doing duty as sentries about the wood." There still remained the hope of escape, but in the event of finding their retreat cut off, the whole party, which now consisted of eight persons, expressed their determination to die like men of honour, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Charles carefully examined all their guns, adding cheerfully,—"I have been bred a good shooter, can charge quick, and can make pretty sure of my aim."

Fortunately, under the cover of the wood, they were enabled to reach the top of a neighbouring hill without being perceived, and from thence commenced a toilsome march to the summit of another hill, called Mullantagart. Here Charles received a message from Clunes, that at

night he would meet him with provisions, at a particular spot which he named in the mountains. The ground which they had to traverse was perhaps as craggy and rugged as any in the Highlands, and, as they toiled in the dark up one difficult mountain-path after another, their flesh, as well as their clothes, were constantly torn by the stumps of trees and jutting rocks with which they came in contact. The Prince, on this particular occasion, was the first to give way from exhaustion. They had found it impossible to procure a mouthful of food during the whole day, and they had still some distance to proceed, when Charles expressed his inability to advance any further. By the assistance, however, of the Highlanders, who supported him by his arms on each side, he was able to totter through the rest of the journey, and he was at length cheered by the sight of Clunes and his son, who had succeeded in killing a cow, and were engaged in cooking a part of it for supper. Here Charles took up his quarters for a day or two, till the removal of some of the troops from the passes enabled him to advance nearer to Lochiel.

The Prince's next move was to a hiding-place in the wood of Auchnacarry, where, to his great delight, he received a message from Lochiel, stating that he and his kinsman, Macpherson of Cluny, were safely concealed in Badenoch, and recommending that Charles should join them there without delay. Nothing could be more grateful to him than this proposition. Without waiting for the arrival of Macpherson of Cluny, who was on his way to conduct him to Badenoch, he set out immediately, and at night found himself at a place called Corineuir, at the foot of the great mountain Benalder. The next day he arrived at Mellaneuir, also situated on Benalder, where

Lochiel was residing in a small hut with his two companions in adversity, Macpherson of Cluny, and Macpherson the younger, of Breakachie. It is remarkable, that though their residence in this district was known to a number of persons, and although there was a large military post at Sherowmore, within a distance of a few miles, yet they had continued to reside in this retired spot for more than four months without suspicion; not only well provided with provisions by their friends, but also comfortably tended by as many as three servants.

The meeting between Charles and Lochiel was one of evident joy and satisfaction on both sides. On being informed that the Prince was approaching his place of concealment, the chieftain went forth to meet him, and would have paid his respects on his knees had he not been checked by Charles. "My dear Lochiel," he said, "you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder trees; if any be there and if they see such motions, they will conclude that I am here, which may prove of bad consequence." Lochiel then conducted the Prince to the interior of his hovel, who, "upon his entry," we are informed, "took a hearty dram, which he pretty often called for thereafter to drink his friend's healths." Charles now sat down to an excellent dinner of minced collops, together with other luxuries, to which he had recently been little accustomed. He was in an excellent humour, and expressed himself highly delighted with his fare. "Now, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I live like a prince."

The next day Cluny returned from his unsuccessful expedition in search of the Prince. On entering the hut, he attempted, like Lochiel, to pay his duty to his young master on his knees; but the ceremony was interdicted by Charles, who, taking Cluny in his arms, kissed him

affectionately. Shortly afterwards he said,—"I am sorry, Cluny, that you and your regiment were not at Culloden; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day."

The day after Cluny's return, it was deemed advisable for some reason to shift their quarters, and, accordingly, the whole party removed to another hut in the wild recesses of Benalder, which, we are told, had the character of being superlatively bad and smoky. From hence they removed to a "very romantic and comical habitation," called the *Cage*, also on Benalder, which had recently been constructed by Cluny for the purpose of concealment. "The Cage," says Donald Macpherson, "was only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards; one idle, looking on; one baking; and another firing bread and cooking."

The story of the Prince's wanderings and escapes is now fast drawing to a close. Two vessels, L'Heureux and La Princesse de Conti, had been fitted out by a Colonel Warran, who had been promised a baronetcy by the old Chevalier in the event of his succeeding in carrying off the Prince. These vessels sailed from St. Maloes at the end of August, and arrived in Lochnanuagh on the 6th of September. There landed from them four gentlemen,—among whom were Captain Sheridan, a son of Sir Thomas, and a Mr. O'Beirne, a lieutenant in the French service,—who were received by Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had taken his station on the coast for the purpose of communicating to Charles the arrival of any friendly vessel. The channel of communication between the Prince and Glenaladale was Cameron of Clunes, but in consequence of an alarm which he had received at the

approach of the military, Clunes had been compelled to quit his old quarters, and to the annoyance of Glenaladale, it was some time before his present place of concealment could be discovered. At length, however, Glenaladale found means to communicate with him, when Clunes immediately despatched a faithful messenger to convey the important intelligence to Macpherson of Cluny, and through him to the Prince.

Charles, it is needless to remark, lost no time in availing himself of so favourable an opportunity for escape. He set out the same night, (September the 13th,) and before daybreak, found himself in his old quarters in the smoky hut on Benalder. He arrived at Corvoy on the 14th, where he rested a short time, and on the 16th slept at Lochiel's seat at Auchnacarry. The following day he arrived at a place called Glencamger, and on the 19th was cheered with the sight of the vessels which were to bear him from the power and persecutions of his enemies. He generously remained upwards of a day on the coast, for the purpose of allowing any of his suffering followers, who might be lurking in the neighbouring districts, to avail themselves of the opportunity of effecting their escape.

On Saturday, September the 20th, Charles took his last leave of the Highlands, and proceeded on board L'Heureux, accompanied by Lochiel, Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and Dr. Cameron. There were in all, embarked with him on board the two vessels, twenty-three gentlemen, and one hundred and seven common men; the former including young Clanranald, Glenaladale, Macdonald of Dalely, and his two brothers. Before going on board, Charles took an affectionate leave of Macpherson of Cluny, who preferred remaining among his own people,

to purchasing safety as an exile in a foreign land. The same deeply-implanted love of country and kindred affected more or less every individual on board: "the gentlemen, as well as commons," we are told, "*were seen to weep*, though they boasted of being soon back with an irresistible force."

The striking and melancholy story of the expedition of Charles Edward to Scotland, and of his romantic escapes and adventures, has now been brought to a close. Whether we reflect on the extraordinary fact of his landing in Scotland an almost friendless adventurer, without arms, money, or resources of any kind, and his having subsequently led a victorious army within a few days' march of the metropolis of England;—whether we identify ourselves with the romantic tale of his imminent dangers, his hairbreadth escapes, his indomitable fortitude, and his cheerfulness under the severest trials;—or whether we pause to pay our tribute to those generous and devoted individuals, who, scorning the splendid reward which they might have obtained by betraying him, preferred rather to work out his deliverance, at the imminent hazard of their lives and fortunes;—in whatever point of view we regard the story of Charles Edward up to this period, we must admit that it forms one of the most remarkable and interesting episodes in the annals of any country.

On turning his back on the Highlands, Charles left behind him the tears, the prayers, and best wishes of the generous people who had so long befriended him, and who seem to have loved him the more enthusiastically for the sufferings which they endured in his cause. "He went," says Lord Mahon, "but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and

familiar to their tongues: their plaintive ditties resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again, in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness—the strongest, perhaps, of all human feelings—yields to the passionate devotion to 'PRINCE CHARLIE.'"

On the 29th of September, after a prosperous voyage, Charles landed at Roscoff, near Morlaix, in France, from whence he proceeded to Paris, where the Government had ordered the Chateau St. Antoine to be fitted up as his residence. On approaching the French capital, he was met by a gallant band of the young nobility, headed by his brother Henry, who no sooner recognised him, than he flung his arms round his neck and kissed him with the greatest affection.

A few days after his arrival, the Prince paid a visit to the French King and Queen at Fontainebleau. Unwilling to give more offence than necessary to the court of St. James's, Louis declined to receive him openly as Prince of Wales, but at the same time added, that it would give him the greatest pleasure to embrace him as a friend. The state and magnificence with which Charles proceeded to Fontainebleau must have formed a striking contrast to the ragged and dirty appearance which he had presented scarcely a fortnight before. The journey was performed with a large suite in several carriages—Charles himself, who was magnificently dressed, proceeding with his master of the horse, the elder Lochiel, in a splendid equipage; ten footmen, dressed in the livery of the Prince of Wales, walking on each side of it. Lords Elcho and Ogilvie, his secretary Kelly, and three of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, followed in the other carriages; while the younger Lochiel, with a band of gentlemen, on horse-

back, brought up the rear. Charles was received with great cordiality by the French King. After warmly embracing him, "*Mon très cher Prince*," said Louis, "*je rends grace au ciel, qui me donne le plaisir extrême de vous voir arrivé en bonne santé, après tant de fatigues et de dangers. Vous avez fait voir que toutes les grandes qualités des héros et des philosophes se trouvent réunies en vous; et j'espère qu'un du ces jours vous recevrez la récompense d'un mérite si extraordinaire.*" After his interview with the King, Charles was conducted to the apartments of the Queen, who also received him with great kindness. In the evening he supped with the Royal Family; and both on this and on other occasions, their Majesties are said to have listened with the deepest interest to the particulars of his adventures and escapes.

It was greatly to the credit of Charles, that, after his return to France, he exerted himself in every possible manner to alleviate the distresses of his faithful followers, and to repair the losses which they had sustained by embracing his cause. He told the French minister, D'Argenson, shortly after his arrival in Paris, that he would never ask any thing for himself, but that he was ready to go down on his knees to obtain any favour for his brother exiles. In a letter also to his father, dated the 19th of December, 1746, he writes—"I suppose O'Brien has already given an account to you of what pains I am at, and what has been done concerning the poor Scotch. I told the Marquis d'Argenson the other day, how sensible I was of the King's goodness for what he has done for them, but that I would never ask anything for myself; for I came only into this country to do what I could for my poor country, and not for myself." Among the Scottish officers who had served in the Prince's army, and

who were now in France, the French Government had distributed already thirty-four thousand livres; and subsequently the additional sum of twenty-nine thousand livres was divided, according to their rank, among those officers who had landed with the Prince. We learn also from Charles's own banking account, that he was in the habit of constantly transmitting large sums out of his own purse—not only to persons who had private claims on him, such as Lord Nairn, Clanranald, and Ardshiel, but also to many individuals of inferior rank.

From the period when he returned to the French capital, to the hour when all hope deserted him, Charles never ceased to importune the Government for that aid, with which he hoped to rekindle the war in the Highlands, and to recover the throne of his ancestors. He imagined also that Spain might be induced to assist him in his views; and accordingly, in the month of January, 1747, we find him paying a secret visit to Madrid, in hopes of persuading Ferdinand the Sixth to furnish him with the means of fitting out a second expedition. His repeated applications, however, were met only with unmeaning promises and evasive replies, till at length, finding all his arguments and entreaties of no avail, he returned to Paris in the month of March, and commenced besieging the French Government with fresh memorials and appeals; but Louis, who was now bent on obtaining a peace with England, proved even more obdurate than the Spanish monarch. The temper of Charles was already sufficiently irritated by these repeated disappointments of his darling hopes; but when, three months afterwards, it was formally announced to him that his brother Henry was about to become an ecclesiastic, with the entire approbation of their father,—thus tacitly admitting that

his family abandoned all hopes of regaining the throne of Great Britain,—the Prince's distress and indignation exceeded all bounds.

In the course of the following year, a last blow was given to the Prince's hopes, in consequence of the treaty of peace which was signed between the Courts of St. James's and Versailles, by one of the articles of which it was stipulated that Charles should be banished from the French territories. While the treaty was in progress, it had been anticipated that Charles would have made a merit of necessity, and, by quietly withdrawing to some other country, have spared the French King the disagreeable alternative of resorting to forcible measures to insure his removal. Whether it was his object, however, to embarrass the French Court, of whose injustice towards him he bitterly complained, or whatever may have been his motive, certain it is that he adopted a line of policy very different from what had been expected.

In order to prove to the world how little intention he had of quitting Paris of his own accord, he commenced furnishing a new house, which he hired on the Quai Théatin. Alarmed at this conduct on the part of the Prince, Louis sent the Cardinal de Tencin to him in the first instance, and subsequently the Duc de Gesores, Governor of Paris, who, in addition to using every argument and entreaty to induce him to listen to reason, laid before him a *carte blanche*, which he was told he was at liberty to fill up with any sum he might be pleased to demand as a pension, in consideration of his yielding to the wishes of the King. Neither the dread of consequences, however, nor the dictates of reason or interest—not even the urgent entreaties of the Pope's nuncio, nor an autograph letter addressed to him by the King himself,

had the least effect on the mind of the exasperated Prince. The treaty had now been signed for some time, and the English Government began naturally to exhibit some impatience at one of the most important of its conditions not having been fulfilled. Still, Louis was unwilling to proceed to extremities without making another effort; and accordingly, as a last resource, he wrote to the old Chevalier, entreating him to exercise his influence and authority over his son, to induce him to take the required step. In consequence of this communication, the Chevalier addressed a strong letter to his son, under a flying seal, commanding him to quit Paris without delay; but even this final measure proved of no avail, and Charles appeared quite as obstinate as before. The King now summoned a Council of State, at which it was determined to arrest the Prince the same night, and carry him by force out of the French dominions. "*Ah pauvre Prince!*" said Louis as he was signing the order for his arrest, "*qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un veritable ami!*"

It was three o'clock when the order was signed, and before night the news had spread all over Paris, where it excited the most extraordinary sensation. Charles alone appeared calm and indifferent, and when urged to quit Paris immediately, in order to avoid the fate which awaited him, he not only treated the advice with contempt, but, turning to one of his retinue, he ordered him to procure a box for him at the Opera the same night. Charles had long been the idol of the French people. At the time, indeed, when he had quitted Paris to proceed on his Scottish expedition, his person was scarcely known to the Parisians; neither do they appear to have taken any particular interest in his history or his fate. But when he returned to them after his memorable campaign—when

they beheld the young and graceful Prince, who had twice vanquished the royal forces of England on the field of battle, and who was the hero of so many romantic adventures and escapes—he at once became an object of general interest and paramount attraction. If any circumstance, moreover, could have added to this feeling of enthusiasm, it was the opposition which he had shown to the absolute power of the French Monarch, and his "brave answers to the King's orders to him to quit the French dominions." This conduct is said to have rendered him more than ever the "observed of all observers;" the company followed him whenever he appeared on the public promenades; and recently the French Government had been much alarmed and irritated, by the fact of the whole audience having risen to applaud him when he entered the theatre.

It was probably therefore with a view of displaying the strength of the Government, rather than from any apprehension of a rescue, that it was determined on arresting the Prince in as public a place, and with as much parade as was possible. As many as twelve hundred of the Royal Guards, under the Duke de Biron, were drawn up in the court of the Palais Royal; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers, armed with cuirasses and helmets, were posted in the passage of the Opera House; the City Guard lined the different streets in the vicinity; while large bodies of troops patrolled the road leading to the state-prison of Vincennes, whither it was intended that the Prince should be conducted. The excitement which pervaded Paris was intense, while Charles alone appeared apathetic and unmoved. Being told of the formidable preparations which were made for his arrest,—Well be it so," he said, "we will not make them wait

for us." Having alighted from his carriage, attended by three gentlemen of his household, he was in the act of entering the Opera House, when he was suddenly seized by eight sergeants dressed as tradesmen, with cuirasses under their coats, who carried him by force into the court-yard of the Palais Royal, while the soldiers kept off the crowd with their bayonets. His person was then searched, and his arms, consisting of a sword, a small dagger, and a pair of pocket-pistols, having been taken away from him, he was bound hand and foot with a silken rope, and hurried into a coach drawn by six horses, which immediately drove off, surrounded by a strong guard.

During the journey to Vincennes, Charles conversed cheerfully with the three officers who guarded him in the coach, and on reaching the prison, happening to recognise the Governor as an old friend,—"*Mon ami*," he said, alluding to the cords which bound him, "*venez donc m'embrasser, puisque je ne puis pas vous embrasser.*" He was then unbound, and conducted to a small upper room, about ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof. His eye glanced displeased for a moment round this uncomfortable-looking apartment, but directly afterwards he remarked cheerfully,—"I have seen worse in Scotland."

Collected and even cheerful as Charles had been in the presence of the French officers, they no sooner quitted him than his manner is said to have undergone a complete change. His sole companion in captivity was the faithful Niel Mackechan, who has been so often mentioned as the Prince's guide during his wanderings with Flora Macdonald. According to the account of this person, Charles, on being rid of his jailers, threw himself into a chair, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed,—"Ah, my faithful mountaineers! you would not have treated me

thus!—would I were still with you!" Having been detained in prison five days, Charles, on the 15th of December, 1748, was removed under a strong guard to the papal city of Avignon, where he once more found himself at liberty. He made a public entry into that town on the 2d of January, 1749, in a coach and six, preceded by a troop of the Pope's horse-guards. The carriages of the nobility followed behind, and at night he was entertained with a magnificent supper and ball in the Archiepiscopal palace.

After a residence of only a few months at Avignon, Charles quitted that place, almost secretly, and with Colonel Goring only for his companion, repaired to Liege, where, under the name of the Baron de Montgomerie, he lived in comparative privacy for several years. It was during his residence at Liege, that he put into practice a favourite but dangerous project of paying a visit to London in disguise. The particulars of this curious fact are thus related by Dr. King:—"In September, 1750," he says, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to the Prince. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made, nor was any thing ready to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came. As to his

person," adds Dr. King, "he is tall and well-made, but stoops a little, owing, perhaps, to the great fatigue which he underwent in his northern expedition. He has a handsome face and good eyes. I think his busts which about this time were commonly sold in London, are more like him than any of his pictures which I have yet seen. He came one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me,—'that he thought my new visiter very like Prince Charles.' 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, Sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts of Prince Charles.' The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face"* The name adopted by Charles, during his visit to England, was Smith—the same name which his great grandfather, Charles the First, had assumed during his romantic journey to Madrid in 1623, to woo the Infanta of Spain.

With the exception of a short visit to Stockholm, we have little record of the Prince's movements till we find him paying another hazardous secret visit to London about the years 1753-4. "That this unfortunate man," says Thicknesse, in his Memoirs, "was in London about the year 1754, I can positively assert. He came hither contrary to the opinions of his friends abroad; but he was determined, he said, to see the capital of that kingdom over which he thought himself born to reign. After being a few days at a lady's house in Essex Street, in the Strand, he was met by one who knew his person, in Hyde Park, and who made an attempt to kneel to him. This cir-

* Dr. King's Anecdotes of his Own Time, pp. 196, 199, and note.

cumstance so alarmed the lady at whose house he resided, that a boat was procured the same night, and he returned instantly to France. Monsieur Massac, late secretary to the Duc de Noailles, told me he was sent to treat with the Prince relative to a subsequent attempt to invade England. M. Massac dined with him, and had much conversation on the subject; but observed, that he was rather a weak man, bigoted to his religion, and unable to refrain from the bottle, the only benefit, he said, he had acquired by his expedition among his countrymen in Scotland. Mr. Segrave, an Irish officer with only one arm, formerly well known at the *Café de Condé*, at Paris, assured me that he had been with the Prince in England between the years 1745 and 1756, and that they had laid a plan of seizing the person of the King, (George the Second), as he returned from the play, by a body of Irish chairmen, who were to knock the servants from behind his coach, extinguish the lights and create confusion, while a party carried the King to the water-side, and hurried him away to France. It is certain that the late King often returned from the theatres in so private a manner, that such an attempt was not impracticable; for what could not a hundred or two desperate villains effect, at eleven o'clock at night, in any of the public streets of London? Ten minutes' start would do it; and they could not have failed of a much greater length of time. He also told me that they had more than fifteen hundred chairmen, or that class of people, who were to assemble opposite the Duke of Newcastle's house in Lincoln's Inn Fields the instant they heard any particular news relative to the Pretender. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story; but it may be right to relate it, to prevent such an attempt, should any other Pretender start up; for I have the best authority to

say such a thing is practicable, and that a person was taken off in broad daylight, and in the middle of a large city, though under the protection of an English major, and seven old French women: and that, too, by an individual. There are many people now living at Southampton who remember that transaction. It was not a king, it is true, who was taken off, nor was it a man; but before the surprise of the major and his female party was over, the lady was far out of their reach."

This visit of the Prince to England appears to be the same that is alluded to by Hume, the historian, in the following extract of a letter to Sir John Pringle, dated the 10th of February, 1773. It will be seen, that Hume places the visit at a somewhat earlier period than Thicknesse. "That the present Pretender was in London in the year 1753, I know with the greatest certainty, because I had it from Lord Maréchal, who said it consisted with his certain knowledge. Two or three days after his Lordship gave me this information, he told me, that the evening before he had learned several curious particulars from a lady, (who I imagined to be Lady Primrose,) though my lord refused to name her. The Pretender came to her house in the evening without giving her any preparatory information, and entered the room, where she had a pretty large company with her, and was herself playing at cards. He was announced by the servant under another name; she thought the cards would have dropped from her hands on seeing him; but she had presence enough of mind to call him by the name he assumed, to ask him when he came to England, and how long he intended to stay there. After he and all the company went away, the servants remarked how wonderfully like the strange gentleman was to the Prince's picture, which

hung on the chimney-piece in the very room in which he entered. My lord added (I think from the authority of the same lady), that he used so little precaution, that he went abroad openly in daylight in his own dress, only laying aside his blue ribbon and star; walked once through St. James's, and took a turn in the Mall.

"About five years ago," adds Hume, "I told this story to Lord Holdernesse, who was Secretary of State in the year 1753; and I added, that I supposed this piece of intelligence had at the time escaped his Lordship. 'By no means,' said he, 'and who do you think first told it me? It was the King himself, who subjoined "And what do you think, my lord, I should do with him?" Lord Holdernesse owned that he was puzzled how to reply; for, if he declared his real sentiments, they might savour of indifference to the Royal Family. The King perceived his embarrassment, and extricated him from it by adding, 'My lord, I shall just do nothing at all; and when he is tired of England, he will go abroad again.' I think this story, for the honour of the late King, ought to be more generally known. But, what will surprise you more, Lord Maréchal, a few days after the coronation of the present King (George the Third), told me that he believed the young Pretender was at that time in London, or at least had been so very lately, and had come over to see the show of the Coronation, and had actually seen it. I asked my Lord the reason for this strange fact? Why, says he, a gentleman told me so that saw him there, and that he even spoke to him, and whispered in his ears these words—'Your Royal Highness is the last of all mortals whom I should expect to see here.' 'It was curiosity that led me,' said the other; 'but I assure you,' added he, 'that the person who is the object of all this pomp and

magnificence, is the man I envy the least!' You see this story is so nearly traced from the fountain-head, as to wear a great face of probability. Query. What if the Pretender had taken up Dymock's gauntlet?

"I find that the Pretender's visit in England, in the year 1753, was known to all the Jacobites; and some of them have assured me, that he took the opportunity of formally renouncing the Roman Catholic religion, under his own name of Charles Stuart, in the New Church in the Strand, and that this is the reason of the bad treatment he met with at the Court of Rome. I own that I am a sceptic with regard to the last particulars."

With the exception of some short visits which he occasionally paid to Germany, Venice, and other places, Charles continued to reside chiefly at Liege till 1757. In that year he removed to Bouillon, in the Duchy of Luxemburg, where he lived privately for several years. During his residence at Bouillon, his time seems to have been principally occupied in hunting bears and wolves, in the wild and vast forest of Ardennes.

Notwithstanding the doubts which Hume throws on the subject, it is now certain that Charles embraced the Protestant religion, although the exact period is not known. To his partisans in Scotland he writes on the 12th of August, 1762,—"Assure my friends in Britain, that I am in perfect health. They may be assured that I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced." According to Dr. King, he was certainly "free from all bigotry and superstition," and ready to conform to the established religion of Great Britain. "With the Catholics," he says, "he was a Catholic, and with the Protestants, he was a Protestant." It seems to have been at an early period that he was in the habit of

carrying an English Common Prayer Book in his pocket, and it is known that he caused his first illegitimate child by Miss Walkenshaw, to be christened by a Protestant clergyman. A medal, bearing date the 23d of September, 1752, with the head of Charles on one side, on the reverse, the words *Lætamini Cives*, is by some supposed to have reference to his having declared himself a Protestant in that year.

CHAPTER IX.

Death of the old Pretender—Prince Charles fails in obtaining a recognition of his claims by France and Spain—Another invasion of England contemplated—Reasons for abandoning it—The Prince takes up his abode at Florence as Count d'Albany—His habits at this period of life—His marriage.

From the period of the Prince's visit to England, in 1760, when there is every reason to believe that he witnessed the coronation of George the Third as mentioned by Hume, there is little of importance in his history till the death of the old Chevalier in 1766, when he hastened from Bouillon to Rome, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas,—the same name which, in his days of youth and romance, he had adopted during his residence at Gravelines on the eve of his Highland expedition. He shortly afterwards assumed the title of King of England, but to his bitter disappointment he failed in obtaining a recognition of his claims from the Kings of France and Spain, and, notwithstanding his grandfather, James the Second, had lost three kingdoms in upholding the religion of the Church of Rome, even the Pope declined to acknowledge his pretensions. Notwithstanding the equanimity with

which he usually bore his misfortunes, the latter circumstance seems to have irritated him beyond measure. "He told the Pope's nuncio," we are informed, "that the loss of Culloden gave him more real concern than any loss he could suffer by any orders from his Holiness, and that whatever titles he would take, neither Pope nor conclave could have, nor had any right to take from him." "This," says Mr. Farquharson of Ardlerg, "I had from a gentleman who was present."

After the death of the old Chevalier, Charles took up his residence at the seat of his late father at Albano, where he continued to reside in comparative seclusion, chiefly, it is said, on a pension which he received from his brother, Cardinal York. He still, however, kept up a constant correspondence with his Jacobite friends in Great Britain. Indeed, no new disappointment, no fresh unkindness of fortune, could eradicate from his mind the sanguine conviction that he was still destined to ascend the throne of his ancestors. Providence, he said, in 1767, had conducted him safe through so many dangers, that he was certain he was under the peculiar care of Heaven, and that it destined him for some great end.

At length, in 1770, the commercial difficulties under which England was labouring, added to the tumults fomented by Wilkes, and the unpopularity of George the Third at this period, revived once more the drooping spirits of the Jacobites, and induced them seriously to contemplate a second invasion.

"I know," says Wraxall, "from high authority, that as late as the year 1770, the Duc de Choiseul, then First Minister of France, (not deterred by the ill success of the attempts made in 1715, and in 1745,) meditated to under-

take a third effort for restoring the House of Stuart. His enterprising spirit led him to profit by the dispute which arose between the English and Spanish Crowns, respecting the possession of the Falkland Islands, in order to accomplish this object. As the first step necessary towards it, he despatched a private emissary to Rome, who signified to Charles Edward the Duke's desire of seeing him immediately at Paris. He complied, and arrived in that city with the utmost privacy. Having announced it to Choiseul, the Minister fixed the same night, at twelve o'clock, when he and the Marshal de Broglio would be ready to receive the *Pretender*, and to lay before them their plan for an invasion of England. The Hotel de Choiseul was named for the interview, to which place he was enjoined to repair in a hackney-coach, disguised, and without any attendant. At the appointed time, the Duke and the Marshal, furnished with the requisite papers and instructions, drawn up for his conduct on the expedition, were ready; but, after waiting a full hour, expecting his appearance every instant, when the clock struck one, they concluded that some unforeseen accident must have intervened to prevent his arrival. Under this impression they were preparing to separate, when the noise of wheels was heard in the courtyard, and a few moments afterwards the Pretender entered the room in a state of such intoxication as to be utterly incapable even of ordinary conversation. Disgusted, as well as indignant, at this disgraceful conduct, and well convinced that no expedition undertaken for the restoration of a man so lost to every sense of decency or self-interest could be crowned with success, Choiseul without hesitation sent him next morning a peremptory order to quit

the French dominions." Wraxall informs us that he learned these particulars from a nobleman, who, in 1770, whilst walking with the Duke of Gloucester through the streets of Genoa, met the Chevalier, then on his way back to Italy from a visit which he had been paying to France.

In consequence of the repeated refusals of the Pope to acknowledge him as King of England, Charles retired in disgust to Florence, where, under the title of Count d'Albany, he resided for several years. Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," who was at Florence with the young Duke of Hamilton, observes—"Soon after our arrival, in one of the avenues we observed two men and two ladies, followed by four servants in livery: one of the four wore the insignia of the Garter. We were told this was the Count Albany, and that the lady next to him was the Countess. We yielded the walk, and pulled off our hats. The gentleman along with them was the Envoy from the King of Prussia to the Court of Turin. He whispered the Count, who, returning the salutation, looked very earnestly at the Duke of Hamilton. We have seen them almost every evening since, either at the Opera, or on the public walk. His Grace does not affect to shun the avenue in which we happen to be; and as often as we pass them, the Count fixes his eyes in a most expressive manner upon the Duke, as if he meant to say—*our ancestors were better acquainted.*" Of the Duke's ancestors, one had died on the scaffold, for his attachment to Charles the First; another perished of the wounds which he received at the battle of Worcester, in the cause of Charles the Second; and a third had twice suffered imprisonment in the Tower, for maintaining his allegiance to James the Second. Under these circumstances, can we wonder that

Charles should have glanced with a deep and mournful interest on the young Duke of Hamilton, whose forefathers had been so closely connected by their allegiance and misfortunes with his own unhappy race?

Unfortunately the latter days of Charles Edward present a strong and melancholy contrast to the brilliancy of his early career. Widely different, indeed, was the selfish voluptuary, as he is painted in his closing years, from the high-spirited youth who had nearly won for himself the crown of Great Britain;—who had rendered himself the darling hero of the gallant Highlanders;—whose courage, energy, and perseverance had made him the theme of every tongue;—and who had alike borne prosperity with moderation, and the most afflicting distresses with almost unexampled equanimity.

It is a painful but well-known fact, that Charles had contracted, while yet young, a taste for the bottle, which increased fatally as he advanced in life, and after he had become enfeebled by years and irritated by constant disappointments. In perusing the tale of his wanderings in the Highlands, the frequent occasions on which he sought solace from ardent spirits, can scarcely have failed to strike the reader. It seems, therefore, to be the more charitable as well as reasonable supposition, that the taste was imbibed by him at this period, when the general example of those about him, and the almost unparalleled hardships and privations to which he was exposed, rendered the temptation almost irresistible. As early as the year 1747, this pernicious habit is commented upon in a contemporary letter; and it seems gradually to have gained force, till in his latter years it led to many of those disgraceful scenes of intoxication, which lowered him in the

estimation of all about him, and did great injury to his cause.* In 1769 we find him in a drunken fit, dismissing all his Scottish attendants, and supplying their places with Italians; and again Dr. King observes, in alluding to the Prince's mistress, Miss Walkenshaw, "I believe he spoke truth, when he declared he had no esteem for his northern mistress, although she had been his companion for so many years. She had no elegance of manners; and as they had both contracted an odious habit of drinking, so they exposed themselves very frequently, not only to their own family, but to all their neighbours. They often quarrelled, and sometimes fought. It was one of these drunken scenes which probably occasioned a report of his madness."

* "It is generally acknowledged," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Charles Edward, the adventurous, the gallant, and the handsome, the leader of a race of pristine valour, whose romantic qualities may be said to have died along with him, had in his latter days yielded to those humiliating habits of intoxication, in which the meanest mortals seek to drown the recollection of their disappointments and miseries. Under such circumstances, the unhappy Prince lost the friendship even of those faithful followers who had most devoted themselves to his misfortunes, and was surrounded, with some honourable exceptions, by men of a lower description, regardless of the character which he was himself no longer able to protect. It is a fact consistent with the author's knowledge, that persons totally unentitled to and unfitted for such a distinction, were presented to the unfortunate Prince, in moments unfit for presentation of any kind. Amid these clouds was at length extinguished the torch which once shook itself over Britain with such terrific glare, and at last sunk in its own ashes, scarce remembered and scarce noted."—*Introduction to the Red Gauntlet.*

Those who have never been exposed to the same series of misfortunes and disappointments as Charles, and consequently have never been tempted in the same degree, will perhaps be inclined to regard him with blame rather than with pity. Charity, however, demands that we should make some allowance for an unfortunate Prince, whose melancholy motto was—"*De vivre et pas vivre, est beaucoup plus que de mourir;*" and, moreover, we should not place implicit confidence in the prejudicial statements of party writers. To Charles also it is due to observe, that he seems to have occasionally struggled successfully against the pernicious habit which he had contracted, and that he was not always represented by those who approached him as the confirmed debauchee he is painted by his enemies. Shortly after the dismissal of his Scottish servants, he is described by a person who had recently visited the Chevalier's court as "enjoying more ease and quiet than formerly, never having been seen concerned in the least with liquor since that event, which was happily attended with one good effect—to make him think more seriously upon what had happened; and no man could be of a firmer and more determined resolution than he was known to be. Not a blot, not so much as a pimple, was in his face, though maliciously given out by some as if it were all over blotted; but he is jolly and plump, though not to excess, being still agile, and fit for undergoing toil." Again, his habits of life, as they are described at a rather later period, are very different from those of a confirmed drunkard. "He is a great economist," writes a Jacobite gentleman to Bishop Forbes, "and pays all accounts once a month at farthest. He gets up in the morning about four o'clock, takes breakfast about seven, dines at twelve on the plainest dishes, drinks tea at four,

sups betwixt seven and eight, and is in his bedchamber by nine, or before it."

Dr. King, in his curious Anecdotes of his Own Times, prefers some grave charges against Charles of ingratitude and obstinacy, of which the following appears to be the most deserving of credit:—"There is one part of his character which I must particularly insist on, since it occasioned the defection of the most powerful of his friends and adherents in England, and by some concurring accidents totally blasted all his hopes and pretensions. When he was in Scotland he had a mistress, whose name is Walkenshaw, and whose sister was at that time, and is still, housekeeper at Leicester House.* Some years after he was released from his prison, and conducted out of France, he sent for this girl, who soon acquired such a dominion over him, that she was acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, all those persons of distinction who were attached to him were greatly alarmed: they imagined that this wench had been placed in his family by the English Ministers; and, considering her sister's situation, they seemed to have some ground for their suspicion; wherefore they despatched a gentleman to Paris, where the Prince then was, who had instructions to insist that Miss Walkenshaw should be removed to a convent for a certain term. But her gallant absolutely refused to comply with this demand; and although Mr. M'Namara, the gentleman who was sent to him, and who has a natural eloquence and an excellent understanding, urged the most cogent reasons and used

* The residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, in Leicester Square.

all the arts of persuasion to induce him to part with his mistress, and even proceeded so far as to assure him, according to his instructions, that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England—and, in short, that the ruin of his interest, which was now daily increasing,—would be the infallible consequences of his refusal, yet he continued inflexible, and all Mr. M'Namara's entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. M'Namara stayed in Paris some days beyond the time prescribed him, endeavouring to reason the Prince into a better temper; but, finding him obstinately persevere in his first answer, he took his leave with concern and indignation, saying as he passed out—'What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?' It is worthy of remark, that in all the conferences which M'Namara had with the Prince on this occasion, the latter declared, that it was not a violent passion, or indeed any particular regard, which attached him to Miss Walkenshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive."

As it is certain that about this period a remonstrance was made to Charles by his friends in England in regard to his general conduct and the life he was leading, there is probably a good deal of truth in Dr. King's statement. Still, it is natural that Charles should have felt highly indignant at being dictated to by persons whom he regarded as his own subjects; and, moreover, we must receive the whole of Dr. King's violent tirade with great caution, not only as being a mere *ex-parte* statement, but because the writer is evidently, for some reason, highly

prejudiced against the unfortunate Prince, of whom he had formerly been the most zealous adherent. It must be mentioned, also, that in the written remonstrance made to Charles, there is no mention of Miss Walkenshaw. The remonstrance seems to have originated chiefly in the report of an English Jacobite abroad to the Prince's friends in Britain, in which he was represented to be leading a dissolute life, to be ungrateful and violent in his conduct, and too prone to take the advice of evil counsellors. What degree of justice there may have been in these charges, it is now difficult to ascertain; it is certain, however, that they were treated by Charles with great scorn and indignation. "Gentlemen," he writes, "I some time ago received a very surprising message, delivered in a still more surprising manner. Reason may, and I hope always shall, prevail; but my heart deceives me if threats or promises ever can. I had always determined to await events in silence or patience, and believed the advances which to your knowledge I have already made, were as great as could be reasonably expected on my part. Yet the influence of well-wishers, of whose sincerity I am satisfied, has made me put pen to paper in vindication of my character, which, I understand by them, some unworthy people have had the insolence to attack, very possibly to serve some mean purpose of their own. Conscious of my conduct, I despise their low malice; and I consider it to be below my dignity to treat them in the terms they merit."

Although the French and Spanish monarchs had refused to acknowledge the Prince's title of King of England, they were nevertheless desirous, from political motives, that the line of the Stuarts should be continued, and accordingly, in April, 1772, he was induced to marry

the Princess Louisa of Stolberg-Gædern, whose story will form the subject of a separate memoir. Charles was at this period in his fifty-second year, and the Princess more than thirty years his junior. Their union was in every respect an unhappy one; and from this period it is to be feared that the conduct and habits of Charles changed considerably for the worse, and that he sought more than ever for solace from his miserable reflections in the adventitious excitement afforded by the bottle.

From the pages of different writers, who visited Italy in the lifetime of the unfortunate Prince, we occasionally find some interesting particulars of him in his later years. Among others, a Mrs. Miller, the authoress of a work entitled "Letters from Italy," thus describes an interview which she had with him at Rome about the year 1775:—"We were seated on a sofa, when one of the gentleman in waiting announced the King. As there were many rooms to pass before this personage could appear, the lady of the house seized that opportunity to desire me upon no account to speak to or take the least notice of him, as it was not only what she insisted upon in her house, but that it was the Pope's desire that no stranger, particularly English, should hold any conversation with him. I assured her my principles were diametrically opposite to those of the Stuart family, and their party; adding more of the like sort: but I concluded with saying, that if he spoke to me, I could not, as a gentlewoman, refrain from answering him, considering him only in the light of a gentleman, and should treat him as I would do any other foreigner or native, with that general civility requisite on such occasions. She still insisted upon my not answering, should he speak to me, with which I refused to comply. I think I was right; my reasons were these:—I knew

before, that no gentleman of the British empire make themselves known to him, but, on the contrary, avoid it, except such as declare themselves disaffected to the present royal family; at least, so it is understood at Rome. I had also heard, that he politely avoided embarrassing them by throwing himself in their way; but as I am not a man, it struck me as very ridiculous for me, a woman, not to reply to the Pretender if he spoke to me, as such a caution would bear the appearance of passing myself for being of political consequence. Added to these considerations, I had great curiosity to see him, and hear him speak. But to return. He entered, and bowing very politely to the company, advanced to the individual sofa on which I was placed with the Duchess of Bracciano, and seated himself by me, having previously made me a particular bow, which I returned with a low curtsey. He endeavoured to enter into conversation with me, which he effected by addressing himself equally to the Duchess, another lady, and myself. At last he addressed me in particular, and asked me how many days since my arrival in Rome, how long I should stay, and several such questions. This conversation passed in French. What distressed me was, how to style him. I had but a moment for reflection. It struck me that *mon Prince* would not come well from me, as it might admit of a double sense in an uncandid mind. Highness was equally improper, so I hit upon what I thought a middle course, and called him *mon Seigneur*. I wished to shorten the conversation, for all on a sudden he said,—'Speak English, Madam.' Before I could reply, the Duchess of Monte Libretti came up and pulled me by the sleeve. I went with her to a card-table, at which she was going to play. I declined playing, not being perfect in the games; besides, you know

I hate cards. At my departure, I took leave of the Duchess of Bracciano, agreeably to the custom; and the Chevalier, who played at her table, officiously civil, rose up and wished me a good night.

"He is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is that of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval. He is by no means thin; has a noble presence, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with a broad gold lace. He wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo as large as the palm of my hand; and wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics, you may be sure. This evening, after quitting the Cardinal's, we were at the Princess Palestrine's conversazione, where he was also. He addressed me as politely as the evening before. The Princess desired me to sit by her. She played with him. He asked me if I understood the game of tarochi, which they were about to play at? I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied, that they were very odd indeed; he then, displaying them, said,—'Here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards; the sun, the moon, the stars; and here,' says he, showing me a card, 'is the Pope; here is the Devil; there is but one of the trio wanting,' he added, 'and you know

who that should be.' I was so amazed, so astonished, that he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none, but avoided cultivating conversation as much as possible, lest he should give it a political turn. What passed afterwards was relative to some of the English manners and amusements; such as whether whist was in fashion at London, the assemblies numerous, &c. I was heartily glad when my visit was finished."

Wraxall, also, who visited Florence in 1779, has left us some interesting particulars respecting Charles, who was then resident in that city. "In 1779," he says, "Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle. At the theatre, where he appeared almost every evening, he was conducted by his domestics, who laid him on a species of sofa in the back part of his box; while the Countess of Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance. Count Alfieri, a man singularly eccentric in his mind, habits, and manners, whose dramatic productions have since rendered him known, her *cavaliero servente*, always attended on her in public, according to the established usages of society throughout Italy. As, for obvious reasons, English subjects could not be presented to a man who still laid claim to the British crown, no opportunity of distinctly seeing the Chevalier St. George offered itself, except across the theatre; and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities, rarely coming forward to view.

"Being desirous, therefore, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person than could be acquired at such a distance, I took my station one evening at the head of a private staircase, near the door by which, when the

performance closed, he quitted the playhouse. Previous to my leaving England in 1777, his Majesty had been pleased, at the application of Lord Robert Manners, who then commanded the third regiment of dragoon-guards, to give me a lieutenant's commission, and Lord Robert had allowed me to wear his uniform, which I had on at the time. The present General Manners, now First Equerry to the King, then a cornet in his father's regiment, dressed in the same uniform, and actuated by a similar curiosity, accompanied me. As soon as the Chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English regimentals, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him, one on each side, and, taking off his hat, politely saluted us; he then passed on to his carriage, sustained by the two attendants. As he descended the staircase, I could not help, as I looked at him, recollecting the series of dangers and escapes which he underwent or effected, for successive months, among the Hebrides after his defeat at Culloden. On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the decorations of the Order of the Garter, a velvet great coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary, even in summer, on coming out of the theatre; and a cocked hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and débilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay."*

* Wraxall's Historical Memoirs, vol. i. p. 304, &c. As early as the year 1770, Howard, "the philanthropist," writes from Rome to a friend on the 16th of June,—"The Pretender I meet in the streets; he looks very stupid; bends double, and is quite altered since I saw him at Paris twenty years ago."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1816, p. 298.

It was a redeeming trait in the character of Charles, that in the wars between England and France, though it was of the utmost importance to his interests that the latter should triumph, yet he always appeared to rejoice at any victory obtained by the other. In the navy of England he took the greatest pride. When the Prince de Conti once made him a sneering speech in consequence of his having caused a medal to be struck on which was some shipping with the words AMOR ET SPES BRITANNIÆ,—"*Mon Prince*," he said, "*je suis l'ami de la flotte d'Angleterre contre tous ses ennemis; comme je regarderai toujours la gloire d'Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dans sa flotte.*"

It was another redeeming circumstance in the Prince's character, that nearly forty years after the battle of Culloden, his eye lighted up when he spoke of his Highland campaign and the chivalrous companions of his youth, and that his emotion was even painful to behold when he reverted to the dreadful miseries they had suffered in his cause. A Mr. Greathead, a personal friend of Charles Fox, used to relate the particulars of a very curious interview he had with Charles Edward about the year 1783. By degrees he had induced the Prince to speak of his expedition to Scotland, but the recollection seemed to occasion him so much mental distress, that the other deeply regretted he had introduced the subject. "At length, however," we are told, "the Prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened; his face assumed unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct, but somewhat vehement energy of manner; recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats, and his defeats; detailed his hairbreadth

escapes in the Western Isles; the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland friends; and at length proceeded to allude to the dreadful penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on; his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. 'Sir!' she exclaimed, 'what is this? you have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence.'"

The incident is an affecting one, that to the last Charles, in his sensual solitude, was in the habit of playing on the Highland bagpipe those thrilling and inspiriting airs, to the sound of which he had dashed forward with his gallant chieftains at Preston and Falkirk, or danced the gay strathspey in the old halls of Holyrood. Mr. Chambers informs us, that a beautful set of pipes which belonged to him,—"having the joints bound with silver, and the bag covered with silk tartan,"—was lately in the possession of a gentleman residing in the south of Scotland.

Music had always been a passion of Charles. Domenico Corri, the musician, observes in his Life of himself, —"With Prince Charles I lived two years, during which time he kept entirely private, not seeing any one whatever, it being in the reign of the preceding Pope, who had refused to acknowledge the title he assumed. In his retired life, Prince Charles employed his hours in exercise and music, of which he was remarkably fond. I usually remained alone with him every evening, the Prince playing the violoncello, and I the harpsichord, also com-

posing together little pieces of music; yet these *tête-à-têtes* were of a sombre cast. The apartment in which we sat was hung with old red damask, with two candles only, and on the table a pair of loaded pistols, (instruments not at all congenial to my fancy,) which he would often take up, examine, and again replace on the table; yet the manners of this Prince were always mild, affable, and pleasing."

When the separation took place between Charles and his consort, the former,—anxious to have some one, connected with him by the ties of blood, to share his comfortless solitude, and who would do the honours of his establishment,—sent to Paris for his natural daughter, Miss Walkenshaw, who, since her childhood, had been residing in a convent in that capital. In order to insure her a proper reception on her arrival in Italy, he created her Duchess of Albany, by which title he induced the Court of Versailles to receive her, and also to award her the distinction of *the droit de tabouret*, or privilege of sitting on a stool in the presence of the Queen of France. Accordingly, on her arrival at Florence, she was treated with great distinction; she was attended in public by her lady of honour, and was every where announced and received as Duchess of Albany. A person who saw her at Rome in the winter of 1786, observes,—"She was a tall, robust woman, of a very dark complexion and coarse-grained skin, with more of masculine boldness than feminine modesty or elegance; but easy and unassuming in her manners, and amply possessed of that volubility of tongue, and that spirit of coquetry, for which the women of the country where she was educated have at all times been particularly distinguished. Her equipage was that of the Pretender, with servants in the royal livery of

Great Britain, and with the royal coronet, and cipher of C. R. upon the carriage; and she usually wore in public the magnificent jewels of the Stuarts and Sobieskis, which had been given to her by her father and his brother, the Cardinal of York, whose conduct towards her was said to be full of affectionate attention. Although the Pretender was at that time in the last stage of a life embittered by disappointment, made comfortless by infirmity, and shortened by intemperance and debauchery, he still loved to show his once noble, but then enfeebled and melancholy figure at the operas and assemblies, and to see his palace frequented by strangers of every country, with which, in times of peace, Rome usually abounds in winter; and as the English were received by the Duchess with the most marked attention, there were few who had any scruples about partaking in the gaieties of a house, whose master was become an object of compassion rather than of jealousy, and whose birth and misfortunes entitled him to a sort of melancholy respect."

During the last years of his life, Charles resided principally at Florence, in a palace in the Via Bastiano. Some time, however, before his death, he returned to Rome, where he died in his sixty-eighth year, of an attack of palsy and apoplexy, on the 30th of January, 1788, the anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, Charles the First. His remains were interred with considerable pomp in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother was Bishop, but were afterwards removed to St. Peter's at Rome, where a monument by Canova, raised, it is said, by the munificence of George the Fourth, bears the names of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, AND HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND. "Often, at the present day," says Lord Mahon, "does the

English traveller turn from the sunny height of the Pincian, or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that sad mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes! The tomb before him is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple that enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who at such a moment would harshly remember the errors of either, and might not join in the prayer even of that erring church for the departed exiles—REQUIESCANT IN PACE!" An urn, containing the heart of Charles Edward, was deposited in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, with some lines inscribed on it from the pen of the Abbate Felicé.

By his Princess, Charles had no issue. He was the father, however, of more than one illegitimate child by his mistress, Miss Walkenshaw,* one of whom only, the Duchess of Albany, appears to have survived him. By a deed, executed a short time before his death, and which is recorded in the Parliament of Paris, he legitimated her, and constituted her his sole heir. The Duchess, who is described as an amiable and accomplished person, died at Bologna, in 1789, when on a visit to the Princess Lambertine, of an abscess in her side occasioned by a fall from a horse, about the fortieth year of her age.

* Clementina Walkenshaw, created Countess Alberstorf, was a lady of a good family in Scotland. She was alive as late as September 1799, in which year she is mentioned in a letter from Cardinal Borgia to Sir John Hippisley as being still in receipt of an allowance of three thousand crowns a-year, with which the personal estate of Cardinal York was burdened.

LOUISA, COUNTESS OF ALBANY.

Relationship of the Countess to the English nobility—Her manners and disposition—Unkind behaviour of her husband towards her—Alfieri's sonnet to her—Escapes to a nunnery—Takes up her residence with the Cardinal York—Wraxall's character of her—Her death.

Louisa Maximiliana Carolina, Princess of Stolberg-Gædern, was born at Mons in 1752, and at the age of twenty became the wife of Charles Edward. She was granddaughter of Thomas Bruce, second Earl of Aylesbury, by which means she was nearly connected by blood with the Duke of Chandos, the Duchess of Richmond, and some of the first families in England. Lord Aylesbury, after his release from the Tower, in 1688, where he had been confined for his allegiance to James the Second, had proceeded to Brussels, where he married Charlotte, Countess of Sannu, of the ancient house of Argenteau, by whom he had an only daughter, Charlotte Maria, who was married, in 1722, to the Prince of Horne, one of the Princes of the Empire. The issue of this marriage were five children, of whom the youngest—the subject of the present memoir—became the wife of Charles Edward.

Beautiful in her person, engaging in her manners, and lively in her disposition, Louisa of Stolberg possessed all those engaging and endearing qualities which would probably have conferred happiness on a prince whose years and tastes at all assimilated with her own. With Charles Edward, however, she had no feeling in common.

It is possible that, before marriage, her imagination may have been inflamed by the tale of his chivalrous exploits and romantic adventures, and that consequently she bestowed her hand with less reluctance on a man so many years older than herself. But the Charles Edward of 1772 had little in common with the young and adventurous hero of 1745. Old enough to be the father of his blooming bride, and with a mind soured by disappointment, and a body enfeebled by debauchery, it is natural that a young and high-spirited Princess should have witnessed with disgust the degrading habits of her sensual lord, and that she should have sighed, in their seclusion at Albano, for those pleasures and pursuits in which she was of an age and temperament to take a keen delight.

If we are to believe the statement of Dutens, nothing could be more brutal than the Prince's treatment of his young wife. Painfully jealous of her, he is said not only to have kept her constantly in his sight, but to have locked her up whenever he was unavoidably absent from home, and even to have frequently struck her in moments of his ungovernable rage. Harsh and unfeeling as the Prince's conduct unquestionably was towards his wife, the statement of Dutens must nevertheless be received with some caution. Charles, there can be no doubt, was an ardent admirer of his wife's beauty; and if the acts of violence referred to by Dutens were really committed, it was probably after she was known to have listened with favour to Alfieri's passionate protestations of love, and when the jealousy of Charles had consequently become painfully awakened.

Louisa and Alfieri are said to have first met about the year 1778, in the Great Gallery of Florence. On this occasion, while standing near a portrait of Charles the

Twelfth of Sweden, she happened to remark that she thought the costume very far from being an unbecoming one. Alfieri—the most passionate and indiscreet of poets—overheard the words, and two days afterwards, to the astonishment of the Florentines, appeared publicly in the streets in a dress exactly similar to that in which the Swedish monarch was represented in the picture. It was shortly afterwards that he celebrated the Princess in a sonnet, entitled "A Description of my Mistress," which has been thus translated:—

"Bright are the dark locks of her braided hair;
Grecian her brow; its silken eyebrows brown;
Her eyes—oh lover, to describe forbear!
Life can their glance impart, and death their frown!
Her mouth no rosebud, and no rose her cheek,
May emulate in freshness, fragrance, hue:
A voice so soft and sweet, to hear her speak
Inspires delight and pleasures ever new:
A smile to soothe all passions save despair;
A slight and graceful form; a neck of snow;
A soft white hand, and polished arm as fair;
A foot whose traces Love delights to show.
And with these outward charms which all adore,
A mind and heart more pure and perfect given;
For thee thy lover can desire no more,
Adorned by every grace and gift of Heaven."

The attentions paid by Alfieri to the Princess, and the enamoured poet's undisguised admiration of her beauty, led to fresh acts of harshness, if not of cruelty, on the part of Charles, and to his watching her movements with increased vigilance. At length, eager at all hazards to escape from the miserable mode of life she was leading,

she applied to Alfieri—her lover and her friend—to devise the means for effecting her release. The persons whom the poet selected to be his accomplices were the Signior Orlandini and his wife, who appear to have cheerfully entered into his views. On the 9th of December, 1780, at the suggestion of Alfieri, the Signora invited the Princess to inspect the works of some nuns in a neighbouring convent. The invitation was accepted; and while Charles, whose progress was retarded by his bodily infirmities, ascended at his leisure the flight of steps which led to the door of the building, Orlandini escorted the Princess and his wife to the entrance, where, as had previously been arranged with the nuns, they were immediately admitted. Orlandini then returned to meet the Prince, whom he found panting up the stairs. "These nuns," said the former, "are very unmannerly—they shut the door in my face, and would not let me enter with the ladies." To this Charles replied unconcernedly, that he would soon make them open it. However, he soon found himself mistaken. After knocking at the door for some time, the Abbess at length made her appearance, and coldly informed him that the Princess had taken refuge there, and could not be disturbed. On receiving this intimation, Charles is said to have flown into a violent paroxysm of rage; but at length, finding all his clamours and entreaties of no avail, he was induced to withdraw himself, and never saw his wife again.

After a short residence in the convent, the Princess sought and found an asylum in the house of her brother-in-law, Cardinal York, at Rome, where she resided for some time under the protection of the Pope. Alfieri, notwithstanding the frequent remonstrances of Charles, was allowed by the Cardinal to have free access to her, for

which the latter was much blamed at the time. As it is impossible, however, to believe that so virtuous and right-minded a prelate could have consented to become an accessory to his brother's shame, we must come to the conclusion, either, as has been confidently asserted, that there was nothing of criminality in the intercourse between Louisa and Alfieri, or else that the lovers had succeeded in duping the Cardinal into that belief.

Wraxall has bequeathed us the following interesting notice of the Princess, with whom he was personally acquainted:—"Louisa of Stolberg," he says, "merited a more agreeable partner, and might herself have graced a throne. When I saw her at Florence, though she had been long married, she was not quite twenty-seven years of age. Her person was formed on a small scale: she had a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively as well as attractive manners. Born Princess of Stolberg-Gœdern, she excited great admiration on her first arrival from Germany; but in 1779, no hope of issue by the Chevalier could be any longer entertained; and their mutual infelicity had attained to such a height, that she made various ineffectual attempts to obtain a separation. The French Court may indeed be censured, in the eye of policy, for not having earlier negotiated and concluded the Pretender's marriage, if it was desired to perpetuate the Stuart line of claimants to the English Crown. When Charles Edward espoused the Princess of Stolberg, he had passed his fiftieth year, was broken in constitution, and debilitated by excesses of many kinds. Previous to his decease she quitted Italy, and finally established herself at Paris. In the year 1787, I have passed the evening at her residence, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, situate in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where she supported an elegant

establishment. Her person then still retained many pretensions to beauty; and her deportment, unassuming but dignified, set off her attractions. In one of the apartments stood a canopy, with a chair of state, on which were displayed the royal arms of Great Britain; and every piece of plate, down to the very teaspoons, were ornamented in a similar manner. Some of the more massive pieces, which were said to have belonged to Mary of Modena, James the Second's queen, seemed to revive the extinct recollections of the Revolution of 1688. A numerous company, both English and French, was assembled under her roof, by all of whom she was addressed only as Countess d'Albany; but her own domestics, when serving her, invariably gave her the title of Majesty. The honours of a queen were in like manner paid her by the nuns of all those convents in Paris which she was accustomed to visit on certain holidays or festivals.

After the death of her husband, in 1788, there is every reason to believe that the Princess was secretly married to Alfieri, with whom she lived till the death of the poet in 1803. Her residence was chiefly in Paris, till the breaking up of the French Revolution, when she repaired to England, where she not only found protection, but had a pension of two thousand a year conferred on her by George the Third. Some years after the death of Alfieri, Louisa is said to have formed a secret marriage with his friend, Francis Xavier Faber, a French historical painter, whom she constituted her sole executor: some doubt, however, has been thrown on the fact.

The Princess passed the last years of her life at Florence, where she died on the 29th of January, 1824, at the age of seventy-two.

HENRY STUART, CARDINAL YORK.

Gray's early character of him—Receives the Cardinal's hat at the age of twenty-three—His conduct at the breaking out of the French revolution—His villa plundered by the French troops—George the Third's kindness to the Cardinal—Correspondence between the English Minister and the Cardinal—His character and death—Bequeaths the crown jewels to the Prince of Wales.

THE life of a churchman, and more particularly of one who gave the preference to virtue and seclusion over the intrigues of courts and the bustle of politics, is likely to present but few incidents of importance or interest; nor does the subject of the present memoir form a very remarkable exception to the general rule.

Henry Benedict Maria Clement—the last of the Stuarts, and one of the most amiable of that unhappy race,—was the second and youngest son of James Frederick Edward Stuart, commonly called "the old Pretender," and was born at Rome on the 26th of March, 1725. The little that is known of his early history, affords sufficient proof that his adoption of the ecclesiastic robe was neither attributable to pusillanimity of character, nor to his being disqualified to struggle with the ills or to discharge with credit the active duties of public life. Gray, the poet, in a letter from Florence, dated July 16th, 1740, speaks of the future cardinal, then in his sixteenth year, as dancing incessantly all night long at a ball given by Count Patrizzii, and as having "more spirit" than his elder brother. In 1745, we find him hastening to Dunkirk for the pur-

pose of joining the troops which were assembling in that town, to support his brother's operations in Scotland; and moreover, when Charles was a fugitive in the Western Islands, on more than one occasion, he is said to have spoken enthusiastically of the high spirit and activity of his younger brother, adding that he considered him "in all respects as one preferable to himself." Charles, indeed, appears to have been most sincerely and affectionately attached to his younger brother. To their father, the old Chevalier, he writes on the 19th of December, 1746,—"I shall always love him, and be united with him. Whatever he does to me, I will always tell him face to face what I think for his good, let him take it well or ill. *I know him to be a little lively*, not much loving to be contradicted; but I also know, and am sensible of his love and tenderness for me in particular, beyond expression, and of his good heart in general."

In 1747, when only in his twenty-third year, Henry, or as he was usually styled, the Duke of York, received a Cardinal's hat from Benedict the Fourteenth, and was subsequently appointed Bishop of Frescati, and Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter. Cheerful, temperate, and humane, "he sought consolation," we are told, "for the misfortunes of his predecessors in a scrupulous observance of the duties of his religion; apparently secured, in his retirement, from the storms and vicissitudes but too often dependent upon political life." On the death of his brother Charles, in 1788, the only step which he took to assert his right to the British throne, was to cause a paper to be drawn up, in which his rightful claims were insisted upon; while at the same time he ordered a medal to be struck, with the inscription HENRICUS NONUS, ANGLIÆ REX, on one side, and the words DEI GRATIA SED NON VOLUNTATE HOMINUM, on the other.

The virtues and unambitious character of Cardinal York seemed to promise him an existence happily exempt from the cares and sorrows which affect the majority of the human race. The curse, however, which had hung over his devoted family for so many centuries, was destined to persecute the last of that ill-fated line, and, moreover, at a period of life when age and its attendant infirmities rendered it a hard task to struggle with misfortune and almost positive want. The first blow which he received was on the breaking out of the French Revolution, when he lost his two rich livings in France, the Abbeys of Auchin and St. Amand, and also a large pension which he had hitherto enjoyed from the court of Spain. Nevertheless, in 1796,—in order to aid Pope Pius the Sixth to make up the sum of money demanded of him by Napoleon,—we find him disposing of his family jewels, among which was a ruby valued at 50,000*l.*, and esteemed the largest and most perfect in Europe. Though his comforts and resources were thus diminished, he contrived still to reside at his favourite villa near Rome till 1798, when the French revolutionary troops attacked his palace, plundered his valuable collection of manuscripts and antiquities, and compelled him to fly for his life.

Infirm, and almost destitute, the last male descendant of a long line of kings, flew in the first instance to Padua, and subsequently to Venice. For a short time he supported himself and his household by the sale of a small quantity of silver plate, which he had saved from the wreck of his property; but this fund was soon exhausted, and his condition at length became pitiable in the extreme. On the 14th of September, 1792, Cardinal Borgia writes from Padua to Sir John Coxe Hippisley,—"Among the other Cardinals who have taken refuge in Padua, is also the Cardinal Duke, and it is greatly afflicting to me to see

so great a personage, the last descendant of his Royal House, reduced to such distressed circumstances, having been barbarously stripped by the French of all his property. If they deprived him not of life also, it was through the mercy of the Almighty, who protected him in his flight, both by sea and land; the miseries of which, nevertheless, greatly injured his health at the advanced age of seventy-five, and produced a very grievous sore in one of his legs. Those who are well informed of this most worthy Cardinal's domestic affairs, have assured me that, since his flight,—having left behind him his rich and magnificent movables, which were all sacked and plundered, both at Rome and Frescati,—he has been supported by the silver plate he had taken with him, and which he began to dispose of at Messina; and I understand that in order to supply his wants a few months in Venice, he has sold all that remained. This picture," adds the Cardinal, "which I present to your friendship, may well excite the compassion of every one who will reflect on the high birth, the elevated dignity, and the advanced age of the personage whose situation I now sketch, in the plain language of truth, without resorting to the aid of eloquence."

On his return to England, Sir John Hippisley lost no time in laying before the Ministry of the day a statement of the miserable condition to which the last of an illustrious line was reduced. His generous efforts met with the desired effect, for no sooner was George the Third made acquainted with the merits of the case, than he immediately ordered the Earl of Minto, then ambassador at Vienna, to make the Cardinal, in as delicate a manner as possible, an offer of a pension of 4000*l.* a year. Accordingly, on the 9th of February, 1800, we find Lord

Minto writing to the aged prelate :—"I have received the orders of his Majesty, the King of Great Britain, to remit to your Eminence the sum of 2000*l.*, and to assure your Eminence that, in accepting this mark of the interest and esteem of his majesty, you will give him sensible pleasure. I am at the same time ordered to acquaint your Eminence with his Majesty's intention to transmit a similar sum in the month of July, if the circumstances remain such that your Eminence continues disposed to accept it. In executing the orders of the King, my master," adds Lord Minto, "your Eminence will do me the justice to believe that I am deeply sensible of the honour of being the organ of the noble and touching sentiments with which his Majesty has condescended to charge me, and which have been inspired into him on the one hand by his own virtues, and on the other by the eminent qualities of the august person in whom he wishes to repair, as far as possible, the disasters into which the universal scourge of our times has dragged, in a special manner, all who are most worthy of veneration and respect."

The kindness of George the Third was gratefully acknowledged by the venerable Cardinal. To Sir John Hippisley also he immediately addressed a letter from "the bosom of the conclave," thanking him most fervently for the share which he had in relieving him from his pressing necessities. The following correspondence, which passed on the occasion, may possibly prove of some interest to the reader.

CARDINAL YORK TO SIR JOHN COXE HIPPISLEY.

(WRITTEN IN THE CONCLAVE.)

Venice, 26th February, 1800.

Your letters fully convince me of the cordial interest you take in all that regards my person, and I am happy to acknowledge that principally I owe to your friendly efforts, and to those of your friends, the succour generously granted to relieve the extreme necessities into which I have been driven by the present dismal circumstances. I cannot sufficiently express how sensible I am to your good heart, and write these few lines, in the first place to contest to you these my most sincere and grateful sentiments, and then to inform you that, by means of Mr. Oakley, an English gentleman who arrived here last week, I have received a letter from Lord Minto from Vienna, advising me that he had orders from his Court to remit to me at present the sum of 2000*l.*, and that in the month of July next I may again draw, if I desire it, for another equal sum. The letter is written in so extremely genteel and obliging a manner, and with expressions of singular regard and consideration for me, that, I assure you, excited in me most particular and lively sentiments, not only of satisfaction for the delicacy with which the affair has been managed, but also of gratitude for the generosity which has provided for my necessity. I have answered Lord Minto's letter, and gave it on Saturday last to Mr. Oakley, who was to send it by that evening's post to Vienna, and have written in a manner that I hope will be to his Lordship's satisfaction.

I own to you that the succour granted to me could not be more timely, for without it, it would have been impos-

sible for me to subsist, on account of the absolutely irreparable loss of all my income: the very funds being also destroyed, so that I would otherwise have been reduced for the short remainder of my life to languish in misery and indigence. I would not lose a moment's time to apprise you of all this, and am very certain that your experimented good heart will find proper means to make known, in an energetical and proper manner, these sentiments of my grateful acknowledgments. The signal obligations I am under to Mr. Andrew Stuart, for all that he has, with so much cordiality, on this occasion, done to assist me, renders it for me indispensable to desire that you may return him my most sincere thanks; assuring him that his health and welfare interest me extremely, and that I have with great pleasure received from General Heton the genealogical history of our family, which he was so kind as to send me, and hope that he will from that General have already received my thanks for so valuable a proof of his attention for me. In the last place, if you think proper, and an occasion should offer itself, I beg you to make known to the other gentlemen, who also have co-operated, my most grateful acknowledgments, with which, my dear Sir John, with all my heart I embrace you.

Your best of friends,

HENRY CARDINAL.

To Sir J. C. Hippisley, Bart., London.

SIR JOHN COXE HIPPISLEY TO CARDINAL YORK.*

Grosvenor Street, London, 31st March [1800].

SIR,

I trust your Eminence will do me the justice to believe that I was not insensible to the honour of receiving so flattering a proof of your gracious consideration as that which I am favoured with, dated the 26th of last month, from the bosom of the conclave.

The merciless scourge of the present age, as my friend Lord Minto has so justly observed, has singled out, as the first objects of its vengeance, every thing that is most worthy and best entitled to our veneration and respect. The infidels in religion, but zealots in anarchy, whose malignity pursued the sacred remains of Pius the Great even beyond the grave, assuredly would not exempt from their remorseless persecution the venerable person of the Cardinal of York.

Severe as have been your Eminence's sufferings, they will, nevertheless, find some alleviation in the general sympathy of the British nation. With all distinctions of parties, with all differences of communion, among all conditions of men, but one voice is heard: all breathe one applauding sentiment—all bless the gracious act of the Sovereign, in favour of his illustrious, but unfortunate relation.

Your Eminence greatly overvalues the humble part

* This letter, I believe, has not hitherto appeared in print. The author transcribed it from a MS. inserted in the copy of the Borgia and York Letters, which was presented by Sir John Hippisley to the late Duke of Gloucester.

which has fallen to my lot, in common with my worthy friend Mr. Stuart. The cause of suffering humanity never wants supporters in the country with which I know, sir, you feel a generous pride in being connected. The sacred ministers of religion, exiled and driven from their altars, find refuge and security in Britain. The unfortunate Princes of the House of Bourbon, too, found an asylum under the hospitable roof of the royal ancestors of the Cardinal of York; and when every dignified virtue that can stamp worth on human nature, is outraged in the venerable person of the Cardinal of York himself,—

"—— against such cruelties,
With inward consolation recompensed,—"

here also an inviolable sanctuary is unfolded in the kindred bosom of our benevolent Sovereign!

It is incumbent on me to attest, that in the frequent communications Mr. Stuart and myself have had with the King's Ministers on this subject, they have uniformly expressed their persuasion, that his Majesty will think himself happy in repeating the same gracious attention to his royal relation, and in the same proportion, as long as his unfortunate circumstances have a claim to them. I can also, with equal confidence assure your Eminence, that your reply to my Lord Minto has given as much satisfaction to the King's Ministers, as it doubtless has excited in the benevolent mind of his Majesty himself.

Mr. Stuart unites with me in every heartfelt wish for your Eminence's health and happiness, equally flattered with myself, by your Eminence's condescension and gracious acceptance of our humble attentions. With the most perfect consideration and profound respect, I have the honour to be, &c.

J. C. Hippisley.

CARDINAL YORK TO SIR JOHN COXE HIPPISLEY.

Venice, 7th May, 1800.

DEAR SIR JOHN,

I have not words to explain the deep impression your very obliging favour of March the 31st made upon me. Your and Mr. Andrew Stuart's most friendly and warm exertions in my behalf; the humane and benevolent conduct of your ministers; your gracious sovereign's noble and spontaneous generosity,—the continuance of which, you certify me, depends on my need of it,—were all ideas which crowded together on my mind, and filled me with most lively sensations of tenderness and heartfelt gratitude. What return can I make to so many, and so signal proofs of disinterested benevolence? Dear Sir John! I confess I am at a loss how to express my feelings. I am sure, however, and very happy that your good heart will make you fully conceive the sentiments of mine, and induce you to make known in an adequate and convenient manner, to all such as you shall think proper for me, my most sincere acknowledgments.

With pleasure I have presented your compliments to the Cardinals and other persons you mention, who all return you their sincere thanks. The Canon in particular, now Monsignore, being also a domestic prelate of his Holiness, begs you will be persuaded of his constant respect and attachment to you.

My wishes would be completely satisfied, should I have the pleasure as I most earnestly desire, to see you again at Frescati, and be able to assure you by word of mouth of my most sincere esteem and affectionate indelible gratitude. Your best of friends,

HENRY CARDINAL.

Sir John C. Hippisley, Grosvenor Street, London.

Cardinal York bears the character of an amiable and virtuous Prince, sincere in his piety, of gentle manners, and possessed of tolerable abilities. His purse was always open to the poor, and in him a British subject in distress was sure to find a compassionate benefactor. His taste for literature and the fine arts is evinced by the valuable library which he collected, and by his fine collection of antiquities and manuscripts, all of which were either plundered in 1798 by the French and Italian revolutionists at Rome, or confiscated by French commissaries and subsequently scattered over the museums and libraries of Paris.

This venerable and excellent prelate died at Rome in June, 1807, at the age of eighty-two. To George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales, he bequeathed the crown jewels, which, one hundred and twenty years before, his grandfather, James the Second, had carried off with him in his flight from England in 1688. Among these valuable relics, the most interesting was the "George," which had been worn by the Cardinal's great-grandfather, the unfortunate Charles the First.

Lord Balmerino

ARTHUR ELPHINSTONE, LORD BALMERINO.

His early attachment to the Stuarts—Enters the French service after the Insurrection of 1715—Joins the Pretender in 1745—His arrest and committal to the Tower—The trial-scene, as described by Walpole—His fortitude and cheerfulness after the sentence—His execution.

THIS gallant and ill-fated nobleman was born in 1688. In his youth he had served with distinction in the armies of Queen Anne, but on the breaking out of the insurrection of 1715, he immediately disclaimed his allegiance to that princess, and flew to array himself beneath the standard of his proscribed, but legitimate, Sovereign. The circumstances under which he deserted to the Stuarts were rather remarkable. Previous to the battle of Dumblain, his loyalty had been much suspected; but his colonel, the Duke of Argyll, lulled the suspicions of the Government, by declaring that he would be answerable for his good conduct. He behaved with gallantry during the action, but no sooner had victory decided in favour of the royalists, than he galloped off with his troop to the opposite party, declaring that he had never feared death before that day, when he had been induced to fight against his conscience.

Having seen the last blow struck in the cause of the Stuarts, Lord Balmerino, then Captain Elphinstone, was fortunate enough to effect his escape to the Continent,

where he entered the French service, and remained an exile till 1734, when his father, without his knowledge or consent, succeeded in obtaining a pardon for him from the Government. Naturally eager, on the one hand, to return to his country and his friends, from whom he had been banished for so many years, he was yet unwilling to accept the boon without the express permission of his legitimate Prince; and, accordingly, he wrote to the old Chevalier at Rome, requesting to be directed by him on the occasion. The Chevalier immediately sent him back an answer in his own handwriting, not only sanctioning his return to Scotland, but adding, with an amiable consideration, that he had given orders to his banker at Paris to defray the expenses of his journey.

From the period of the suppression of the insurrection of 1715, till the landing of Charles Edward in the Highlands, we know little of the private history of Lord Balmerino. Like the generality of the Scottish landholders of the last century, he seems to have contented himself with the amusements and enjoyments obtained by a residence among his own people and on his own estate, and to have been distinguished, even above his neighbours, for his hospitality and convivial habits.

Although thirty years had elapsed since he had last drawn his sword in the cause of the Stuarts, the standard of the young Chevalier was no sooner unfurled in the wild valley of Glenfinnan, than the veteran peer flew, with the fiery enthusiasm which had distinguished him in his youth, to aid in a cause which he believed to be the holiest and noblest which could animate the human mind. "I might easily," he says, in his dying speech on the scaffold, "have excused myself from taking arms, on account of my age; but I never could have had peace of conscience,

if I had stayed at home when that brave Prince was exposing himself to all manner of dangers and fatigues both day and night."

The military experience and personal gallantry of Lord Balmerino contributed in a great degree to the early successes obtained by the insurgent army; while he was no less distingnished by the forbearance and humanity which he invariably displayed towards the royalist prisoners who fell into his hands. "All this," he says, in his dying speech, "gives me great pleasure, now that I am looking on the block on which I am ready to lay down my head." Having witnessed the last efforts of the gallant Highlanders on the fatal field of Culloden, Lord Balmerino, with many of his brave companions in arms, sought safety in concealment and flight. He was one of the first persons, of any rank or importance, who fell into the hands of the Government; and having been brought by the Grants to Inverness on the 21st of April, 1746, he was shortly afterwards sent by sea to London, in the same vessel with his friends the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock.

Immediately on their arrival in London, these unfortunate noblemen were committed to the Tower; and bills of indictment having been found by the grand jury of Surrey, they were brought to trial before their peers in Westminster Hall on the 28th of July, 1746. The scene was a most impressive and magnificent one. About eight o'clock in the morning the prisoners were conducted from the Tower to Westminster in three coaches, attended by a strong guard of foot soldiers. In the first coach was the Earl of Kilmarnock, with General Williamson, the Deputy-Governor of the Tower, and a captain of the guard; in the next was the Earl of Cromartie, attended

by a Captain Marshall; and in the third came Lord Balmerino, accompanied by Mr. Fowler, gentleman-jailer, with the fatal axe, covered, before him. As soon as the Peers had assembled in Westminister Hall, proclamation was made for the appearance of the prisoners. They were then brought to the bar, preceded by the gentleman-jailer, who carried the axe with the blunt part turned towards them. The usual compliments passed between the prisoners and the peers, and the indictments were then read with all the customary formalities.

The trial scene of the insurgent Lords is graphically described by Horace Walpole in one of the most interesting of his charming letters. To Sir Horace Mann he writes, on the 1st of August, 1746; "I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! You will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel Lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine: a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes, and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three parts of Westminster Hall were enclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own House to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men, who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches *frequent and full!* The Chancellor*

* Lord Hardwicke.

was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage, with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the Minister that is no peer,* and consequently applying to the other Ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready at the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up the humane dignity of the law of England—whose character is to point out favour to the criminal—he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian,† in weepers for his son, who feel at Culloden; but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me!—their behaviour melted me!"

"For Lord Balmerino," adds Walpole, "he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife—his pretty Peggy—with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him better by her intercession without: she is very handsome; so are her daughters. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go. Old Balmerino

* Henry Pelham.

† William Kerr, third Marquis of Lothian, whose second son, Lord Robert Kerr, had been killed at the battle of Culloden.

cried, 'Come, come, put it with me.' At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself.

"When the trial began, the two Earls pleaded guilty; Balmerino not guilty, saying he could prove his not being at the taking of the Castle of Carlisle, as was laid in the indictment. Then the King's counsel opened; and Serjeant Skinner pronounced the most absurd speech imaginable, and mentioned the Duke of Perth, 'who,' said he, 'I see by the papers is dead.' Then some witnesses were examined, whom afterwards the old hero shook cordially by the hand. The Lords withderw to their House, and returning, demanded of the judges, whether, one point not being proved, though all the rest were, the indictment was false? to which they unanimously answered in the negative. Then the Lord High Steward asked the Peers severally, whether Lord Balmerino was guilty? All said, 'Guilty upon honour,' and then adjourned, the prisoner having begged pardon for giving them so much trouble.* While the Lords were withdrawn, the Solicitor-general Murray (brother of the Pretender's minister) officiously and insolently went up to Lord Balmerino, and asked him how he could give the Lords so much trouble, when his solici-

* According to ancient custom, the Lord Steward put the question to each Peer, commencing with the youngest Baron,—"My Lord of ——, is Arthur Lord Balmerino guilty of High Treason?" The nobleman, thus addressed, then laid his hand upon his left breast, answering, "Guilty, upon my honour, my Lord."

LORD BALMERINO.

tor had informed him that his plea could be of no use to him? Balmerino asked the bystanders who this person was? and being told, he said, 'Oh, Mr. Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth.' Are you not charmed with this speech? How just it was! As he went away, he said, 'They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve.'*

"When the Peers were going to vote," proceeds Walpole, "Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino; and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor very affectedly said, 'I am sorry I must say, *guilty upon my honour.*' Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry: what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted, too, with old Norsa, an old Jew, that kept a tavern. My brother, as auditor of the Exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, 'I really feel for the prisoners.' Old Issachar replied, 'Feel for them! Pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of *all us?*' When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, 'I always knew *my* Lord was *guilty*, but I never thought he

* Walpole places this speech in the mouth of Lord Balmerino, but it seems far more likely that it was uttered by Lord Kilmarnock. See *post*, in the memoir of that nobleman, where he is mentioned as giving vent to a similar sentiment, in conversation with the Duke of Argyll.

would own it *upon his honour!*" Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading *not guilty* was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show."

Having been found guilty by the unanimous verdict of their Peers, the prisoners were recalled to the bar; and having been informed by the Lord Steward, that on the day following the next, sentence would be passed upon them, they were re-conducted to the Tower, with the edge of the axe turned towards them. Accordingly, on the 30th of July, they were again brought to the bar of Westminster Hall to receive judgment; but in consequence of a technical objection raised by Lord Balmerino, the court was once more adjourned to the 1st of August, in order to enable him to obtain the assistance of counsel. On that day, the Peers again assembled in Westminster Hall, when the prisoners were called upon, with the usual formalities, to state if they had any objection to raise why sentence of death should not be passed upon them. They all answered in the negative; Lord Balmerino adding, that his counsel had satisfied him that there was nothing in the objection which he had raised which could do him service, and that he therefore regretted that he had occasioned so much trouble to their Lordships. The Lord Steward then addressed the prisoners in a pathetic speech, and concluded by pronouncing sentence in the following words:—"The judgment of the law is, and this High Court doth award, that you, William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromartie, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every one of you, return to the prison of the Tower from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken

out, and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies must be divided, each into four quarters, and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls!" Sentence having been passed, the prisoners were removed from the bar, when the Lord High Steward, standing up uncovered, broke his staff, and declared the Commission to be dissolved.

Throughout his trial, and indeed up to the moment when the fatal axe subsequently fell upon him, Lord Balmerino displayed the greatest fortitude and cheerfulness; apparently despising death itself as much as he despised those who inflicted it. "The first day," writes Gray, the poet, "while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, Lord Balmerino diverted himself with the axe that stood by him, played with the tassels, and tried the edge with his finger." On his return to the Tower, after sentence had been passed on him, he stopped the coach, we are told, at Charing Cross, to buy *heney-blobs*, as the Scotch call gooseberries; and again, Horace Walpole writes to George Montagu a few days afterwards;—"Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits in the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster, he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not wince, lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till ———, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach, he said to the jailer,—'Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe.'"

On the 16th of August, Walpole writes to the same correspondent:—"I have been this morning at the Tower,

and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting out spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look. Old Lovat arrived last night. I saw Murray, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Traquair, Lord Cromartie and his son, and the Lord Provost, at their respective windows. The other two wretched Lords are in dismal towers, and they have stopped up one of old Balmerino's windows because he talked to the populace; and now he has only one, which looks directly upon all the scaffolding. They brought in the death-warrant at his dinner. His wife fainted. He said,—'Lieutenant, with your d——d warrant you have spoiled my lady's stomach.' He has written a sensible letter to the Duke to beg his intercession, and the Duke has given it to the King."

On learning that Lord Lovat had fallen into the hands of the Government, Lord Balmerino expressed a generous concern that they had not been captured at the same time,—"For then," he said, "we might have been sacrificed, and those other two brave men might have escaped." However, when he subsequently learned that Lords Kilmarnock and Cromartie had petitioned for mercy, he observed, with a sneer, that "as they had such great interest at court, they might as well have squeezed his name in with their own." About a week after he had received sentence of death, he received a visit from a gentleman, who made many apologies for intruding upon the few hours which his Lordship had to live. "Oh! Sir," he said, "it is no intrusion at all. I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted; for I think no man fit to live who is not fit to die; nor am I in any way concerned at what I have done."

The 18th of August being appointed for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, about six o'clock in the morning of that day, a troop of the life-guards, another of the horse grenadier guards, and about a thousand foot-guards, marched from the parade, opposite the Horse-Guards in St. James's Park, through the city to Tower Hill. On arriving there, a large body were posted round the scaffold, while the remainder were drawn up in two lines, extending from the lower gate of the Tower to the scaffold, leaving a sufficient space between them for the procession to pass through.

About eight o'clock, the Sheriffs of London, accompanied by their Under Sheriffs and their officers,—the latter consisting of six sergeants-at-mace, six yeomen, and the executioner,—assembled at the Mitre Tavern, in Fenchurch Street, where they breakfasted; and from thence proceeded to the house which they had hired for the reception of the prisoners on Tower Hill, near Catherine Court, opposite to which, at the distance of about thirty yards, the scaffold had been erected. At ten o'clock the block, which was covered with black cloth, was fixed on the scaffold; and, at the same time, the latter was strewed thickly with sawdust for the purpose of soaking the gore. The coffins of the respective Lords were then brought on the fatal stage. They were covered with black cloth; that of Lord Kilmarnock having a plate on it surmounted with an Earl's coronet, with the words underneath,—"*Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus* 18° *Augusti*, 1746, *Ætat. suæ* 42." The plate on the coffin of Lord Balmerino, bore the coronet of a baron, with the inscription,—"*Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus* 18° *Augusti*, 1746, *Ætat. suæ* 58." The coffins of both were ornamented with gilt nails, and also with six

handles, over each of which was affixed the coronet appertaining to their respective ranks.

At a quarter after ten, the Sheriffs proceeded in procession to the outward gate of the Tower, and, according to ancient usage, knocked at the gate. The warder then asked from within,—"Who's there?" "The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex," was the reply. The warder again inquired,—"What do you want?" when the officer answered,—"The bodies of William Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur Lord Balmerino;" on this the warder said,—"I will go and inform the Lieutenant of the Tower." Ten minutes then elapsed before the arrival of the prisoners, who made their appearance on foot, guarded by several of the warders; Lord Kilmarnock being attended by the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Lord Balmerino by Major White. Before quitting the Tower, the ancient ceremony was performed, of the Sheriff's delivering to the Lieutenant the proper receipts for the bodies of the prisoners.

The same flight of stairs in the Tower led to the apartments of both of these unfortunate noblemen, and in descending them, in order to proceed to the place of their execution, they encountered each other. On reaching the foot of the first flight of stairs, Lord Balmerino affectionately embraced his unfortunate friend. "My Lord," he said, "I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." Lord Balmerino was dressed in a blue coat turned up with red, the regimentals in which he had so often fought for the gallant cause in which he was about to die. Previous to quitting the Tower, he called for a bumper of wine, and drank his last toast to the health of King James.

During the ceremony of delivering over the prisoners to the Sheriffs, the Deputy Lieutenant cried, according to

ancient custom,—"God bless King George!" to which Lord Kilmarnock assented by a bow, but Lord Balmerino, true to his principles to the last, responded,—"God bless King James!" The procession then moved forward with great solemnity; one of the Sheriffs walking with Lord Kilmarnock, and the other with Lord Balmerino; their two hearses and a mourning-coach bringing up the rear. Lord Kilmarnock was attended by two Presbyterian clergymen, and Lord Balmerino by the chaplain of the Tower, and another minister of the Established Church. As the stout old peer moved along, he heard a person in the crowd inquire with anxious curiosity,—"Which is Lord Balmerino?" With good-natured politeness, he turned half round, and said, "I am Balmerino."—"As he walked from his prison to execution," says Horace Walpole, "seeing every window and top of house filled with spectators, he cried out,—'Look, look, how they are all piled up like rotten oranges!'"

The scene which presented itself to the insurgent lords, on their approaching the fatal stage, was such as to strike awe into any heart but that of the undaunted Balmerino. A large area was formed by the soldiers round the scaffold, which was covered with black, as were also the rails of the passage which led from it to the house which had been prepared for the reception of the insurgent lords, and the rooms in which they were allowed to offer up their last devotions, and to take leave of their friends.

Previous to retiring to the several apartments which had been provided for their reception, the two unfortunate noblemen took leave of each other: Lord Balmerino adding affectionately at parting,—"My Lord, I wish I could suffer for both." Lord Kilmarnock was the first who suffered. The block was then new-covered for the

second slaughter; the scaffold was strewed with fresh saw-dust; the executioner changed his bloody clothes, and a new axe was provided. These arrangements having been made, the Under Sheriff proceeded to the apartment of Lord Balmerino. The nature of the errand on which he came being sufficiently evident to Lord Balmerino, he anticipated him by observing, that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more, and inquired how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed that it had been expeditiously done, he expressed his satisfaction, and then turning to his friends,—"Gentlemen," he said, "I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life." Before parting from them, he partook twice of some wine, with a little bread, desiring the bystanders to drink him a safe passport to heaven. He then took leave of them, with a cheerfulness so touching from its unaffectedness, that it is said to have drawn tears from every eye but his own.

"Balmerino," says Walpole, "certainly died with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one, too." This idea, or rather the possibility, that he might be accused of displaying an unseemly and affected boldness in his last moments, seems to have occurred to the veteran hero himself. "As he departed to the scaffold," says Ford, who was the chronicler of his last moments, "he once more turned to his friends and took his last farewell, and looking on the crowd, said,—'Perhaps some may think my behaviour too bold: but remember, sir,' said he to a gentleman who stood near him, 'that I now declare it is the effect of confidence in God, and a good conscience, and I should dissemble if I showed any signs of fear.'"

The appearance of Lord Balmerino on the scaffold, which he is said to have trodden with the air of a general,

—his intrepid bearing,—his very uniform, the blue turned up with red, the same which he had worn on the fatal field of Culloden,—excited the breathless attention and admiration of the populace. On mounting the scaffold, he walked round it several times, occasionally bowing to the people; and twice over read the inscription on his coffin, declaring it to be correct. He then examined the block, which he called his "pillow of rest," and lying down for a moment to try it,—"If I had a thousand lives," he said, "I would lay them all down here in the same cause." On rising up, he expressed great indignation at the manner in which he had been treated by General Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, adding, that if he had not taken the sacrament the day before, he would have knocked him down for his ill-usage of him.

He then put on his spectacles, and taking a paper from his pocket, read the contents of it with an audible voice to the few persons who were within hearing. In this document, he spoke of William the Third as a "vile, unnatural usurper;" he expressed deep regret at his having been induced to serve in his youth in the armies of Queen Anne; he spoke with enthusiasm of Prince Charles, as "so sweet a Prince, that flesh and blood could not help following him;" and then solemnly denied the infamous report spread by the partisans of the Government, that, previous to the battle of Culloden, Charles had issued an order that no quarter should be given to the enemy; adding, that it was his firm conviction, that it was a mere malicious report industriously spread to excuse those frightful murders which were afterwards perpetrated in cold blood. Finally, he expressed his forgiveness of all his enemies, and concluded by a short prayer, in which he solemnly invoked the blessings of Heaven on all the

members of the exiled family, and commended to the fatherly goodness of the Supreme Being, all the faithful adherents of the cause for which he was about to lay down his life upon the block.

He then called for the executioner, who requested his forgiveness. "Friend," he said, "you have no need to ask for forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." He then took the axe and felt it, inquiring of the executioner how many blows he had given Lord Kilmarnock, and gave him three guineas. "Friend," he said, "I never was rich; this is all the money I now have: I wish it was more; and I am sorry I can add nothing to it but my coat and waistcoat." These he took off, together with his neckcloth, and laid them on his coffin for the executioner. He then put on a flannel waistcoat, and taking a tartan cap from his pocket, put it on his head, exclaiming playfully, that he "died a Scotchman."

Before laying his head on the block, he went to the side of the scaffold, and, calling for the warder, gave him some money, and inquired which was his hearse. Being pointed out to him, he desired that it might draw nearer. He then tucked down the collar of his shirt and flannel waistcoat, and good-humouredly exhorting the executioner to perform his work expeditiously, told him that when he dropped his arms he was to consider it as the signal for him to strike the blow. Immediately he knelt down, without discovering the least symptom of fear, and having fitted his neck to the block, exclaimed,—"God preserve my friends, forgive my enemies, *restore the King*, and have mercy upon my soul." He then, it is said, gave the sign by throwing up his arm, "as if he were giving the signal for battle."

The intrepidity displayed by this unfortunate nobleman,

as well as the suddenness with which he gave the signal,—contrasting strongly with the natural hesitation which had been betrayed by Lord Kilmarnock,—seems to have completely taken the executioner by surprise. The blow which he struck fell with great force between the shoulders, depriving his victim, it is to be hoped, of sensation; though, according to contemporary accounts, the contrary was the case, for he is said to have made an effort to turn his head towards the executioner; the under jaw falling and returning very quickly, as if the sufferer were convulsed with mingled sensations of anger and pain. The second blow fell directly on the neck, causing the body to fall away from the block; and the third completed the sanguinary work. The head was received in a piece of red baize, which, together with the body, was deposited in the coffin prepared to receive them. According to Lord Balmerino's particular request, the coffin was placed over that of the Marquis Tullibardine,* in the chapel of the Tower; Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Tullibardine occupying the same grave.

Thus, on the 18th of August, 1746, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, died the dauntless, the devoted, the noble-minded Balmerino!

> "Pitied by gentle minds, Kilmarnock died,
> The brave, Balmerino, were on thy side."

Lord Balmerino married Miss Margaret Chalmers, whom he was in the habit of styling his "pretty Peggy." During the time that he was in the Tower, she resided in lodgings in East Smithfield, but constantly visited and remained with him in his confinement.

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*Lord Tullibardine had died in the Tower on the 9th of June.

The day before his execution, Lord Balmerino wrote to the old Chevalier, setting forth his services, and stating, that he was about to die "with great satisfaction and peace of mind" in the best of causes: all that he entreated, he said, was, that the Chevalier would provide for his widow, "so that she should not want bread; which otherwise," he added, "she must do, his brother having left more debt on the estate than it was worth, and he himself having nothing in the world to give her." The Chevalier, shortly afterwards, sent her the sum of sixty pounds; and it is said that, at the dying request of the unfortunate nobleman, George the Second settled a pension on her of fifty pounds a year. The latter fact, however, may reasonably be doubted.

Earl of Kilmarnock

WILLIAM BOYD, EARL OF KILMARNOCK.

Attachment of Lord Kilmarnock's family to the House of Brunswick—His motives for joining the Pretender—Taken Prisoner at Culloden—His trial—Correspondence of the Family—His execution.

WILLIAM Earl of Kilmarnock was born in 1705, and in 1725, married Lady Anne Livingstone, daughter and heiress of James, fifth Earl of Linlithgow and fourth Earl of Callendar, and heiress to her aunt, Mary Countess of Errol, in her own right.

The family of Lord Kilmarnock had long been distinguished for their attachment to the House of Brunswick, and to the Whig principles which had raised the reigning family to the throne. In the rebellion of 1715, the father of the unfortunate lord had enrolled a thousand men in support of the Government; and even Lord Kilmarnock himself, though a mere child, is stated to have appeared in arms on the occasion. In addition to these circumstances, it may be mentioned that he had long enjoyed a pension from George the Second's Government, till he was deprived of it by Lord Wilmington, probably on account of his loyalty having become suspected.

The motives which induced Lord Kilmarnock to desert the principles which had been instilled into him in his cradle, for the fatal cause of the Stuarts, have been accounted for in different ways. According to Horace Walpole, he was persuaded against his better judgment by the old Countess of Errol, who threatened to disinherit him unless he complied with her wishes; while Sir Walter

Scott and others attribute it to the influence possessed over him by his Countess, who was known to be enthusiastically devoted to the House of Stuart. It is but due, however, to Lady Kilmarnock to observe that her unfortunate lord, almost with his latest breath, not only entirely exculpated her from having any share in urging him to take the step he did, but even endeavoured to dissuade him from joining the insurgents.

The real fact seems to have been—and it is proved by the authority of Lord Kilmarnock himself—that a difficulty in procuring even the necessaries of life, and a desire to retrieve a fortune which he had ruined by a career of extravagance and self-indulgence, determined him to set his life upon a cast, and to risk every thing upon the hazard of the die. "Lord Kilmarnock," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "is a Presbyterian, with four earldoms in him, but so poor since Lord Wilmington stopped a pension that my father had given him, that he often wanted a dinner." Again, Walpole writes to George Montagu a few days afterwards,—"I am assured that the old Countess of Errol made Lord Kilmarnock go into the rebellion on pain of disinheriting him. I don't know whether I told you that the man at the tennis-court protests that he has known him dine with the man that sells pamphlets at Storey's Gate; 'and,' says he, 'he would often have been glad if I would have taken him home to dinner.' He was certainly so poor, that in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight for money, and can get but three shillings. Can one help pitying such distress?"

But the evidence given by the ill-fated nobleman himself, in regard to the pitiable state of distress to which he

was reduced, is even more curious. After he had fallen into the hands of the Government, the Duke of Argyll telling him how sorry he was to see him in such a condition,—"My Lord," he said, "for the two Kings and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving, and, by G—d, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat." Again, when Forster, the Presbyterian clergyman who attended him in his last moments, inquired of him his motives for joining the insurgents,—"The true root of all," he said, "was his careless and dissolute life, by which he had reduced himself to great and perplexing difficulties;—that the exigency of his affairs was in particular very pressing at the time of the rebellion, and that, besides the general hope he had of mending his fortune by the success of it, he was also tempted by another prospect of retrieving his circumstances if he followed the Pretender's standard." In fact, he added, "his rebellion was a kind of desperate scheme, proceeding originally from his vices, to extricate himself from the distress of his circumstances."

The unexpected success obtained by the Jacobites, at Preston Pans, and the hope that it would be followed by fresh victories, seems to have determined the wavering intentions of Lord Kilmarnock in joining the standard of Charles. During the remainder of the insurrection, he more than once displayed considerable gallantry at the head of his troop of grenadier guards. He was present at the fatal battle of Culloden, and appears to have been one of the first persons of distinction who fell into the hands of the Government. In the speech which he made at his trial in Westminster Hall, he claimed the credit of

having voluntarily surrendered himself. "I had not been long with them," he said, "before I saw my error, and reflected with horror on the guilt of swerving from my allegiance to the best of sovereigns; the dishonour which it reflected upon myself; and the fatal ruin which it necessarily brought upon my family. I then determined to leave them, and submit to his Majesty's clemency as soon as I should have an opportunity. For this I separated myself from my corps at the battle of Culloden, and stayed to surrender myself a prisoner." This statement Lord Kilmarnock, before his death, declared, in conversation with Mr. Forster, to be a false one. The fact was, that in the hurry and confusion of the flight after the battle, half blinded by smoke and snow, he made his way towards a party of the royal dragoons, which he mistook for Fitzjames's horse, and was immediately captured. On being brought within the British lines, an affecting incident occurred. As he was led along by his captors, he passed at the head of a regiment of infantry, in which his eldest son, Lord Boyd, then a very young man, held an ensign's commission. "The earl," says Chambers, "had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the rest stood Lord Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviating, the humiliation of his father. When the Earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should be exposed to the storm, stepped out of the ranks, without respect to discipline, and, taking off his own hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place, without having uttered a word."

On the 23rd of June, 1746, a true bill for high treason was found against Lord Kilmarnock by the grand jury of Surrey, and on the 28th of July he was brought up for trial before his peers in Westminster Hall. On being placed at the bar, he pleaded guilty to the indictment, and requested that he might be recommended to his Majesty for mercy. Horace Walpole, who was present at the trial, observes,—"Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person: his behaviour a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in any thing to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to show how little fault there was to be found." On the 30th, he was brought up to receive sentence, when, according to custom, he was asked by the Lord High Steward, "if he had any thing to offer why judgment of death should not be passed against him?" His striking figure, his handsome countenance, his engaging manner, and the melodious tone of voice with which he addressed the assembled peers, in that last appeal which he could ever make to an earthly tribunal, excited the deepest commiseration in the breasts of the vast crowd that listened to him. Even the critical and prejudiced Walpole admits, that "he read a very fine speech with a very fine voice." He expressed the deepest contrition for his past conduct; he implored the peers to intercede with the King in his behalf; he asserted that he had deeply lamented his defalcation from the paths of loyalty, even while he was serving in the rebel ranks, and that he had seized the earliest opportunity of retrieving his error; and he also insisted, that by the humanity which he had on all occa-

sions displayed towards the royalist prisoners, he had greatly lessened the horrors of war. "But, my Lords," he concluded, "if all I have offered is not a sufficient motive to your Lordships to induce you to employ your interest with his Majesty for his royal clemency in my behalf, I shall lay down my life with the utmost resignation, and my last moments shall be employed in fervent prayers for the preservation of the illustrious House of Hanover, and the peace and prosperity of Great Britain."

Lord Kilmarnock has been accused of endeavouring to preserve existence at too high a price. He has been charged with servility in his address to his peers, but more particularly in the appeals for mercy which he subsequently made, not only to the King, but to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland. It should be remembered, that the position of this unfortunate nobleman was widely different from that of his friend Lord Balmerino. The latter, in addition to the constitutional fearlessness which distinguished his character, was supported by the pleasing conviction that he had committed no act but what his conscience and his duty positively demanded of him; he acknowledged no such sovereign as George the Second; he admitted no rights but those of the unhappy Stuarts; he looked back with an enviable pride and satisfaction to the part which he had taken in the recent struggles, and, imagining himself to be a martyr in a gallant and holy cause, his last prayer was breathed for his exiled Sovereign, and he demeaned himself, both before the assembled Lords in Westminster Hall, and on the fatal scaffold, rather with the air of a general at the head of an army, than like a culprit who was about to pay the penalty of his crimes.

In the case of the ill-fated Kilmarnock, however, the circumstances were widely different. Deprived of the consolatory reflection that he had been influenced in his rebellious acts by a sense of duty, he was, according to his own dying confession, an apostate to his principles and his God; a traitor to the Prince whom his heart acknowledged to be his rightful Sovereign, as well as to the laws and religion which he inwardly believed to be best adapted to promote the welfare of his fellow-subjects. Under these circumstances,—attached moreover to existence, in the prime of life, and in the full vigour of mind and body,—can we wonder that the unfortunate lord should have reflected with awe and terror on his approaching dissolution? or was it to be expected that one, who had rushed from scenes of pleasure and dissipation to the battle-field, and who had been hurried still more rapidly from the battle-field to a dungeon, and to his own melancholy reflections, should have anticipated without shuddering a public death on the scaffold, nor have sought to save his life by expressing those penitent feelings which he doubtless really felt, and which he fondly hoped would be accepted as a claim for mercy from the throne, and as an extenuation of his unhappy offence?

At an early period of the proceedings against the insurgent Lords, Lord Balmerino is said to have expressed a fear that Lord Kilmarnock would betray pusillanimity in his last moments; and only forty-eight hours before his execution, Horace Walpole remarks, "Lord Kilmarnock, who has hitherto kept up his spirits, grows extremely terrified." This latter statement, however, was not the fact. We learn from the very interesting narrative of the Rev. Mr. Forster, the Presbyterian clergyman who was called in at Lord Kilmarnock's own desire to commune

with him in his last moments, that no sooner was the conviction impressed upon him that he had no mercy to expect in this world, than he demeaned himself with a piety, a resignation, and tranquillity, which did him the highest credit.

On the Monday-week before his death, the order for Lord Kilmarnock's execution was received by General Williamson, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and shortly afterwards the fact was communicated to him by Mr. Forster, in the gentlest terms and most considerate manner. "Lord Kilmarnock," says that gentleman, "received the news with the outward behaviour of a man who knew and felt the importance of the scene of death, but without any marks of disorder—without any unbecoming anxiousness or terror." "During the time," he said, "that he had been most unreflecting and licentious in his conduct, he had never been a libertine in principle; but had always believed in the great truths of Christianity, and had never been infected by the fashionable scepticism of the times. "It was only the consequences of death," he said, "which gave him any concern, for as to death itself he looked upon it as a trifle; and could not but imagine that the stroke which must separate his soul from his body was of itself no more painful than the drawing of a tooth, or the effect of the first shock of a cold bath on a weak and timid constitution."

Two days before his death, Lord Kilmarnock was waited upon by the Lieutenant of the Tower, who explained to him the preparations which had been made for his execution, and the part which he would be called upon to act. At the same time, (probably with the humane purpose of preparing the mind of the prisoner, lest he might be unnerved by the sight of the terrible spectacle

which would suddenly be presented to him on his quitting the Tower,) the Lieutenant entered into a particular detail of the circumstances of the approaching tragedy, and minutely described the solemn and bloody paraphernalia. At ten o'clock in the morning, he said, the Sheriffs would come to demand his body, and that of Lord Balmerino, which would be delivered to them at the gate of the Tower; from thence, if his Lordship thought proper, he might walk to the house which had been prepared on Tower Hill for his reception, the rooms of which had been hung with black to give them a more solemn and decent appearance; that here his Lordship might repose and prepare himself in the apartment fitted up for him, as long as he might think proper, only remembering that it must not be longer than one o'clock, as the warrant for the execution expired at that hour; that, in consequence of a complaint made by Lord Kenmure, who suffered in 1716, that the block was too low, orders had been given for its being raised higher by two feet; and, finally, the Lieutenant stated, that in order that the block might be more firmly fixed, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty and decency of the execution might not be obstructed by any concussion or sudden jerk of the body.

To these dismal details Lord Kilmarnock, we are told, listened without any visible emotion, and calmly expressed his satisfaction at the arrangements which had been made. When the Lieutenant, however, happened to mention that the hearse would be drawn up near the scaffold, in order, when the head was struck off, that the coffin might be the sooner taken out and brought on the fatal stage, Lord Kilmarnock expressed a wish that the coffin might at once be placed on the scaffold, as, by this

means, his body would be the sooner removed from the gaze of the multitude. Being further informed that the executioner was "a very good sort of man,"—"General," he said, "this is one of the worst circumstances you could have mentioned. For such work as this, I don't quite like your good sort of men; for one of that character, I apprehend, must be a tender-hearted and compassionate man, and a rougher and less sensible temper might perhaps be fitter for the purpose." At the conclusion of his interview with the Lieutenant, Lord Kilmarnock expressed a wish that, at the moment of execution, four persons might stand prepared with a red cloth to receive his head, in order that,—as he had been informed was the case in former executions,—it might not roll about the scaffold and be thus mangled and disfigured. "I could not perceive," says Forster, who listened to the foregoing conversation, "but that Lord Kilmarnock talked of all these particulars with ease and freedom; although the relation of them, I remember, made me tremble, chiefly because I feared they would produce in him some perturbation and distress of mind." It was highly to the credit of Lord Kilmarnock, that when it became generally known that the life of one only of the insurgent lords was to be saved, and a doubt arose whether it should be Lord Cromartie or himself, he generously desired that the preference might be given to his friend.

By the kindness of the Earl of Errol, the great-great grandson of Lord Kilmarnock, I am enabled to lay before the reader the following interesting letters connected with the fate of his unfortunate ancestor:—

THE EARL OF KILMARNOCK TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Tower, Saturday, August 9th, 1746.

My Lord Duke,

Mr. Ross showed me this morning a letter from Lord Boyd,* in which he tells him that he has applied to Lord Albemarle for leave to come up and see me before I suffered, but that it was refused him. I approve much of your Grace's kind proposition of mentioning this refusal in the Closet, and requesting that leave may still be granted, which will of consequence produce a reprieve, and what may be the good effects of that nobody knows.

As this may prove the last and only effort to be made, and as I am fully satisfied of the Duke of Argyll's kind endeavours, I must beg your Grace would, in addition to all your former goodness, take the trouble of going out and consulting with him to-morrow at Whitten. Your Grace will then have an opportunity of discovering his real friendship for me, by the answer he will make to the request which I humbly think your Grace may make, of his attending and backing you in this, I may say the last, application. I need not mention any arguments to your Grace for enforcing the utility and necessity of seeing my son before I leave this world, nor need I mention the

* James Lord Boyd was deprived of the Earldom of Kilmarnock by the attainder of his father, but succeeded, on the death of his great aunt, in 1758, as fourteenth Earl of Errol. He was distinguished, like his unfortunate parent, for the beauty of his person and the charm of his manners. Dr. Johnson likened him to the Sarpedon of the Iliad, and Horace Walpole remarks of him that he was "the noblest figure he ever saw." He died on the 3d of July, 1778, at the age of fifty-two.

sorrow he feels from the refusal. They will all occur to your Grace, and you can put them in their proper light, and enforce them, and represent the inconvenience that will ensue in his private affairs from my not seeing him, as I only can inform him thoroughly of them.

The freedom I take in making this proposal to your Grace is a strong evidence of the great sense I have of the friendship you have shown me, and that I shall always remain, for what time I have to live,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obliged,

And most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM BOYD.*

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON TO THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH.†

Duke of Hamilton's compliments to the Countess of Yarmouth. He is very sorry he could not do himself the honour of waiting upon her Ladyship this morning, as he intended. His Grace is only this moment come to town, being kept upon the road by an overturn. His Grace begs to have the honour of waiting upon her Ladyship at any hour most convenient.

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* Lord Kilmarnock thus signs himself, in consequence of the act of attainder having deprived him of his family honours.

† Amelia Sophia de Walmoden, the well-known mistress of George the Second. This note is principally curious as having been written within a split playing-card, the *eight* of diamonds; but whether it was intended to have any reference to the celebrated *nine* of diamonds, called "the curse of Scotland,"—on which it is said the order was written for the battle of Culloden, there is no means of knowing.

THE COUNTESS OF YARMOUTH TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

My Lady Yarmouth fait des complimens au Duc d'Hamilton, et qu'elle serait toujours bien aise d'avoir l'honneur de le voir chez elle; mais qu'elle peut l'assurer qu'elle ne peut lui être d'aucune utilité sur le sujet qui lui procure cet honneur.

THE EARL OF KILMARNOCK TO LORD BOYD.

(WRITTEN THE DAY BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.)

Tower of London, August 17th, 1746.

DEAR BOYD,

You may easily believe it gave me a great deal of uneasiness that you did not get leave to come up here, and that I could not have the pleasure of taking a long and last farewell of you. Besides the pleasure of seeing you, and giving you the blessing of a dying father, I wanted to have talked to you about your affairs more than I have strength or spirits to write. I shall therefore recommend you to George Menzies in Falkirk, and Robert Paterson in Kilmarnock, as your advisers in them, and to a state of affairs I sent to my wife, of which you will get a copy, which I recommend to you in the same manner as to her. I desire you will consult with her in all your affairs. I need hardly recommend it to you, as I know your good nature and regard for her, to do all you can to comfort her in the grief and affliction I am sure she must be in when she has the accounts of my death. She will need your assistance, and I pray you will give it her.

I beg leave to say two or three things to you as my last advice. Seek God in your youth, and when you are old he will not depart from you. Be at pains to acquire

good habits now, that they may grow up and become strong in you. Love mankind, and do justice to all men. Do good to as many as you can, and neither shut your ears nor your purse to those in distress whom it is in your power to relieve. Believe me you will find more pleasure in one beneficent action, and in your cool moments you will be more happy with the reflection of having made any one person so, who, but by your assistance, would have been miserable, than in the enjoyment of all the pleasures of sense, (which pall in the using,) and of all the pomp and gaudy show of the world. Live within your circumstances, by which means you will have it in your power to do good to others, and create an independence in yourself,—the surest way to rise in the world.

Above all things, continue in your loyalty to his present Majesty, and the succession to the Crown as by law established. Look on that as the basis of the civil and religious liberty and property of every individual in the nation. Prefer the public interest to your own whenever they interfere. Love your family and your children, when you have any; but never let your regard for them drive you on the rock I split on, when on that account I departed from my principles, and brought the guilt of rebellion, and public and particular desolation on my head, for which I am now under the sentence justly due to my crime. Use all your interest to get your brother pardoned,* and brought home as soon as possible, that his circumstances, and the bad influence of those he is among, may not induce him to accept of foreign service,

* The Honourable Charles Boyd. He had been engaged in the rebellion, but contrived to effect his escape to France. He died in 1782.

and lose him both to his country and his family. If money can be found to support him, I wish you would advise him to go to Geneva, where his principles of religion and liberty will be confirmed, and where he may stay till you see if a pardon can be procured for him. As soon as Commodore Barnet comes home, inquire for your brother Billie,* and take care of him on my account.

I recommend to you the payment of my debts, particularly all servants' wages, as mentioned in the state of my affairs. I must again recommend to you your unhappy mother. Comfort her, and take all the care you can of your brothers; and may God of his infinite mercy preserve, guide, and conduct you and them through all the vicissitudes of this life, and after it, bring you to the habitations of the just, and make you happy in the enjoyment of himself to eternity, is the sincere prayer of

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM BOYD.

THE REV. ALEXANDER HOME TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

Saturday, 1 o'clock.

I shall deliver the letter your Grace sent me last night, and beg, if there be any answer to the enclosed, that you will send it to me by the bearer, or, if that does not suit your conveniency, be pleased to send it as the last to me, at the British, before four o'clock. I give you the joy to know that the beauty of his behaviour, on losing all hope of life, appeared to me something more than human.

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*The Honourable William Boyd. He was at this period a midshipman in the Royal Navy, but afterwards entered the army, and served in the 114th Regiment of Foot.

Sunday morning.—I was with our most unfortunate friend several hours yesterday. His behaviour continues calm and resolute, which I am convinced he will support to the last. With the answer to the enclosed, be pleased to send the sketch of this letter to Lord Boyd. He called anxiously for it yesterday. God bless your Grace. I have the honour to be,

Your Grace's very melancholy, humble servant,

ALEX. HOME.

About eight o'clock on the morning of his execution, the 18th of August, Lord Kilmarnock was waited upon by Mr. Forster, who informs us that he found him in "a most calm and happy temper, without any disturbance or confusion in his mind, and with apparent marks of ease and serenity in his aspect."—"He continued," adds Mr. Forster, "all the morning of his execution in the same uniform temper, unruffled, and without any sudden vicissitudes and starts of passion." He had scarcely concluded his devotions, when General Williamson came to inform him that the Sheriffs waited for him. Even on receiving this awful summons to the scaffold, he betrayed not the slightest trepidation, but, turning "calmly and gracefully" to the Lieutenant,—"General," he said, "I am ready and will follow you."

At the foot of the first flight of stairs, he met and embraced his fellow-sufferer, Lord Balmerino; and from thence was conducted with the usual ceremonies to the Tower Gate, where he was formally delivered over to the custody of the Sheriffs. As the clock struck ten, he came forth, supported by Mr. Forster, and his friend Mr. Home, a young clergyman. He was dressed in a complete suit of black, his hair unpowdered, and in a bag. As he

passed to the scaffold amidst the vast masses of human beings which were collected on the occasion, his handsome and graceful person, the serenity of his countenance, and his unaffected dignity, excited no less the commiseration of the spectators, than the soldierlike and undaunted bearing of Lord Balmerino called forth their admiration and surprise.*

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock received a message from Lord Balmerino, expressing a wish to be allowed an interview with him. The latter was accordingly admitted into Lord Kilmarnock's apartment, when the following conversation took place between them:—

Balmerino.—"My Lord, I beg leave to ask your Lordship one question."

Kilmarnock.—"To any question, my Lord, that you shall now think proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer."

Balmerino.—"Why then, my Lord, did you ever see or know of any order, signed by the Prince, to give no quarter at the battle of Culloden?"

Kilmarnock.—"No, my Lord."

Balmerino.—"Nor I, neither; and therefore it seems to be an invention to justify their own murderous schemes."

Kilmarnock.—"No, my Lord, I do not think that this inference can be drawn from it; because, while I was a

* "Pitied by gentle minds Kilmarnock died." Among other instances of the deep interest which was excited at the period by Lord Kilmarnock's fine figure and unhappy fate, may be mentioned the extravagant passion conceived for him by the celebrated Ethelreda Harrison, Lady Townshend. For the particulars of this foolish frenzy, see Walpole's Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 151, 155.

prisoner at Inverness, I was informed by several officers, that there was such an order, signed *George Murray*, and that it was in the Duke's custody."

Balmerino.—"Lord George Murray! why then, they should not charge it on the Prince."

The two unfortunate noblemen then embraced each other tenderly for the last time, Lord Balmerino again observing, with generous sympathy for his friend,—"My dear Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone; once more, farewell for ever!"

The general impression, which existed at the period, that an order had been issued by the Jacobites to give no quarter at the battle of Culloden, is now known to have originated in an infamous invention of the victorious party. It seems, in the first instance, to have been sedulously propagated by them in order to excuse the frightful scenes of massacre and desolation which were perpetrated after the action, and afterwards to have been seized hold of as a fortunate expedient by the Duke of Cumberland, in order to justify him in his harsh treatment of Lord Kilmarnock, when a single word from him would have delivered that unfortunate nobleman from a violent death. "Take notice," writes Walpole, "that the Duke's charging this on Lord Kilmarnock, certainly on misinformation, decided this unhappy man's fate!"

After his conversation with Lord Balmerino, Lord Kilmarnock spent about an hour in devotion, in which he was joined by Mr. Forster and the friends who attended him. A wish had been expressed by him that Lord Balmerino might be led first to the scaffold, but being told that it was impossible, as his own name was mentioned first in the warrant, he appeared satisfied, and allowed the subject to drop. He partook of a glass of wine and a piece

of bread, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his friends, he expressed his readiness to proceed to the scaffold, whither he proceeded on foot, with the Sheriffs walking in advance of him.

In preparing himself for the last stroke, Lord Kilmarnock seems to have constantly occupied his thoughts and conversation in familiarizing himself with the awful scene in which he was about to be the principal actor,—with the paraphernalia of the scaffold, and the frightful apparatus of death. As he stepped on the fatal stage, his eye suddenly caught the scene of solemn magnificence, so painfully interesting even to the most unconcerned spectator, and the few words which he uttered to the person nearest to him, showed that he was deeply alive to the terrors of that awful moment. "When he beheld," says Sir Walter Scott, "the fatal scaffold covered with black cloth; the executioner with his axe and his assistants; the saw-dust which was soon to be drenched with his blood; the coffin prepared to receive the limbs which were yet warm with life; above all, the immense display of human countenances which surrounded the scaffold like a sea, all eyes being bent on the sad object of the preparation, his natural feelings broke forth in a whisper to the friend on whose arm he leaned,—'Home, this is terrible!'"

Neither in the bearing, however, of his graceful figure, nor in the expression of his pale and handsome countenance, was there discoverable the least outward symptom of panic or unseemly timidity. "His whole behaviour," says Mr. Forster, "was so humble and resigned, that not only his friends, but every spectator, was deeply moved; even the executioner burst into tears, and was obliged to use artificial spirits to support and strengthen him."

Having offered up a short prayer, at the conclusion of which he invoked a blessing on George the Second and the reigning family, he again took an affecting leave of his friends, whom he tenderly embraced. With the assistance of these gentlemen, he stripped off his coat, turned down his shirt collar, and tucked up his long hair under a napkin of damask cloth, which was formed in the shape of a cap. He then addressed himself to the executioner, who had been compelled to drink several glasses of ardent spirits to brace up his nerves, and who burst into tears while he asked his forgiveness. Lord Kilmarnock bade him take courage, and presenting him with five guineas, told him that he would drop his handkerchief as a signal for him to strike. He then knelt down on a black cushion; but, in this act, happening to place both his hands on the block, either to support himself, or as affording a more convenient posture for devotion, the executioner requested that he would remove them, as they might either be mangled or break the blow. He was then told that the collar of his waistcoat was in the way, on which he arose once more on his feet, and, with the help of one of his friends, took it off. His neck being now bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down, telling the executioner that he would give him the signal in about two minutes. This interval, as appeared by the movement of his hands and occasionally of his head, was spent in fervent devotion; and then, having fixed his head close upon the block, he gave the signal by dropping his handkerchief. The executioner at once severed the head from the body, leaving only a small part of the skin, which was immediately divided by a gentler stroke. The head was received in a piece of red baize, and with the body immediately placed in the coffin.

"Lord Kilmarnock," writes Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, "remained an hour and a half in the house, and shed tears. At last he came to the scaffold, certainly much terrified, but with a resolution that prevented his behaving the least meanly or unlike a gentleman. He took no notice of the crowd, only to desire that the baize might be lifted up from the rails, that the mob might see the spectacle. He stood and prayed some time with Forster, who wept over him, exhorted and encouraged him. He delivered a long speech to the Sheriff, and with a noble manliness, stuck to the recantation he had made at his trial; declaring he wished that all who ... ed in the same cause might meet the same fate. F ...n took off his bag, coat, and waistcoat, with great ...sure, and after some trouble put on a napkin-cap, ... ien several times tried the block; the executioner, ... was in white, with a white apron, out of tenderness concealing the axe behind himself. At last the Earl knelt down, with a visible unwillingness to depart, and after five minutes dropped his handkerchief—the signal, and his head was cut off at once, only hanging by a bit of skin, and was received in a scarlet cloth by four of the undertaker's men kneeling, who wrapped it up and put it into the coffin with the body; orders having been given not to expose the heads, as used to be the custom."

Lord Kilmarnock was executed on the 18th of August, 1746, at the age of forty-one. His remains were interred among many others of the headless and illustrious dead, in St. Peter's Church in the Tower.

GEORGE MACKENZIE, EARL OF CROMARTIE.

Joins the Pretender soon after his landing—Taken prisoner before the battle of Culloden—Trial—His address to the Lords on behalf of his family—Lady Cromartie puts a petition into the King's hands—Remission of part of his sentence—Reduced to the greatest distress—Relieved by the Government—His death.

GEORGE EARL OF CROMARTIE was born in 1710 [illegible] after the landing of Charles Edward in the H[illegible] joined the Prince's standard with his eldest [illegible] Macleod, and about four hundred of his clan. [illegible] battle of Falkirk, he fought on foot at the he[illegible] gallant followers; a circumstance which, as w[illegible] volunteering to share the same privations and hardships that were endured by his humblest clansman, is said to have rendered him the object of their almost romantic adoration.

On the 15th of April, 1746, the day before the battle of Culloden, Lord Cromartie, with fourteen other officers of the insurgent army, was taken prisoner by a body of Lord Sutherland's militia in the dining-room of Dunrobin Castle. From Dunrobin he was sent by sea to Inverness, and from thence to London, where, on the 28th of July, he was tried by his peers in Westminster Hall, with his friends Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Walpole, who was present at the trial, observes,—"Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen; he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell."

Earl of Cromerbe

On the 30th Lord Cromartie was again brought to the bar of Westminster Hall to receive judgment. Being asked, according to custom, why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he expressed the deepest contrition for the crime of which he had been guilty; insisting that he had been seduced from the paths of loyalty in an unguarded moment by the [illegible] of desperate and designing men; and declaring himself [illegible] warmly attached to the interests of the reigning family, and to the principles which had raised them to the throne. Finally, he addressed himself to the assembled Peers in a fine appeal for mercy, which even those who were most inclined to condemn him as a traitor or despise him as a renegade, were forced to admire for its eloquence and pathos. "Nothing, my Lords, remains," he said, "but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your Lordships' compassion; but these, my Lords, as to myself, are the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy, and regard to his parents, hurried him down the stream of rebellion; I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my Lords, be pledges to his Majesty; let them be pledges to your Lordships; let them be pledges to my country for mercy; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears —let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to deface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his Majesty, through the mediation of your Lordships, for mercy, let my remorse for my guilt as a subject—let the

sorrow of my heart as a husband—let the anguish of my mind as a father, speak the rest of my misery. But if, after all, my Lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune, and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me; not mine, but thy will, O God, be done!"

The most extraordinary exertions were made by the Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair, and others of Lord Cromartie's friends, to obtain a remission of his sentence. The Prince of Wales also was induced to intercede warmly in his behalf; but the most interesting, and perhaps the most powerful mediator, was Lady Cromartie, who not only retained the beauty which had distinguished her in her earlier days, but was the mother of daughters as lovely as herself, and was now in the interesting condition of being on the point of giving birth to another offspring. The child, then unborn, was afterwards Lady Augusta Mackenzie, who became the wife of Sir William Murray of Ochtertyne, and who, it is said, bore on her neck the evident mark of an axe, which had been impressed there by the imagination of her mother, while labouring under the terrors of suspense on account of her unhappy lord.

Having previously delivered memorials in person to the different Lords of the Council, Lady Cromartie, on the Sunday after judgment had been pronounced on her husband, proceeded to Kensington, dressed in deep mourning, and, seizing an opportunity when the King was going to chapel, fell on her knees before him, and clinging to the skirt of his coat, succeeded in forcing a petition into his

hands. She had scarcely accomplished her purpose when she fainted away. The King raised her himself, and, delivering the petition to the Duke of Grafton, desired Lady Stair, who accompanied her on her painful errand, to conduct her to a neighbouring apartment, where proper care would be taken of her. "Lady Cromartie," writes Horace Walpole, "presented her petition to the King last Sunday. He was very civil to her, but would not at all give her any hopes. 'Lord Cornwallis told me that her lord weeps every time any thing of his fate is mentioned to him."

About the same time, we find the afflicted wife making another and affecting appeal to the Princess of Wales. "Lady Cromartie, who is said to have drawn her husband into these circumstances," writes Gray the poet, "was at Leicester House on Wednesday with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her, which, if true, is one of the prettiest things I ever heard." These frequent and urgent appeals, added to the intercession of the Prince of Wales, had at length the desired effect, and on the 9th of August, two days before the order was signed for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, it was notified to Lord Cromartie that his life would be spared. At the same time his estates were sold by order of the Government, and he was ordered to confine his place of residence to the distant county of Devonshire. The sentence of death, however, which had been passed on him, remained virtually unrepealed till the month of October, 1749, when his pardon was allowed to pass the great seal, and five hundred pounds a year was settled on him out of his forfeited estate. Previous to this latter boon being conferred on him, Lord Cromartie

and his large family seem to have been reduced almost to positive distress. Many years afterwards, when his daughter, Lady Elibank, an elegant and accomplished woman, happened to be complimented by a friend on the beauty of her hands and arms, "Ah! madam," she replied, "let us never be vain of such things: these hands and arms at one time washed the clothes and prepared the food of a father, mother, and seven other children." Lord Cromartie died in 1759.

LORD GEORGE MURRAY.

In arms against the Government in 1715—Joins the Pretender in 1745—His character as a military officer—His conduct at the battles of Preston, Falkirk, and Culloden—Escapes to the Continent—His death.

THIS nobleman, whom we have seen playing so conspicuous a part in the annals of 1745, was the fifth son of John, first Duke of Athol. In 1715, he had taken up arms against the Government, serving as colonel under his elder brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine. He was present at the fight of Glenshiel, in 1719, shortly after which period he entered the military service of the King of Sardinia, in which he served for some years. Having at length received his pardon from the Government, he returned to Scotland, where he married, in 1727, Amelia, daughter and heiress of James Murray of Strowen and Glencarse, by whom he was the father of five children, of whom the eldest, John, subsequently succeeded as third Duke of Athol.

From the period of his marriage, till the raising of the Chevalier's standard in the Highlands, Lord George Murray continued to ive quietly on his own property in Scotland. Faithful, however, to the principles for which he had fought in his youth, on the 5th of September, 1745, he joined the standard of Charles at Perth, with a large body of the vassals of his brother, the Duke of Athol, and immediately afterwards had the compliment paid him of being appointed Lieutenant-General of the insurgent army. His appearance in the Highland camp was hailed

with the greatest satisfaction, and the happiest results were anticipated from his military experience and well-known personal intrepidity. "Lord George Murray," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "possessed a natural genius for military operations, and was a man of surprising talents; which, had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of his age. He was tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush, sword in hand, into the midst of the enemy. He used to say when we advanced to the charge,—'I do not ask you, my lads, to go before, but merely to follow me.' He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was, altogether, most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army. He was vigilant, active, and diligent; his plans were always judiciously formed, and he carried them promptly and vigorously into execution. However, with an infinity of good qualities, he was not without his defects. Proud, haughty, blunt, and imperious, he wished to have the exclusive ordering of every thing, and, feeling his superiority, he would listen to no advice. Still, it must be owned, that he had no coadjutor capable of advising him, and his having so completely the confidence of his soldiers enabled him to perform wonders. He possessed the art of employing men to advantage, without having had time to discipline them; but, taking them merely as they came from the plough, he made them defeat some of the best-disciplined troops in the world. Nature had formed him for a great warrior; —he did not require the accidental advantage of birth."

The high hopes, which were formed of Lord George Murray by his friends, were fully borne out by the skill and gallantry which he subsequently displayed at the battle of Preston, where he signally defeated Sir John Cope at the head of a regular army and a superior force. In the retreat from Derby, Lord George took upon himself the difficult and dangerous post of commanding the rear, in which he was constantly harassed for several days by the enemy's cavalry, till he finally succeeded in repulsing them at Clifton. When the moment arrived for attacking them, Lord George drew his broadsword, and exclaiming,—"Claymore!" rushed forward at the head of the Macphersons. Between him and the enemy lay a thick hedge, in dashing through which he lost his bonnet and wig, and was compelled to fight bare-headed during the remainder of the fray. So well-conducted was the whole affair, and so impetuous was the onset, that the Duke of Cumberland very nearly fell into the hands of the Highlanders, and subsequently had a still narrower escape with his life. "The Duke's footman declared," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, "that his master would have been killed, if the pistol, with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire." At the battle of Falkirk, which was fought the next month, and where the insurgents were again completely successful, Lord George displayed his usual skill and intrepidity, fighting at the head of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, with his drawn sword in his hand, and his Highland target on his arm.

On the eve of the battle of Culloden, Lord George Murray advocated and commanded the famous night-march to Nairn, which, it will be remembered, was undertaken for the purpose of surprising the English in

their camp. That the enterprise failed as it did, was certainly attributable to no fault of Lord George. The Highlanders, it will be recollected, were greatly harassed and dispirited by the privations and fatigue to which they had recently been exposed, while the unusual darkness of the night impeded and embarrassed them in their march, so that, when the hour arrived which had been fixed upon for the attack, they were still within four miles of the English camp.* Under these circumstances, —the daylight already beginning to glimmer, and the roll of the enemy's guns announcing that they were on the alert,—Lord George issued the order for retreat.

For having taken this step, which it was asserted was in positive disobedience of orders, Lord George was accused of treachery by his enemies, and, moreover, rendered himself, most undeservedly, an object of suspicion to Charles, whose mind was already sufficiently prepared to receive any unfavourable impression in regard to the conduct of his faithful general. Lord George, indeed, by the waywardness of his temper, and his cold and unconciliating manners, had contrived to make many enemies in the Highland camp, who accordingly missed no opportunity of infecting the Prince with their individual prejudices and dislikes. Whatever cause of offence, however, he may have given to these persons, it is certain, that in his public capacity his conduct was unimpeachable; that he served his young master to the last with unvarying zeal and fidelity; and that, more especially as regards the retreat from Nairn, the act was not only that of a prudent general, but one which existing circumstances rendered imperatively necessary. Lord George

* See ante, vol. i.

subsequently drew up a paper in vindication of his conduct on this occasion. Charles, too, at a later period, entirely exculpated his faithful companion-in-arms; and though his account of what took place differs in some particulars from that of Lord George, it is nevertheless much to the Prince's credit, that he acquitted Lord George even more fully than Lord George in his own account acquits himself.

At the battle of Culloden, Lord George Murray headed the right wing of the insurgent army, consisting of the Camerons, the Stuarts, and other clans. During the action, he displayed his usual decision and intrepidity, dashing forward at the head of his gallant Highlanders with the same heroic energy which had distinguished him in more successful fights. At the close of that eventful day, his sole wish appears to have been to expire on the plains of Culloden, for, being thrown from his horse severely wounded, he refused to quit the field of battle, and was only removed to a place of safety by the kind force used by his devoted followers. However, he soon recovered his wonted energy, and by his unceasing efforts to retrieve the past misfortune, and by the spirit which he infused into all around him, he soon found himself at the head of a small army at Ruthven, consisting of the fugitives from Culloden, and amounting to about twelve hundred men. At the head of this gallant band, he still proposed to carry on the war in the Highlands; but already the Duke of Cumberland was approaching with his victorious army; supplies of all kinds were procured only with the greatest difficulty; and, finally, a message was received from Charles, cordially thanking his adherents for the zeal which they had displayed in his cause, but recommending that each should secure his safety as he

best might. It was then that Lord George took a last farewell of that devoted band; many of whom were destined, like himself, to pine as exiles in a foreign land; many to wander, proscribed fugitives among their native fastnesses, and to behold the ruin of their families and the conflagration of their homes; and others,—who were perhaps the most to be envied,—to expiate their imprudence and their gallantry on the scaffold.

Lord George effected his escape to the Continent, where he resided for some time, both in France and Italy. He subsequently retired to North Holland, where he assumed the name of De Valignié, and where he died on the 15th of October, 1760.

FLORA MACDONALD.

Her parentage—Tracked by Captain Ferguson after parting from the Prince—Arrested on her return to her mother's house—Carried on board the "Furnace" sloop-of-war—Bishop Forbes' account of her captivity—Entertained by Lady Primrose on her release—Her marriage—Doctor Johnson's account of his entertainment by her—Her family emigrate to America, where they afterwards join the Loyalists, and are consequently obliged to return to Skye—Her death.

THIS celebrated and interesting young lady was the daughter of Mr. Macdonald, of Milton in South Uist, and was born about the year 1720. The romantic story of her wanderings with Charles Edward among the Western Isles has already been fully detailed. It merely remains, therefore, to trace her history from the period when, for the last time, she set eyes on Charles at Portree, where she remained for some time watching the small boat which was conveying him to the wild but hospitable island of Raasay.

"Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye, as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,—
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!"

Having received the grateful acknowledgments of Charles, who expressed a mournful hope at parting that they might "meet at St. James's yet," the young heroine made the best of her way to her mother's house of Armadale, in the district of Sleat in Skye, which she reached after a very fatiguing journey of several miles. With a secrecy and caution which are supposed but rarely to distinguish her sex, she maintained a profound silence on the subject of her recent extraordinary wanderings, and even resisted the natural impulse which prompted her to communicate them to her own mother. She soon learned, however, that her secret had transpired from another quarter, and that already the house of Kingsburgh, where she had passed a night with Charles, had received a visit from the royal troops, who had obtained certain information as to her recent movements, and were even acquainted with the particulars of the female attire worn by the Prince. The officer who headed the party was the notorious Captain Ferguson, whose acts of inhuman brutality had rendered him the terror of the Western Isles. Addressing himself to Kingsburgh, he inquired where Miss Macdonald, and the person who was with her in woman's clothes, had lain? Kingsburgh answered that he knew very well where Miss Macdonald had slept; but as for servants, he never asked any questions in such matters. He then desired to be conducted to the rooms where they had severally slept, on inspecting which, he significantly remarked that the room which had been occupied by the presumed maid was the best of the two.

Flora Macdonald had returned to her mother's house only a few days, when she was arrested by an officer and a party of soldiers, who carried her on board a vessel of war which was stationed in the neighbourhood, without

allowing her to take leave of her friends, or even to carry with her a change of apparel. The vessel in question was the "Furnace" sloop-of-war, and as it was commanded by the inhuman Captain Ferguson, the noble-minded girl seems to have been greatly alarmed at the prospect of the treatment she was likely to experience. Fortunately, however, she met with the greatest kindness from General Campbell, who happened to be on board at the time. One of the Lieutenant's cabins was set apart for herself and her maid, and about three weeks afterwards, the "Furnace" happening to be cruising near her mother's house, she was allowed to go on shore to take leave of her friends, in custody of an officer and a party of soldiers. Two injunctions, however, were laid on her; namely, that she should on no account speak in the Gaelic language, nor hold any conversation except in the hearing of the officer who accompanied her.

From the "Furnace," Flora Macdonald was removed to the "Eltham," commanded by Commodore Smith, who treated her with an almost chivalrous respect, and, by inducing her to sit for her picture shortly after her arrival in London, showed how highly he appreciated the romantic heroism which she had displayed in the cause of an unfortunate Prince. On the deck of this vessel, she encountered an old friend and companion in adversity, Captain O'Neal, who has been mentioned as playing so conspicuous a part as the associate of Charles in his wanderings, and as having formed a tender but hopeless attachment for herself. She immediately went up to him, and slapping him playfully on the cheek,—"To that black face," she said, "I owe all my misfortune." O'Neal, however, assured her that she had little reason to be either afraid or ashamed of the part which she had acted, and

that in fact she had only to glory in it, and to remain true to her principles, and it would greatly redound to her happiness and honour.

The noble-minded girl was detained altogether on shipboard for five months. Of this period, nearly three months were passed in Leith Roads, in the immediate vicinity of Edinburgh, during which interval she continued to be regarded as an object of interest and curiosity by persons of all principles and all ranks. Those who were well-wishers to the cause of the Stuarts, showed on every occasion how entirely they appreciated the heroism and self-devotion which she had displayed on behalf of their beloved and unfortunate Prince. The Jacobite ladies of Edinburgh, more especially, vied with each other in loading her with all kinds of presents, which were likely either to add to her comforts or to lessen the evils of confinement.

Among others who, at this period, visited Flora Macdonald from admiration of her character and from a devotion to the gallant cause in which she was a sufferer, was Bishop Forbes, who has bequeathed us some very interesting particulars respecting her during her sojourn in Leith Roads. "In her journal," he says, "Miss Macdonald has omitted several things which she particularly mentioned to those who conversed with her when she was lying in the Road of Leith, on board of the 'Eltham' and 'Bridgewater' ships of war. She told me that when the Prince put on woman's clothes, he proposed carrying a pistol under one of his petticoats, for making some small defence in case of an attack; but Miss Macdonald declared against it, alleging that if any persons should happen to search them, the pistol would only serve to make a discovery. The Prince therefore was obliged to

content himself with only a short heavy cudgel, with which he designed to do his best to knock down any single person that should attack him.

"She used likewise to tell that, in their passage to the Isle of Skye, a heavy rain fell upon them, which, with former fatigues, distressed her much. To divert her, the Prince sang several pretty songs. She fell asleep, and to keep her so, the Prince still continued to sing. Happening to awake with some little bustle in the boat, she found the Prince leaning over her with his hands spread about her head. She asked what was the matter. The Prince told her that one of the rowers, being obliged to do somewhat about the sail, behoved to step over her body (the boat was so small); and lest he should have done her hurt, either by stumbling or trampling upon her in the dark, he had been doing his best to preserve his guardian from harm. When Miss Macdonald was telling this particular part of the adventure to some ladies that were paying their respects to her, some of them with rapture cried out,—'O Miss! what a happy creature are you, who had that dear Prince to lull you asleep, and to take such care of you with his hands spread about your head when you was sleeping! You are surely the happiest woman in the world!'—'I could,' says one of them (Miss Mary Clerk), 'wipe your shoes with pleasure, and think it an honour to do so, when I reflect that you had the honour to have the Prince for your handmaid; we all envy you greatly.' Much about the same time, a lady of rank and dignity (Lady Mary Cochrane), being on board with Miss Macdonald, a brisk gale began to blow and make the sea rough, and not so easy for a small boat to row to Leith. The lady whispered to Miss Macdonald, that she would with pleasure stay on board all night, that

she might have it to say that she had the honour of lying in the same bed with that person who had been so happy as to be guardian to her Prince. Accordingly they did sleep in one bed that night.

"When Miss Macdonald was on board the 'Bridgewater' in Leith Road, accounts had come that the Prince was taken prisoner, and one of the officers had brought the news of this report on board. She got an opportunity of talking privately to some who were then visiting her, and said, with tears in her eyes, 'Alas! now I am afraid that all is in vain that I have done; the Prince at last is in the hands of his enemies!' Though at that time great fear was entertained about the truth of this account, yet those who were with Miss Macdonald endeavoured all they could to cheer her up, and to dissuade her from believing any such thing; but still fears haunted her mind, till the matter was cleared up and the contrary appeared.

"When she was in the Road of Leith, she never was allowed to set her foot on shore; though in other respects the officers were extremely civil and complaisant to her, and took it exceedingly well when any persons came to visit her. Sometimes they were so obliging as to come on shore for good company to attend her, and obligingly declared that if they knew any person to come on board out of curiosity, and not out of respect to Miss Macdonald, that person should not have access to her. This genteel behaviour makes it to be presumed that their orders were so exceedingly strict that they could not dare to bring her ashore. Commodore Smith, commander of the 'Eltham,' behaved like a father to her, and tendered her many good advices as to her behaviour in her ticklish situation; and Captain Knowler, of the 'Bridgewater,' used her with

the utmost decency and politeness. When company came to her, she was indulged the privilege by both these humane and well-bred gentlemen to call for any thing on board, as if she had been at her own fireside, and the servants of the cabin were obliged to give her all manner of attendance, and she had the liberty to invite any of her friends to dine with her when she pleased. Her behaviour in company was so easy, modest, and well adjusted, that every visitant was much surprised; for she had never been out of the islands of South Uist and Skye till about a year before the Prince's arrival, that she had been in the family of Macdonald of Largoe, in Argyllshire, for the space of ten or eleven months.

"Some that went on board to pay their respects to her used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her Prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English, or rather Scotch, easily, and not at all through the Erse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well, and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than she did in Leith Roads. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in

life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced."

On the 7th of November, 1746, the 'Bridgewater' set sail for London, with Flora Macdonald on board as a prisoner, for the purpose of placing her at the disposal of the English Government. In the British capital, however, she had no reason to complain of the treatment which she received. She was placed, indeed, under the surveillance of a messenger, one William Dick, but she was allowed to reside in the house of a private family, where every attention seems to have been paid to her comforts and wishes. According to Lord Mahon, she was released from her easy thraldom after the lapse of a twelvemonth, at the intercession of Frederick Prince of Wales. This, however, was not exactly the case, inasmuch as her confinement lasted only eight months; she was set at liberty in the month of July, 1747, by the provisions of the Act of Indemnity. Still, it is far from improbable that to the intercession of the Prince she may have been indebted for the unusual mildness with which she was treated by the English Government. Once, when the Princess was inveighing in very strong terms against the lenity shown her by the Government, and on the treasonable conduct of Flora herself, "Madam," was the Prince's creditable rebuke, "under similar circumstances would not you have done the same?—I hope, I am sure you would."

On her release from captivity, Flora Macdonald was received as a welcome and honoured guest in the house of the Dowager Lady Primrose, of Dunniplace, in Essex Street in the Strand. It was this lady who three years afterwards had the honour also of entertaining in the same house the unfortunate Charles Edward himself, on

the occasion of the first secret visit which he paid to London. In the house of Lady Primrose she experienced, during the short period which elapsed before her return to the Highlands, a homage so universal and so flattering, as to be sufficient to turn the head of any one less susceptible of vanity, or less right-minded than herself. She was daily visited by persons of the highest rank, and on her quitting London she was presented with the sum of nearly fifteen hundred pounds, which had been raised for her among the Jacobite ladies of the metropolis.

About three years after her return to Skye, Flora Macdonald gave her hand to Mr. Alexander Macdonald, the younger of Kingsburgh, to whom she was married on the 6th of November, 1750, and by whom she became the mother of several children.* "It is remarkable," says Sir Walter Scott, "that this distinguished lady signed her name Flory, instead of the more classical orthography. Her marriage contract, which is in my possession, bears the name spelled *Flory*."

In the autumn of 1773, Dr. Johnson and his fellow-traveller, James Boswell, were the guests of Flora Macdonald and her husband at Kingsburgh. "I was highly pleased," says Boswell, "to see Dr. Johnson safely arrived

* "Kingsburgh," writes Boswell, in 1773, "was completely the figure of a gallant Highlander, exhibiting 'the graceful mien and manly looks,' which our popular Scotch song has justly attributed to that character. He had his tartan plaid thrown about him, a large blue bonnet with a knot of black riband like a cockade, a brown short coat of a kind of duffil, a tartan waistcoat with gold buttons and gold button-holes, a bluish philibeg, and tartan hose. He had jet black hair tied behind, and was a large stately man, with a steady sensible countenance."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 203.

at Kingsburgh, and received by the hospitable Mr. Macdonald, who, with a most respectful attention, supported him into the house. There was a comfortable parlour with a good fire, and a dram went round. By-and-by supper was served, at which there appeared the lady of the house, the celebrated MISS FLORA MACDONALD. She is a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great champion of the English Tories, salute Miss Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, was a striking sight; for, though somewhat congenial in their notions, it was very improbable they should meet here. Miss Flora Macdonald (for so I shall call her) told me, she heard upon the mainland, as she was returning home about a fortnight before, that Mr. Boswell was coming to Skye, and one Mr. Johnson, a young English *buck* with him. He was highly entertained with this fancy."

"I slept," adds Boswell, "in the same room with Dr. Johnson. Each had a neat bed, with tartan curtains, in an upper chamber. The room where we lay was a celebrated one. Dr. Johnson's bed was the very bed in which the grandson of the unfortunate King James the Second lay, on one of the nights after the failure of his rash attempt in 1745-6, while he was eluding the pursuit of the emissaries of Government, which had offered thirty thousand pounds as a reward for apprehending him. To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed, in the Isle of Skye, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas, as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled, and said, 'I have had no ambitious thoughts in it.'* At

* With no poetic ardour fired,
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;

breakfast, he said he would have given a good deal rather than not have lain in that bed. I owned he was the lucky man; and observed, that without doubt it had been contrived between Miss Macdonald and him. She seemed to acquiesce, adding, 'You know young *bucks* are always favourites of the ladies!' He spoke of Prince Charles being here, and asked Mrs. Macdonald '*Who* was with him? We were told, Madam, in England, there was one Miss Flora Macdonald with him.' She said 'they were very right;' and, perceiving Dr. Johnson's curiosity, though he had delicacy enough not to question her, very obligingly entertained him with a recital of the particulars which she herself knew of that escape, which does so much honour to the humanity, fidelity, and generosity of the Highlanders. Dr. Johnson listened to her with placid attention, and said, 'All this should be written down.'"*

Dr. Johnson has himself done full justice to the character of Flora Macdonald. In his journey to the Western Islands, he says, "We were entertained with the usual hospitality by Mr. Macdonald, and his lady Flora Macdonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence." And again, Dr. Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale;—"Here I had the honour of sa-

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That here he lived, or here expired,
Begets no numbers, grave or gay.

* From this account, as well as from that of others who were personally concerned in the escape of Charles Edward, Boswell drew up his narrative of the escape of the royal adventurer, which is published in his Tour to the Hebrides.

luting the far-famed Miss Flora Macdonald. She must then (1746) have been a very young lady; she is now not old; of a pleasing person, and elegant behaviour. She told me that she thought herself honoured by my visit; and I am sure that whatever regard she bestowed on me was liberally repaid. 'If thou likest her opinions thou wilt praise her virtue.' At Kingsburgh we were liberally feasted, and I slept in the same bed in which the Prince reposed in his distress. The sheets which he used were never put to any meaner offices, but were wrapped up by the lady of the house,* and at last, according to her desire, were laid round her in her grave. These are not Whigs!"

Shortly after the visit paid them by Dr. Johnson, Kingsburgh and his wife, in consequence of their affairs having become embarrassed, were compelled to emigrate to America, where they settled on an estate which they purchased in North Carolina. On the breaking out of the civil troubles in that country, Kingsburgh sided with the royalist party, which led to his being arrested as a dangerous person, and thrown into prison. On his release, he took up arms against the republicans, and served for some time in a royalist regiment, called the North Carolina Volunteers. When the independence of America was at length acknowledged, Kingsburgh and his wife determined on returning to Skye; but on their passage home they encountered a French vessel of war, with which they were for some time engaged in a sharp action. On the approach of the enemy, all the females on

* Mrs. Macdonald, of Kingsburgh. She was buried in *one* of the sheets slept in by Charles; the other she presented to her daughter-in-law, Flora Macdonald.

board were immediately ordered below. The heroine of 1745, however, insisted on remaining on deck, where, by her voice and example, she did her utmost to animate the sailors during the action. Unfortunately, she was thrown down in the confusion and broke her arm. Her lot, she afterwards observed, was indeed a hard one, for she had risked her life both for the Stuarts and the House of Brunswick, and had received no reward for her pains.

The remainder of her eventful life was passed by Flora Macdonald in the Isle of Skye, where she died at the age of seventy, on the 4th of March, 1790. At her particular request, her body was wrapped in one of the sheets that had been used by the unfortunate grandson of James the Second during the night he rested at Kingsburgh, which as we have already mentioned, had been presented to her by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Macdonald. She was the mother of five sons, all of whom held commissions either in the military or naval service of the reigning Sovereign. The eldest, Charles Macdonald, who was a captain in the Queen's Rangers, was a person highly distinguished for his accomplishments and graceful manners. When the grave closed upon his remains, his kinsman, the late Lord Macdonald, paid a pleasing tribute to his worth. "There lies," he said, "the most finished gentleman of my family and name."

Flora Macdonald was also the mother of two daughters, the last survivor of whom—the widow of Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye—I had the pleasure, some years since, of accompanying in a voyage through a part of the Western Islands. I had also the additional pleasure of hearing from her own lips the tale of her mother's adventures and escapes with Prince Charles, and of having some of the scenes where they occurred pointed

out by her own hand. One of the first questions which she put to me was, "where I had been staying?" When I told her "at Raasay"—"Ah!" she said, in a tone which plainly told that she inherited the principles of her race, "you saw no *red* roses at Raasay." This interesting lady was then, I think, in her seventy-fourth year;—she had pleasing, and even polished manners; was full of anecdote of the past, and had still the remains of beauty. She remembered the visit of Dr. Johnson and Boswell to Kingsburgh, and had been the companion of her parents when they emigrated to America. She spoke of her mother as a small, but neat figure; and when I questioned her whether there was any resemblance between them, she told me that they were reckoned so alike, that, half a century before, happening to be looking at a print of her mother in the window of a shop in the Strand, the celebrated General Burgoyne, who chanced to be passing at the time, was so struck with the resemblance, that he accosted her and taxed her with the relationship. Her mother's escape with Charles Edward was then an event, she said, sufficiently recent to render her an object of considerable curiosity, and consequently, had her identity been proclaimed to the bystanders, she had little doubt, she added, but that she would have been followed by an inquisitive and disagreeable crowd. The few hours which passed in the society of this interesting lady I have always looked back upon with satisfaction and pleasure. She died a few years afterwards, at an advanced age.

There remain the names of other actors in the romantic annals of 1745, whose personal history, after the failure of their darling hopes, presents but few features of stirring interest or importance, but of whose subsequent fate a passing notice may be acceptable to the reader.

The young DUKE OF PERTH, says Douglas, "in spite of a very delicate constitution, underwent the greatest fatigues, and was the first on every occasion of duty, where his head or hands could be of use; bold as a lion in the field, but ever merciful in the hour of victory." After the battle of Culloden, the Duke contrived to obtain a passage to France; but worn out by the fatigues and privations to which of late he had been constantly exposed, he died before he came in sight of the French coast, on the 13th of May, 1746. He was the sixth Earl and third nominal Duke of his family. On board the same vessel with him were O'Sullivan and the Prince's old tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan. The latter, it is said, on his return to Rome, being severely brought to task by the old Chevalier, for having risked the life of his son with such slender chances of success, fell ill and died of the effects of the reproof.

The old MARQUIS OF TULLIBARDINE—"high-minded Murray! the exiled, the dear!"—having heard the last shot fired at Culloden, travelled southward with one Mitchell, a servant of the Chevalier. Worn out with age, sickness, and fatigue, he was induced to apply for shelter

at the mansion of Buchanan of Drummakill, near Loch Lomond. The lady of the house was his own relation and a zealous Jacobite. Unfortunately, however, her husband was a devoted partisan of the Government; and, being a magistrate and an officer of militia, he considered it his duty to deliver up the old hero of 1715 and 1745 to his enemies. For this breach of the laws of hospitality and honour, Drummakill is said to have been so thoroughly despised by the neighbouring gentry, that not one of them would afterwards speak to him, or be seen in his company.* The old Lord was carried a prisoner to Dumbarton Castle, from whence he was removed to the "Eltham" man-of-war, lying in Leith Roads, in which vessel he was removed to London. Worn out by age and infirmities, and a prey to disappointment and disease, he died a prisoner in the Tower, in 1746, and was buried in St. Peter's Church in that fortress. The last wish of the gallant Balmerino was to have his coffin placed by that of Lord Tullibardine.

ALEXANDER, LORD FORBES OF PITSLIGO, whose virtues and reputation for prudence and strong sense had induced so many of the Lowland gentlemen to join the standard of the Chevalier, had attained the mature age of sixty-five when he was induced to embark in the fatal enterprise. After the battle of Culloden, he had the good fortune to escape to France; but being shortly afterwards attainted, he lost both his title and estate. The kindness, however,

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 3, note.

of his friends supplied him not only with the necessaries, but with the luxuries of life; and but for the ardent desire which he felt to breathe once more his native air, it is said that the evening of his long life would have been a happy one. He died at Paris about the year 1762.

DONALD CAMERON, THE CELEBRATED LOCHIEL, the idol of his gallant clan, and the most beloved by Prince Charles of all the Highland chieftains, was so severely wounded at the battle of Culloden, that he had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of the enemy, and expiating his loyalty to the Stuarts on the scaffold. To the daring and intrepid gallantry of a few of his devoted clan, who bore off their wounded chief from the field of battle, Lochiel was indebted for his life. After encountering numerous perils in his attempts to escape, he at length found refuge in a wretched hut on the great mountain of Benalder. His reflections were rendered the more painful, in consequence of the reports which daily reached him of the remorseless vengeance with which his unhappy clan was visited by the royal forces. "Those ministers of vengeance," says Smollett, "were so alert in the execution of their office, that, in a few days, there was neither house, cottage, man, nor beast to be seen in the compass of fifty miles. All was ruin, silence, and desolation." At length a favourable opportunity offered itself to the fugitive to escape to the Continent. Having been wounded in both heels at Culloden, he was compelled to travel on horseback to the coast, where he embarked on board the

same vessel as Charles Edward, and after a voyage of nine days, landed in safety near Morlaix, in Brittany. Lochiel was made a Lieutenant-colonel in the French service, and died a heart-broken exile in 1758.

CHARLES RADCLIFFE had escaped from Newgate in 1716, and, but for his attainder in that year, would have succeeded his unfortunate brother as Earl of Derwentwater, which title, however, he assumed till his death. He was captured at sea, in November, 1745, on board a French vessel, which was carrying arms to Scotland for the use of the insurgents. Being brought to London, he was easily identified as the same Charles Radcliffe who had been condemned for his share in the former rebellion. and who had evaded the last penalty of the law by escaping from Newgate. Accordingly, he was sentenced to death, and, after having lain in confinement for a year, was led to the scaffold on Tower Hill on the 8th of December, 1746. In consequence of his bigh birth, he was admitted to the melancholy distinction of being beheaded. About eight o'clock in the morning, two troops of Life Guards, and another of Horse Guards, marched through the City to Little Tower Hill, where they were joined by a battalion of the Foot Guards, and were then disposed round the scaffold. About ten o'clock, the block, which was covered with black, was fixed on the fatal stage, and shortly afterwards the coffin was brought, covered with black velvet, and ornamented with gilt handles and nails. On the coffin-plate was the inscription—

Charles Ratcliffe Esq.

Carolus Radcliffe, Comes de Derwentwater,
Decollatus die 8 *Decembris*, 1746.
Ætatis 53.
Requiescat in pace.

About eleven o'clock, the Sheriffs of London proceeded to the Tower, and demanded of the Deputy Governor, General Williamson, the body of Charles Radcliffe, which was accordingly surrendered to them with the usual formalities. He was brought in a landau over the Tower wharf, and being thence removed into a mourning-coach, was conveyed to a temporary building, or tent, lined with black, which had been raised at the foot of the scaffold. Here, attended by his friends, and a Roman Catholic clergyman, he spent about half an hour in devotion.

His proud and gallant bearing on the scaffold procured him the general sympathy of the spectators. He was dressed in a scarlet coat, laced with black velvet, and trimmed with gold; a gold-laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a white feather in his hat. He took an affectionate, and cheerful farewell of the friends who accompanied him to the scaffold; and having put on a damask cap, and presented the executioner with a handful of gold, he knelt down to his devotions, all the persons on the scaffold kneeling with him. He then divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and, again kneeling down, laid his head on the block. After a lapse of two minutes he stretched out his hands, which was the signal he had agreed upon with the executioner, when the axe fell, and his head was severed from his body at three blows; the first stroke depriving him of life, and the two last completing the work. Thus fell the last male descendant of the Earls of Derwentwater—the gallant grandson of

Charles the Second, by his beautiful mistress, Mary Davis. He died, as he had lived, a Roman Catholic. His remains, accompanied by two mourning-coaches, were conveyed to the church at St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, where they were interred by the side of his brother, the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1716.

DR. ARCHIBALD CAMERON, brother of the celebrated Lochiel, was the last person who suffered death in the cause of the unfortunate Stuarts. He fought by the side of his brother at the battle of Culloden, an dafter a long series of adventures and escapes, had the good fortune to reach the Continent. He was imprudent enough, however, to return to Scotland in 1753; and his person being seized, he was committed to the Tower, examined before the Privy Council, and being arraigned on the act of attainder which had already been passed against him, he was sentenced to death. According to the géneral opinion which was current at the period, the object of his returning to Scotland was to obtain restitution of a sum of money belonging to the Chevalier, which had been embezzled by some of his adherents. In common charity, however, let us presume that the Government had received private intimation of his having embarked in fresh intrigues; for otherwise it seems impossible to reconcile with our feelings of justice and humanity, that the Government, after the lapse of so many years, should have condemned a gallant, an amiable, and high-minded gentleman to a dis-

graceful death; more especially, since examples were no longer required to deter others from crime, and consequently when the carrying out a stern sentence could be attributed to no other motives than cruelty or revenge.

At ten o'clock on the morning of his execution, Dr. Cameron was drawn on a sledge from the Tower to Tyburn. The mournful and trying journey occupied as long as two hours; the procession moving the whole way through a vast assemblage of people, who are said to have been deeply affected by his manly bearing and unhappy fate. Brave, amiable, and of unblemished character,—the husband of a beloved wife, and the father of seven children,—guilty of no crime but having sacrificed his life to his principles, the sad spectacle drew forth the tears of every spectator who was susceptible either of pity or admiration. "The populace," says one who lived at the period, "though not very subject to tender emotions, were moved to compassion and even to tears, by his behaviour at the place of execution; and many sincere well-wishers to the present establishment thought that the sacrifice of this victim, at such a juncture, could not redound either to its honour or security." After having been suspended for half an hour, the body of the unfortunate gentleman was removed from the gibbet: the head was then struck off, and the heart burnt to ashes in the presence of the assembled crowd. Horace Walpole writes a few days after the execution,—"Dr. Cameron is executed, and died with the greatest firmness. His parting with his wife, the night before, was heroic and tender: he let her stay till the last moment, when being aware that the gates of the Tower would be locked, he told her so; she fell at his feet in agonies: he said, 'Madam, this was not what you promised me;' and embracing her,

forced her to retire: then with the same coolness, looked at the window till her coach was out of sight, after which he turned about and wept. His only concern seemed to be at the ignominy of Tyburn: he was not disturbed at the dresser for his body, nor at the fire to burn his bowels. The crowd was so great, that a friend who attended him could not get away, but was forced to stay and behold the execution; but what will you say to the minister or priest that accompanied him? The wretch, after taking leave, went into a landau, where, not content with seeing the Doctor hanged, he let down the top of the landau for the better convenience of seeing him embowelled." Dr. Cameron was executed on the 7th of June, 1753.

JOHN MURRAY OF BROUGHTON, a gentleman of good education and of no mean abilities, joined the standard of the Chevalier immediately after his landing in the Highlands, and served as the Prince's Secretary throughout the campaign. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and, apparently terribly affected at the prospect of death, he consented to save his own life, by supplying the evidence required to insure the condemnation of his associates. It was no sooner known that he had fallen into the hands of Government, than those who were intimately acquainted with his character seem to have correctly foretold the line of conduct which he was likely to pursue. When Æneas Macdonald, then a prisoner in London, was asked by Dr. Burton of York, whether he considered it probable that Murray of Broughton would

turn evidence for the Crown, as was commonly reported at the time,—"I believe," he said, "Mr. Murray to be so honest between man and man, that in private life he would not be guilty of a dirty or dishonest action; but then," he added, "I know him to be such a coward, and to be possessed with such a fear of death, that I am much afraid, for my part, Mr. Murray may be brought the length of doing any thing to save a wretched life." When confronted before the Privy Council with Sir John Douglas of Kelhead, grandfather of the present Marquis of Queensberry, the prisoner was asked,—"Do you know this witness?"—"Not I," was the answer of Douglas;—"I once knew a person who bore the designation of Murray of Broughton; but that was a gentleman and a man of honour, and one that could hold up his head."

An existence purchased at the price of conscience and honour was little likely to be a happy one, and in the instance of Murray of Broughton, was still further embittered by the feelings of contempt and abhorrence with which he is said to have been regarded by men of all parties. A curious anecdote, illustrative of the light in which his conduct was viewed by his contemporaries, is related by Mr. Lockhart in his life of Sir Walter Scott. Murray of Broughton happened to be a client of Sir Walter's father, who was a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, a sober and unromantic man, and strongly opposed to the claims of the House of Stuart. "Mrs. Scott's curiosity," says Mr. Lockhart, "was strongly excited one autumn by the regular appearance, at a certain hour every evening, of a sedan chair, to deposit a person carefully muffled up in a mantle, who was immediately ushered into her husband's private room, and commonly remained with him there until long after the usual bed-time of this or-

derly family. Mr. Scott answered her repeated inquiries with a vagueness which irritated the lady's feelings more and more; until, at last, she could bear the thing no longer; but one evening, just as she heard the bell ring for the stranger's chair to carry him off, she made her appearance within the forbidden parlour with a salver in her hand, observing, that she thought the gentlemen had sat so long, they would be the better of a dish of tea, and ventured accordingly to bring some for their acceptance. The stranger, a person of distinguished appearance, and richly dressed, bowed to the lady, and accepted a cup; but her husband knit his brows, and refused very coldly to partake of the refreshment. A moment afterwards the visiter withdrew, and Mr. Scott, lifting up the window-sash, took the cup, which he had left empty on the table, and tossed it out upon the pavement. The lady exclaimed for her china, but was put to silence by her husband's saying,—'I can forgive your little curiosity, Madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house, on a piece of business, persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughton's.'" The saucer belonging to Broughton's tea-cup, was afterwards made a prize of, and carefully preserved by Sir Walter Scott. Murray of Broughton survived the memorable scenes in which he had been actor, for many years, during which period he resided principally in Scotland.

Before closing our Memoirs of the gallant and unfortunate men who were engaged in the Insurrection of 1745, it becomes necessary to say a few words respecting those persons of minor note or inferior rank who suffered on the scaffold for their loyalty to the Stuarts. It might have been expected that the vengeance which had been exacted, and the frightful horrors which had been committed after the battle of Culloden—the ruin of whole families, the murder of husbands and brothers before their wives and sisters, the violation of women, the ravages which had been committed by fire and sword, and the almost entire sweeping away, throughout a large district, of house and cottage, of man and beast—might in some degree have softened the cruel policy of the English Government, and have inclined them to show something like leniency to the victims who still remained in their hands. It might have been expected, also, when the thirst for vengeance had been in some degree quenched, that the reigning family and its responsible advisers might have been satisfied with making an example of a few of the more active and dangerous partisans of the House of Stuart, and, finally, that they would have drawn some line between a herd of common malefactors and a band of gallant men, who had risked their lives and fortunes in the cause of duty, and who were consequently actuated by the highest motives which can influence the human mind.

The principal author and instigator of the merciless policy which followed the suppression of the Insurrection of 1745 was unquestionably the Duke of Cumberland, who hurried impatiently from the massacres and conflagrations with which he had devastated the North, to press and insist on legal murders in the South. But, in con-

demning that memorable monster, we are not necessarily bound to acquit the reigning monarch, George the Second, of whom, though exclusively possessing the glorious prerogative of mercy, no single trait is recorded of his having ever sympathized with the many widows and orphans whom he had made, or of his having volunteered to extend the hand of pity to save a single wretch either from the gibbet or the axe. It may be argued, indeed, that his position being a novel and insecure one,—feeling himself to be in the precarious position of a Sovereign of convenience, and not by legitimate right,—and, moreover, contrasting, as he could scarcely fail to do, the lukewarm attachment and unromantic policy which maintained him on the throne with the impassioned devotion displayed towards the House of Stuart,—it may be argued, perhaps, under these circumstances, that it was natural he should listen to the persuasions of his son and his ministers, when they assured him that it was only by setting a terrible example that he could hope to prevent future rebellions, or to transmit his sceptre undisputed to his heirs. Still, it must always be a matter of astonishment and regret that no spark of compassion should have been lighted up in his soul, and that he should have betrayed no single feeling of admiration for that all-devoted and all-sacrificing attachment to an exiled race, which the House of Hanover would at any period have given the brightest jewel in their diadem had it been displayed towards themselves. When he took up the pen to sign the order for their execution, did no tear fall on the death-warrants of those gallant men?—or when he approved of the expatriation of so many of the hardy children of the North—when he sentenced them to be torn from their native mountains and valleys to wear out a life of slavery

beneath the scorching tropic—had he no thought that the misery which he inflicted rested not there alone?—had he no care for the homes which he consequently rendered desolate, the wives which he made husbandless and the children fatherless? Alas! it is to be feared that compassion and generosity of feeling were not the distinguishing characteristics of the last generation of the House of Hanover. The Stuarts, indeed, may have had their vices, their follies, and perhaps their crimes; but certainly the hand of no scion of that ill-fated race ever signed so inhuman an order as that for the massacre of Glencoe, or ever approved of such a frightful retribution as that which followed the suppression of the Insurrection of 1745.

The first persons of inferior rank on whom the vengeance of the Government fell were the English officers of the Manchester Regiment, who, it will be remembered, were left behind at Carlisle on the retreat of the insurgent army to Scotland, and who subsequently fell into the hands of the Duke of Cumberland. The names of these unfortunate gentlemen, who were nine in number, were Francis Townly, who commanded the regiment, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Syddal, and David Morgan. They were tried in the Court House of St. Margaret, Southwark, on the 15th of July and the three following days, and were all ordered for execution. Eight of their brother officers, who were condemned at the same time, received reprieves.

The whole of these gallant but ill-fated men met their end with the greatest firmness, remaining true to their principles to the last. About eleven o'clock on the 30th of July, they were conveyed in three hurdles from the

New Gaol, Southwark, to Kennington Common, attended by a strong guard of soldiers. In the first hurdle or sledge were Colonels Blood and Berwick, the executioner sitting by them holding a drawn sword. All the horrors which had been contrived in a barbarous age as a punishment for high treason were actually carried out on this occasion in their most terrible shape. Near the gallows were placed a block and a large heap of fagots; the former to assist the hangman in his bloody task of disembowelling and beheading the prisoners, and the latter for burning their hearts and entrails. While the prisoners were being transferred from their several sledges into the cart from which they were to be turned off, the faggots were set on fire, and the soldiers then formed a circle round the place of execution. Though unattended by a clergyman, they spent about an hour in devotion; Morgan taking on himself the task of reading prayers, to which the others calmly but fervently responded. On rising from their knees, they threw some written papers among the spectators, which were afterwards found to contain the most ardent professions of attachment to the cause for which they suffered, and a declaration that they continued true to their principles to the last. They also severally delivered papers of a similar import to the Sheriffs, and then, throwing down their gold-laced hats, they submitted themselves to the tender mercies of the hangman. Their behaviour to the last is said to have been in every way suitable to their unhappy circumstances, being perfectly calm and composed, yet displaying no unseemly indifference to the awful fate which awaited them. Syddal alone is said to have been observed to tremble when the halter was being placed round his neck, though he endeavoured to conceal his agitation

from the spectators by taking a pinch of snuff. While the executioner was pinioning his arms, he lifted up his eyes, exclaiming, "O Lord, help me!"

Every preparation having been made, the executioner drew the cap of each from their pockets, and having drawn it over their eyes, the rope was adjusted round their necks, and they were almost immediately turned off. After having hung about three minutes, Colonel Townly, who still exhibited signs of life, was the first who was cut down, and having been stripped of his clothes, was laid on the block, and his head severed from his body. The executioner then extracted his heart and entrails, which he threw into the fire; and in this manner, one by one, proceeded to the disgusting task of beheading and disembowelling the bodies of the remaining eight. When the heart of the last, which was that of James Dawson, was thrown into the fire, the executioner cried out, in a loud tone, "God save King George!" to which a part of the assembled multitude are said to have responded with a loud shout. Generally speaking, however, the fate of these gallant gentlemen excited a deserved and laudable commiseration; and the same mob, who had hooted and derided them as they passed to their trials, witnessed their closing scenes at least with decent sympathy, if not with marks of positive admiration. As soon as the horrible ceremony was entirely completed, the bodies of the sufferers were carried back to the prison from whence they came. Three days afterwards, the heads of Townly and Fletcher were exposed on Temple Bar, while those of Deacon, Berwick, Chadwick, and Syddal, were placed in spirits, in order to be affixed on conspicuous places at Manchester and Carlisle.

The name of James Dawson, (who, it will be remembered, was the last of the unhappy sufferers on whom the executioner performed his barbarous rites,) may perhaps recall to the reader an affecting incident connected with his tragical fate. He was a cadet of a respectable family in Lancashire; had been educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and had recently formed an attachment for a young lady, with a handsome fortune, and of a good family like himself. His passion was returned with more than common ardour, and had he been either acquitted at his trial, or had the royal clemency been extended to him, the day of his release from prison was to have been the day of his nuptials. When at length his fate was decided upon, neither the arguments nor entreaties of her relatives and friends could dissuade the young maiden, who was the unhappy object of his affections, from being a witness of the execution of her betrothed. Accordingly, attended by a female friend, and by a gentleman who was nearly related to her, she entered a hackney-coach, and followed slowly in the wake of the sledge which was conveying to a terrible and ignominious death the object of her early and most passionate devotion. Contrary to the natural forebodings of her friends, she beheld, without any extravagant demonstrations of poignant grief, the contortions of her lover's suspended body, the mangling of his bloody remains, and the committal of that heart to the flames, which she knew had beat so tenderly for her. But when all was over, and when she was no more supported by the excitement of witnessing the dreadful scene, she threw herself back in the coach, and exclaiming,—"My dear, I follow thee!—I follow thee!—Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!"—she fell upon the neck of her

companion, and expired almost as the last word escaped from her mouth. This affecting incident was afterwards made by Shenstone the subject of a mournful and well-known ballad; but the facts were too painful, and too real, for any poetry to do them justice :—

"She followed him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of all his woes,
With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.
Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

"Ah! severed was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her lovesick head reposed;
And ravished was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

"Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
And when 'twas mouldered into dust,
'Yet, yet,' she cried, 'I follow thee!'
* * * *
"The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true."

On the 22d of August following, three of the Scottish officers who were captured at Carlisle,—namely, James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald Macdonald,—were also executed on Kennington Common. They presented a gallant appearance on the scaffold in their Highland costume. Having spent about an hour in prayer, they underwent their doom subjected to the same circumstances of horror which had attended the execution of the officers of the Manchester regiment, with the single exception, that the Government relaxed a portion of their brutality, by allowing the bodies to remain suspended fifteen minutes instead of three, before they were mangled and disembowelled.

Again, on the 28th of November, five more gallant gentlemen,—namely, John Hamilton, who had been Governor of Carlisle, and who had signed its capitulation; Alexander Leith, an old an infirm man; Sir John Wedderburn, Bart., who had acted as receiver of the excise duties exacted by the insurgents; Andrew Wood, a fine and chivalrous boy; and James Bradshaw,—underwent the last sentence of the law on Kennington Common. It is a horrible fact, that the first notification which they had that their doom was positively fixed, was as late as nine o'clock on the morning of the day on which they suffered. At that hour, the doors of their apartments were unlocked by the under-keepers, and they received the awful announcement, that the Sheriffs were approaching to attend them to the place of execution. On the

scaffold they all appeared resigned and undaunted, offering up their prayers for *King James the Third* with their latest breath. After death, their bodies were cut down and mangled, and their entrails thrown into the fire, as in other cases.

At Carlisle, York, and other places, the slaughter of the unfortunate Jacobites was even more terrific. There were at one period huddled together, in the jails of Carlisle alone as many as 385 prisoners; and as it might have been both difficult and inconvenient to bring so many individuals to trial, it was determined to select only a certain number of those who had played the most prominent part during the insurrection. Accordingly, as many as one hundred and nineteen persons were selected for trial; the great mass of the remainder being allowed the *humane* option of drawing lots, one in twenty to be tried, and the rest to be transported.

The number of persons who were eventually brought to the bar at Carlisle was one hundred and thirty-three. Fortunately, however, the jury brought in a verdict of *guilty* against forty-eight only, of whom eleven were recommended to mercy. Of the whole number, thirty were ordered for execution, of whom twenty-two underwent the last sentence of the law,—namely, nine at Carlisle, six at Brampton, and seven at Penrith. The list of those who suffered at Carlisle contains the names of five persons of some note. These were Thomas Coppock, styled "the titular Bishop of Carlisle;"* Francis Bucha-

* Coppock was a young student of theology, of libertine habits, who, according to a popular but absurd rumour, had been made Bishop of Carlisle by Charles on his visit to that city. During his imprisonment in Carlisle Castle, he very near succeeded in effecting his escape by the

nan of Arnprior, the chief of his name; Donald Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who had entertained Charles on his first landing in the Highlands; Donald Macdonald of Tiendrish, whom we have seen more than once playing a conspicuous part in the foregoing history; and John Macnaughton, who is reported, though it is believed erroneously, to have been the person at whose hands the lamented Colonel Gardiner received his deathblow at Preston Pans.

In addition to the slaughters at Carlisle, Brampton, and Penrith, seventy persons received sentence of death at York, of whom twenty-two were executed; and on the 15th of November, eleven more suffered at Carlisle. No mercy was shown them by their enemies even in death, and they all underwent the doom of the law, with all those circumstances of horror and barbarity which had attended the earlier executions on Kennington Common. The whole of these brave, but ill-fated men are said to have faced death with an undaunted firmness, which ex-

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following ingenious means. "Bishop Coppock, with six more rebel prisoners in the Castle, had sawed off their irons, by an instrument prepared by a new method. They laid a silk handkerchief single over the mouth of a drinking-glass, and tied it hard at the bottom, then struck the edge of a case-knife on the brim of the glass (thus covered to prevent noise) till it became a saw. With such knives they cut their irons, and when the teeth were blunt, they had recourse to the glass to renew it. A knife will not cut a handkerchief when struck upon it in this manner."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1746, p. 555. It is recorded of Coppock, that seeing some of his companions apparently giving way to despondency, "Cheer up!" he said; "we shall not be tried by a Cumberland jury in the next world."

cited the wonder and sympathy of the spectators. "These unfortunate sufferers," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of different ages, rank, and habits, both of body and mind; they agreed, however, in their behaviour upon the scaffold. They prayed for the exiled family, expressed their devotion to the cause in which they died, and particularly their admiration of the princely leader whom they had followed, till their attachment conducted them to this dreadful fate. It may be justly questioned, whether the lives of these men, supposing every one of them to have been an apostle of Jacobitism, could have done so much to prolong their doctrines, as the horror and loathing inspired by so many bloody punishments."

To conclude:—in calling to mind the barbarities which disgraced the last act of the fatal tragedy of 1745-6, we must not merely take into account the immolation of the many true and brave men who fell whether by the axe or by the rope. Their fate, indeed, constitutes but a single consideration in that terrible system of vengeance and inhumanity which was pursued by the ruling powers towards the conquered party. In order to complete the painful picture, we must also call to mind the sweeping devastation of the Highland districts after the battle of Culloden,—the vast confiscation of property,—the consequent ruin of whole families,—the tears of the widow and the orphan,—the number of gallant gentlemen who were condemned to poverty and exile in foreign lands, and, lastly, the fate of that numerous herd of faithful and hardy clansmen, who were swept from their own free homes in their native Highlands, to work out a life of slavery in the far plantations, the victims of fever, of misery, and death.

Such were the effects of that ruthless policy, and such

were the retributive horrors, which were inflicted by the Duke of Cumberland, his instigators, and his tools, on a people who, though they may have acted from a false construction of what was demanded of them as citizens and men, yet whose only crime was that of sacrificing their lives and fortunes in support of the principles which had been instilled into them from their infancy, and in a glorious defence of one whom they conscientiously believed to be their rightful and legitimate Prince.

THE END.

"The Last of the Stuarts."

The death of a well-known person who has long figured in the European world as the grandson of CHARLES EDWARD, the "Young Pretender," has revived discussion of his claims, and of the romantic and ill-starred family whose representative he claimed to be. It should be observed in the first place that, whether what he claimed to be or not, the late JOHN SOBIESKI STUART was not the last of his line, for his younger brother CHARLES EDWARD STUART yet lives. The upshot of JOHN SOBIESKI'S pretensions was that he was the son of a son born to the "Young Pretender" by the Princess LOUISA, daughter of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern. Now, by the currently accepted historical reports, this union of CHARLES EDWARD and LOUISA, which took place just a hundred years ago, in 1772, was a childless one. The only child named in the Prince's will was the Duchess of ALBANY, his natural daughter by Miss WALKINGSHAW. It is well known, too, that on the death of CHARLES EDWARD the recognised successor to the Jacobite claim was his brother, Cardinal YORK. This prelate considered himself to be HENRY IX., King of of England, and, indeed, had medals struck bearing his head and the named title. No one disputed the Cardinal's right to be recognized as his brother's successor, and the head of his house, whatever was said of his pretensions to the British crown. Such a state of things is only intelligible on the theory that no heir of CHARLES EDWARD'S body existed or was supposed to exist.

The story of the late "chevalier" was as follows: In 1772, the Princess LOUISA bore her husband a son, the birth of whom, for various politic reasons, was kept secret. While an infant this child was taken on board an English frigate, the commander of which, a zealous but secret partisan of the STUARTS, subsequently brought up the royal boy as his own. The name of this officer was Commodore, afterwards Admiral, O'HALLORAN, who was in law the Earl of STRATHGOWRIE, and whom perhaps FENNIMORE COOPER had in his eye when sketching the Jacobite Commander in *The Two Admirals*. The scion of royalty in his charge had many adventures, and lived and died in the maintainance of his incognito. He was, however, known to devoted friends in Scotland and in the Western Isles of that country, where he passed much of his time. He died in 1831. But in 1790 he married an English girl who presented him, during the following year, with the son who has lately died at past eighty, and who was styled the Chevalier JOHN SOBIESKI STUART. There is no doubt that many people believed this account, and, in the Scotch Highlands particularly, that not a few persons of note practically assented to its authenticity. Indeed, there are individuals now living in the United States who have met the putative Chevalier and his brother years ago in Scotch houses bearing historical names, and in which they were treated with a deference indicative of the full recognition of their claim. It was thought expedient, however, to set this forth in a literary shape, and hence there appeared in 1847 the now cele-

brated book called *Tales of the Century*, and which gives at considerable length the narrative we have briefly condensed.

It happened, as it often happens, that precisely what was meant to establish a case beyond controversy led to its substantial overthrow. The matter was taken up by the *Quarterly Review*, and a very elaborate and powerful article in that publication was devoted to the examination and refutal of the Chevalier SOBIESKI's claims. This article, variously imputed to Mr. LOCKHART and Mr. JOHN WILSON CROKER, points out that CHARLES EDWARD, the "Young Pretender," was subjected during his Italian residence to the most rigid surveillance by the British Government. Every movement, every egress and ingress by members of his household, or by strangers, was carefully observed and noted by the spies of the House of Hanover. Sir HORACE MANN, the English Envoy at Florence, was in daily communication with the physicians in attendance on CHARLES EDWARD and the Princess LOUISA. But in all the records, letters and innumerable reports sent to London, or to other Courts, or preserved in any other form, there is no allusion to the Princess LOUISA being *enceinte* at this or any other time. The going on board the frigate without observation, and without any subsequent statement on so curious a proceeding from any officer or seaman, is held to be equally improbable. Besides this, in his will, made in 1784, the Pretender, in addition to all his other property, left specially the ancient crown jewels of England to his natural daughter, CHARLOTTE, Duchess of Albany. Is it likely, it is plau-

sibly asked, that CHARLES EDWARD would have done this had he had a legitimate son?

These and other cogent arguments are accepted, by those who have studied the subject most carefully, as totally exploding the Sobieski claim, although the good faith of the late Chevalier—that is, his belief in the genuineness of his pretensions—seems to be generally admitted. He has been, at all events, treated in England for years with the respect due to a distinguished gentleman, if not with the honors of royalty. His tall figure, wrapped in a large fur-trimmed cloak, and with cavalry spurs clanking at his heels, has long been a familiar object in the streets of London, and there have been those, no doubt, whom even the *Quarterly* has failed to convince that the Chevalier was not of the true stock of the Stuarts, and, consequently, England's rightful king. As with SHAKESPEARE'S Prince, however, it is to be feared that the wish of such credulous partisans was father to their thought. The extinction of the male line of PLANTAGENET evoked the impostures of PERKIN WARBECK, and a half-breed BOURBON turned up in our Western wilds to meet a possible demand for Dauphins. The Chevalier JOHN SOBIESKI STUART was an interesting and romantic personage, and his brother, CHARLES EDWARD, may keep up for many a day the illusion that he will always find people to believe in—but, tested by the ordinary rules of evidence, no unprejudiced mind can hereafter accept the tale of their relation to that "Bonnie Prince CHARLIE" whose standard flew in triumph at Preston-Pans, to go down forever at Culloden.

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, COUNT D'ALBANIE.

From The London Globe.

The death, in the eighty-second year of his age, of Count D'Albanie (Charles Edward Stuart), occurred suddenly on board a steamer coming from Bordeaux on the night of Christmas Eve. His corpse was taken on shore soon after death and temporarily interred in a graveyard on the banks of the Gaonne, preparatory to being brought to Scotland to be placed by the side of his brother, John Sobieski Stolberg Stuart, at the burial ground of Eskdale, on the estate of Lord Lovat. Under medical advice the Count D'Albanie late last year had gone for his health to Biarritz, where several friends had gathered, and had benefited by his sojurn there very considerably. His father, James Stuart, Count D'Albanie, is believed by many persons to have been the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," as he was called, by the Princess Louise Clementina Sobieski, of Stolberg. It is asserted that he was born at Sienna in 1773, and as the English authorities had offered a reward of £40,000 for the "Pretender's" head, his infant son was secretly committed to the care of Admiral John Carter Allan, Admiral of the White, who died on the 2d of October, 1800.

The Morning Post says that the late Count, who suffered a considerable reverse of fortune on the death of his wife, bore his loss manfully, accepted his fate, and lived in comparative retirement in South Belgravia for nearly twenty years. The likeness both of himself and his brother to the Royal House of Stuart was very marked; moreover, their great and varied accomplishments, their personal bearing, their grace and charm of manner, their innate dignity, and the right royal manner in which they patiently accepted poverty and sorrow, surely marked them off from the common herd. In Scotland they were always received with that consideration which was thought due to their position, and many of the Scotch nobility have consistenly and properly befriended them. The late Count was a writer of no mean power, both in prose and verse, and a nobleman of exquisite taste. His reading had been extensive; he spoke fluently and perfectly seven or eight languages, he was remarkably well informed, owning a large fund of anecdote, and, though constantly receiving continual tokens of reverence and honor from kind and devoted friends, was averse to all marked attentions. Of most dignified mien and carriage, he usually appeared in public in an undress dark military coat of a foreign type,

sonally, when a mere youth, received that of the Legion of Honor from the hands of the great Napoleon on the field of Waterloo for marked valor and bravery. It is believed that his numerous Jacobite relics, many of which, of singular interest and value, have been exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, have been left by testamentary disposition to the Marquis of Bute.

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